COSMOPOLITAN

April 1955 • 35c

GRACE KELLY

Pride of Philadelphia

"MY PATIENT JUST DIED" A Doctor's Frank Confession

WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO BE A GOOD FATHER?

THE LAY MEMBER Vital Force in American Religious Life

A COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL By John D. MacDonald

"I couldn't give a top performance,"

says Gypsy Rose Lee, famous author, actress and ecdysiast,

"For fear a wriggle would turn into a wrinkle

A tousled torso is a serious liability in my profession. But see my new dress made of CATAWBA,® the astounding wrinkle-resistant Springmaid fabric that is sweeping the country. Now I can confidently put my liabilities on skids and my assets on CATAWBA."

Only Bobbi is especially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Laura" hairstyle. No nightly settings.

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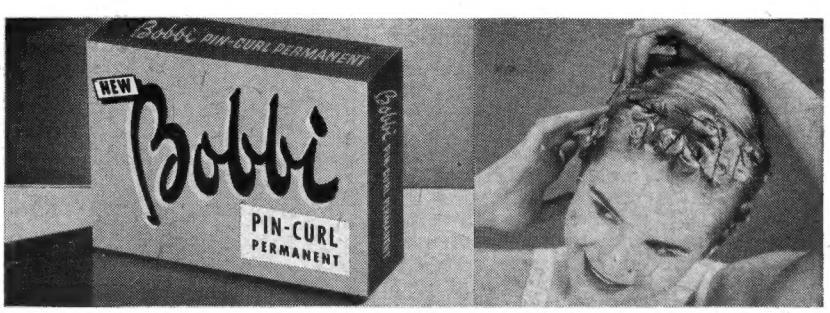

Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. $1.50 plus tax.

PICTURE of the Month

We didn't go to the preview of M-G-M's "The Glass Slipper" in anything so grand as the storied pumpkin coach. But we certainly came out walking on our own private cloud!

Mind you, we *expected* to be charmed by this romance-with-music which stars Leslie Caron and Michael Wilding. After all, this lovely production, in enchanting Color, is the wonder-work of the same gifted innovators who took the nation by storm when they created "Lili".

Leslie Caron's starry loveliness as captured by famed artist Jon Whitcomb

But what we didn't quite expect is the steady stunning stream of surprises, the dazzling dances, the endless beauties that make this so completely fresh in concept.

Here is a happy blending, too, of the Cinderella theme into a flesh-warm, large-as-life love story that bounces from delight to delight without recourse to witch's wands and such. Leslie Caron is as real as a kiss on the lips, once you've adjusted to the idea that such loveliness can be. As Ella, a scullery-maid, she has no notion that her *gamine* grace could ever be thought desirable by anyone, much less a sophisticated blueblood.

Wilding's devil-may-care flair for romantic fun has never been so evidenced. You will be as captivated as Ella herself from their meeting in the forest glade, through the three matchless dance sequences staged by Roland Petit with his breathtaking Ballet de Paris Company, to the astoundingly beautiful palace ball and all the lilt and laughter of the climax.

Helping to put "The Glass Slipper's" funniest foot forward are Keenan Wynn as aide-d'escapade to the prince, stage star Estelle Winwood as the mad matchmaker, Elsa Lanchester as the stepmother.

How proud must be producer Edwin H. Knopf, director Charles Walters, writer Helen Deutsch and composer Bronislau Kaper, the latter two of whom have seemingly contributed another lyrical Academy Award winner in "The Glass Slipper" song—"Take My Love."

They have not only out-gilded their own "Lili"; they have made "The Glass Slipper" a perfect fit for the most exacting entertainment taste!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in Color "THE GLASS SLIPPER" starring LESLIE CARON, MICHAEL WILDING with KEENAN WYNN, ESTELLE WINWOOD, ELSA LANCHESTER, BARRY JONES. Written for the screen by Helen Deutsch. Ballets by Roland Petit. Featuring Ballet de Paris. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by Charles Walters. Produced by Edwin H. Knopf. An M-G-M Picture.

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APRIL, 1955 Vol. 138, No. 4

STORIES

THE OTHER WOMAN *Rachel Thornton* **34**
SOUVENIR *Nathaniel Benchley* **44**
THE GIRL WHO WAVED THE FLAG *Leon Ware* **50**
WHITE VILLA IN RIO *Frederick Nebel* **68**
NEXT DOOR *Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.* **80**

ARTICLES

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE AMERICAN FATHER *Morton M. Hunt* **20**
THE GENTEEL MISS KELLY *Joe McCarthy* **26**
"WE WATCHED DEMOCRACY DIE IN CHINA" *William I. Orchard, Jr.* **38**
MY PATIENT JUST DIED
Ambrose B. Karter, M.D., as told to Richard L. Frey **128**

YOUR PERSONAL INTERVIEW

AMERICA'S NEW RELIGIOUS VITALITY
An interview with Elton Trueblood by Thomas J. Fleming **62**

PICTURE ESSAYS

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO ABROAD *Don Short* **56**
GREENWICH VILLAGE—1955 *Pickow—Clad* **86**

SERVICE

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE *Edward R. Dooling* **10**
THE COSMOPOLITAN SHOPPER *Carol Carr* **12**
WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE *Lawrence Galton* **16**
DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, AND CAMPS **122**

FEATURES

WHAT GOES ON AT COSMOPOLITAN **4**
THE BEST IN RECORDS *Paul Affelder* **6**
LOOKING INTO PEOPLE *Amram Scheinfeld* **8**
MOVIE CITATIONS *Louella O. Parsons* **18**
JON WHITCOMB PROFILES ARLENE FRANCIS **76**
THE EXPECTATION—THE REALIZATION *Rowland Emett* **94**
THE LAST WORD **132**
LOOKING INTO MAY **132**

COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

DEADLY VICTIM *John D. MacDonald* **98**

COVER—*Grace Kelly has Hollywood so befuddled they don't know what to do but eat out of her hand. She can knit socks for Clark Gable and be a stern Dutch-uncle guardian to him, while creating in males across the country what one press agent calls licit passion. Her self-description is "Stubborn. But not cold or hard." Hollywood, still baffled, is impressed. Cover picture by Erwin Blumenfeld.*

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SEE and FEEL the difference in healthful comfort yourself. Visit your SERTA dealer today!

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To learn how to build a mattress with the most in healthful, relaxing support and satisfying sleeping comfort, SERTA had an independent scientific research organization question doctors from coast to coast.

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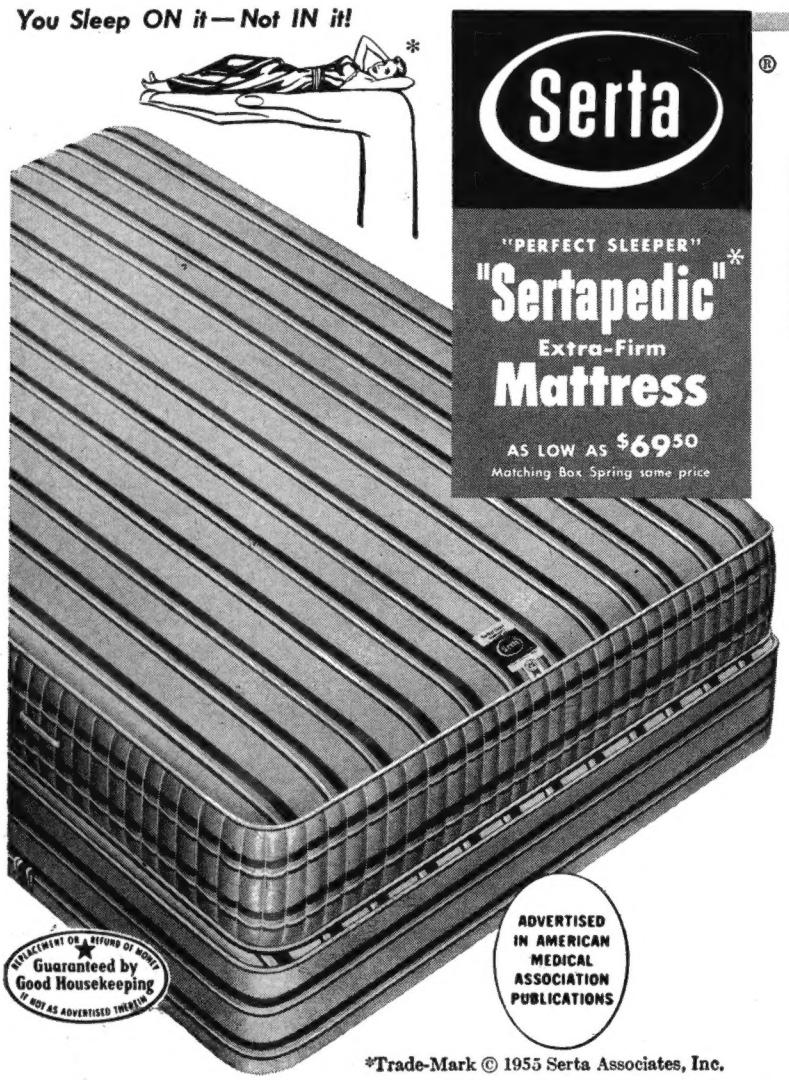
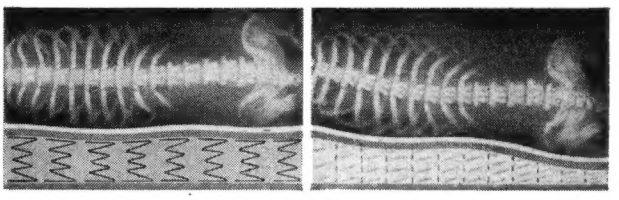


THESE X-RAYS TELL THE INSIDE STORY OF "SERTAPEDIC" SUPPORT AND COMFORT



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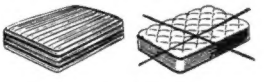

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You're on your own now!

You've reached the stage when you're making the decisions about what you wear, eat, buy and do. Yet perhaps there's one thing hanging over from the old days that's definitely making a certain part of the month more of a problem for you. It's the question of which sanitary protection to use.

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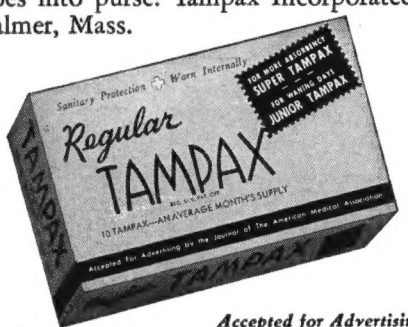
Get a package of Tampax at any drug or notion counter and examine it. Note the disposable applicator, the pure white surgical cotton Tampax. Weigh Tampax against the cumbersome belt-pin-pad harness. Wouldn't it be far *nicer* to use Tampax? Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

AN OPTIMIST, A STORMY PARTY, A THRIFTY ARTIST

Seven years ago, a pretty girl just out of a fashionable finishing school in Philadelphia stepped off a train at New York's Penn Station. Her twofold ambition, as unstartling as popcorn at the movies: to "earn my own living" and to become an actress. She could speak French and Spanish, swim, and ride.

Grace Kelly

This eighteen-year-old optimist also looked so delectable that she managed to earn some of her first shekels as a girl on a COSMOPOLITAN cover. The date was May, 1949. Coby Whitmore, who drew the young lady for our cover, was used to young lovelies but was particularly impressed with this one's name: "So unfancy, so easy to remember, just plain Grace Kelly." Since then, Miss Kelly has realized her second ambition, and beginning on page 26, she confides to author Joe McCarthy just how she did it.

Chivalry Isn't Dead

Proving that chivalry isn't dead, two of the athletic Kelly family, Kelly Senior and Junior, took such a dim view of one recent magazine article on Grace that they turned up at the magazine's office, where they gave physical evidence of their disapproval by banging a few typewriters together. Before they departed, a number of chairs were broken like matchsticks in the hands that had rowed for the Olympics.

Naturally, we are checking and rechecking our Grace Kelly article. Though we figure that our total weight is six times that of the Kellys, we have turned up no champion willing to be the first to fling himself into battle with a Kelly.

Is Dad on the Way Out?

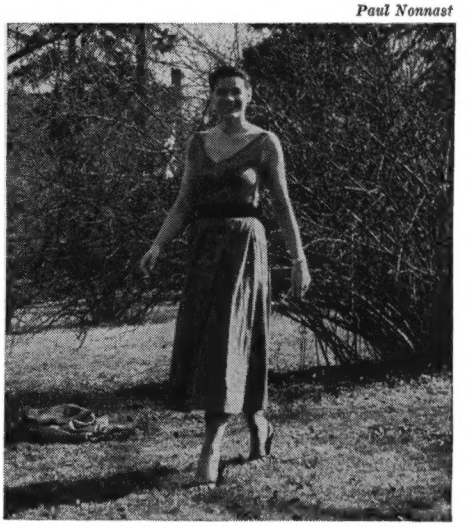
At a recent party in Manhattan, Morton M. Hunt, author of "The Decline and Fall of the American Father," innocently mentioned some of his findings on the subject. The party climate immediately shifted from comfortable to stormy, and emotionalism ran so high that one choleric gentleman, in the midst of violently bemoaning the passing of Father as dictator, choked on an olive pit.

Hunt himself couldn't decide where *he* stood until after he'd written the article, which took two months of research. "When I interviewed authorities like Dr. Leonard Cottrell, of the Russell Sage Foundation, they were exceptionally cooperative when they discovered I had nothing up my sleeve—no 'angle' to prove. No gimmick. I explained that COSMOPOLITAN was not interested in a phony, humorous diatribe about Dad, which would in the end add up to nothing." Hunt's article, based on surveys, tests, and analyses, is about as scientifically accurate as you can get on a sociological subject. Whether or not you like what's happening to Dad (see page 20), there's as much chance of stopping it as there is of going back to the spinning wheel.

Whose Property Are Props?

We often wonder where an artist gets the props for his illustrations, whom they belong to, and where they end up. Artist Paul Nonnast agreeably clears up this

Paul Nonnast



Marie Nonnast

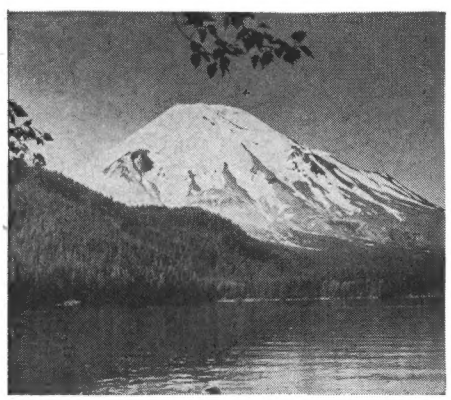
mystery so far as the illustration on page 98 for "Deadly Victim" is concerned.

The lovely legs of the dead girl in the closet belong to Nonnast's wife, Marie. Nonnast himself shopped in New York for the sexy, high-heeled shoes in the illustration, and *they* now belong to Marie. He also bought the sculptured-looking men's clothes hangers—now permanently his—*and* the longer ties that are being worn this year, thus getting rid of his old, too-short ties with a clear conscience.

With everything set, Nonnast, who sometimes prefers to work from photos, took several shots of the whole business, then Marie changed her shoes, put the new ones in her closet, and went back to fixing lunch.

Mistaken Identification?

Think you can recognize a famous landmark? Take a look at this picture, call your shot, then check the answer below. If you missed, you have a lot of company.



This isn't only one obscure instance of mistaken identification, either. You may find you score no better on Don Short's wonderful picture article. We're giving no hints, but as everybody knows, a castle in Spain (see page 56) can be just about anywhere, usually where it's warm.

ANSWER: The picture looks like Fujiyama in Japan, but is really Mount Saint Helena, Spirit Lake, Washington, a volcanic peak in the Cascade range.

"Next Door"

What protective and innocent parents don't know about what trestles their daring youngsters have crossed, and what roofs the kids have blithely jumped from, is as nothing compared to what they don't know about the facets of adult life their children see. Read what happens in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s story, "Next Door," when the parents of an eight-year-old boy leave him at home while they go to a movie that's too strong for children. Vonnegut tosses up suspense, surprise, humor, and an outcome that dropped all jaws in our fiction department. If there's anything we like, it's a story that knows where it's going but never tips its hand.

H. La B.

"IT'S MY FAVORITE BARGAIN"

"A bargain," says the dictionary, "is an advantageous purchase."

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Music for Easter

London's St. Paul's Cathedral Choir brings purity of voice to a new album.

BY PAUL AFFELDER

CHOIR AND SOLO. The St. Paul's Cathedral Choir of London, which sang at the Coronation, then made a phenomenally successful tour of the U.S., includes Easter music in its album, which also contains English anthems, motets, and madrigals along with works for Christmas. The performances, mostly unaccompanied, are unaffected and often deeply inspiring, and the recording shows off admirably the purity of the men's and boys' voices. (*St. Paul's Cathedral Choir.* Angel Set 3516 B. 2-12″. $9.96)

But it doesn't always take a full choir to express religious fervor. ***François Couperin,*** eighteenth-century French master, accomplished wonders with only one and two solo voices in his "Three Tenebrae Lessons," written for the last three days of Holy Week. Using the "Lamentations of Jeremiah" as a text, he created some haunting effects. Two sensitively sung versions are available: one by Janine Collard, contralto, and Nadine Sautereau, soprano (Haydn Society); the other by Hugues Cuenod and Gino Sinimberghi, tenors (Westminster). Since the music was originally written for women's voices, we favor slightly the former, whose faster tempo keeps the interest alive and also permits the inclusion of two fine motets, one of them intended for Easter Sunday. (*Couperin: Three Tenebrae Lessons.* Haydn Society HSL 105. $5.95. Westminster WL 5387. $5.95)

CHILDREN'S HOUR. If the Easter Bunny wants to leave something for the youngest members of the household, he'll find some worth-while and entertaining material on disks, most of it aimed at the preschool group.

With ***Norman Rose*** as narrator, "The Carrot Seed" is a splendid "singing and doing" record with story and songs that are simple, and perhaps an inducement for Junior to do some spring planting. (Children's Record Guild CRG 1003. 78 rpm. $1.19)

Tex Ritter and his guitar will please the juvenile cowhands with "Cactus Jackson Had a Ranch," a Western version of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm," complete with sound effects, coupled with another cumulative classic, "The Green Grass Grew All Around." (Capitol CASF 3146. 45 rpm. 99 cents)

"Joseph and His Coat of Many Colors" has ***Claude Rains*** telling the Old Testament story with dignity, yet in a manner that can be understood by small children. Fortunately, Nathaniel Shilkret's Hollywoodish musical accompaniment is kept discreetly in the background. (Capitol CASF 3122. 45 rpm. 99 cents)

NURSERY MAGIC. Anyone can pick out "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," with one finger on the piano, but the set of variations Hungarian composer-conductor-pianist. ***Erno Dohnányi*** has made out of this tune have proved a challenge to the greatest virtuosos. ***Julius Katchen,*** young New Jersey pianist, has succeeded in turning the trick in a bright recording with Sir Adrian Boult and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. It's a delightful surprise to hear what intricate and melodic magic Dohnányi can conjure up out of nothing. Similar magic is found in the work of ***Sergei Rachmaninoff,*** the late composer - conductor - pianist, whose well-known "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini" occupies the other side of this entertaining disk. (*Dohnányi: Variations on a Nursery Tune; Rachmaninoff: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini.* London LL 1018. $3.98)

MUSICAL MARRIAGE. Ever since George Gershwin wrote his "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Concerto in F" back in the Twenties, composers have been trying to find a way to promote a marriage between jazz and the classics. Now we have an attempt that represents an entirely new departure. It is Swiss composer ***Rolf Liebermann's*** "Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra" by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony with the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra as soloists. A veritable "battle of music" between the two groups, this definitely features the solo band with the "long-hairs" relegated to some quiet noodling in the background. But in the ensuing mambo the two orchestras join forces for a solidly jammed finale with everyone very much in the groove. On the other side of the record, Reiner conducts ***Richard Strauss's*** "Don Juan," and the Sauter-Finegan group doesn't even get in a lick. (*Liebermann: Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor LM 1888. $3.98)

SHORE LEAVE. Turn three American sailors loose in Paris and you have the makings of a movie musical. Not all such films enjoy as good a set of songs as those provided for Universal-International's "So This Is Paris" by Pony Sherrell and Phil Moody. Of the six numbers recorded from the sound track and sung in low-key style by Tony Curtis, Gloria de Haven, Gene Nelson, and Paul Gilbert, "The Two of Us," "If You Were There," and "Looking for Someone to Love" have definite hit potentialities. As a memento of the picture, this is a pleasant, well-arranged, and well-recorded disk; but it will probably take singers with more voice and individuality to push these songs up among the top ten. (*So This Is Paris.* Decca DL 5553. $2.98)

TRAVEL BY EAR. And speaking of the Navy, that old slogan, "Join the Navy and see the world," may soon be changed to "Buy a phonograph and hear the world." In an engrossing new recorded anthology entitled "World Library of Folk and Primitive Music," Columbia makes it possible to travel by ear. This collection of fourteen disks, each devoted to a different country or territory, was recorded "on location" by the collection's editor, folklorist ***Alan Lomax,*** and other noted musical and anthropological authorities. I know you'll be surprised to discover, for example, that bagpipes are not limited to Scotland, and that some of our Latin-American rhythms may have

had their roots in India. Of the sets we heard, those devoted to India, Indonesia, and Spain proved the most interesting. The latter, by the way, includes some of the most thrilling Flamenco singing we've ever heard. (*World Library of Folk and Primitive Music*—Vols. I-XIV. Columbia Sets SL-204 through SL-217. $6.95 each)

RAVEL ANTHOLOGY. You can check off a lot of Ravel music with a single record by Pedro de Freitas Branco and the Orchestre du Theatre des Champs-Elysées. It contains stirring interpretations of the Bolero (played, for once, at its proper slow tempo), La Valse, Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, Alborada del Gracioso and Pavanne pour une Infante Defunte. No crowding either, and the sound is startlingly realistic. (*Ravel: Bolero, La Valse, etc.* Westminster WL 5297. $5.95)

BACH AS WRITTEN. In our time among the most valued of early orchestral music are the six Brandenburg Concertos by Johann Sebastian Bach. But when the Margrave of Brandenburg, for whom they were written, died in 1734, they were bundled together with dozens of other compositions and auctioned off for a few pennies apiece. We're accustomed to hearing these concertos played by modern instruments. They acquire an entirely fresh new sound quality, however, when performed on the baroque instruments for which they were written. Two recordings from the original manuscript have been issued simultaneously, both made in Vienna. Vox's, conducted by Jascha Horenstein, is the more authentic, is compressed onto two disks and includes copious notes and complete scores. The Bach Guild's, under Felix Prohaska, runs to three disks for the same price, is better played, with a more relaxed, spacious sound. Bach profits by both. (*Bach: Brandenburg Concertos.* Bach Guild Set BG 540-542. 3-12″. $11.90. Vox Set DX 122. 2-12″. $9.96)

COCKROACH OPERA. Now, along with the "horse opera" and "soap opera," we have a "cockroach opera." George Kleinsinger has taken some of the late ***Don Marquis'*** stories of Archy, the literary cockroach, and his lady love, Mehitabel, the amoral alley cat, and, with the aid of librettist Joe Darion, has fashioned them into a little back-alley opera, ***"Archy and Mehitabel."*** Since Archy did his writing by hurling himself at the typewriter keys, he couldn't use capitals; yet "capital" is the word to describe the brand-new recording of this jazz opera. All-star cast including: David Wayne, Eddie Bracken, and Carol Channing in title roles. (*Kleinsinger: Archy and Mehitabel.* Columbia ML 4963. $3.98)

THE END

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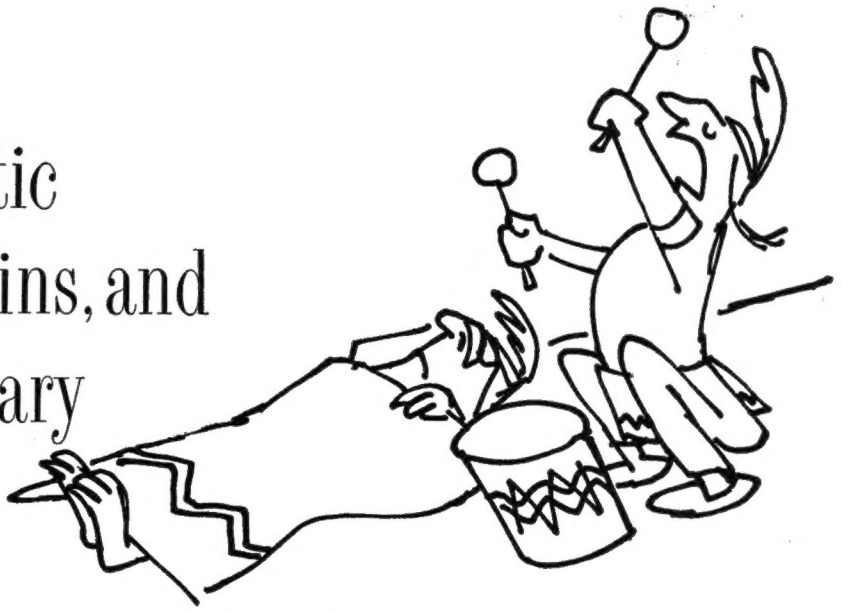
Indian Psycho-songatic Medicine, Boxers' Brains, and Murder Taint Hereditary



BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Psycho-songatic medicine. Squaw sick? Brave sick? Papoose sick? Give 'um rhythm! That's long been the practice among North American Indians, reports ethnologist Frances Densmore (Smithsonian Institution). In numerous tribes the medicine men rely on healing songs whose curative powers lie in the hypnotic effects of offbeat rhythms, accentuated by shaking of rattles or beating of small drums. Modern medicine, learning from the Indians, has increasingly been using both music therapy and hypnotism in mental cases.

Boxers' brains. Do you worry when watching TV prize fights that the lads

are getting their brains scrambled by rights and lefts to the head? The fear has been k.o.'d by Dr. Harry A. Kaplan and Dr. Jefferson Browder (New York), who tested hundreds of pro fighters and found few or no changes or abnormalities in their brain waves despite years in the ring or even right after a knockout.

Kids and propaganda. Children may help most to spread propaganda behind enemy lines, U.S. Army air force experiments in Washington State reveal. Three days after planes had dropped 80,000 test leaflets over eight towns, sociologists Otto N. Larsen and Melvin L. De Fleur found that many more children than adults had picked them up and passed them on, and talked about and knew the facts presented. An added reason for making such messages appealing to children is that under actual war conditions they are not punished as severely as adults for spreading propaganda.

Mate madness. Violent but unjustified antagonism toward one's mate may be a subtle insanity called "conjugal paranoia" by Dr. Eugene Revitch (New Jersey Diagnostic Center). It can occur in persons so apparently normal and charming that if anyone is suspected of being insane, it's the accused spouse. Often the condition shows itself soon after marriage, even on the honeymoon, by extreme faultfinding, humiliating acts, charges of infidelity, and hints to set family and friends against the other member of the couple. Psychiatric tests show sufferers from mate madness usually have sexual disturbances (often homosexual tendencies), lack inner controls, and fear they're unable to meet marital demands. They accuse their mates to avert blame from themselves. Marriages so threatened may be saved by examination and treatment.

Middle-aged men's blues. The emotional tailspins of many mellowing males come not from waning hormones but from subconscious worry that they're losing out to their sons or young competitors. So conclude psychiatrists Otto Billig and Robert Adams (Vanderbilt University), who find this fear most pronounced in the self-made successful man who wrongly thinks his wife and children love him, and others esteem him, only because of the position he's attained. Especially vulnerable is the man who felt hostility to his father and is therefore uneasy about his own son's feelings toward him.

Old-maid schoolmarms. Once the highroad to spinsterhood, schoolteaching is being regarded more and more as a married woman's job, reports Professor Chester M. Stephenson. Of 400 coeds in teacher training at Ohio's Miami University, almost 85 per cent planned on marriage and teaching as joint careers, 15 per cent expected eventually to be just wives; only two girls didn't expect to marry. Diminished prejudices against married teachers, increased marriages among educated women, and more encouragement for career wives are fast making the old-maid schoolmarm the big exception.

Murder taint hereditary? Seems no, 't ain't. If you saw the play "Bad Seed," or read the novel from which it was made, don't take seriously the central theme that the little girl murderess inherited her vicious tendencies from her murdering grandma. Not only do experts on heredity and crime doubt that such tendencies can be inherited, but they are positive that even if they could be, the genetic factors would be so complex they

could not skip a generation intact. Any real-life cases of grandparent and grandchild committing murder may be due only to coincidence or to similarities in

environment. Technically, the child in the aforementioned play would be classed as a psychopath, a mental type whose cause remains unknown.

Abundant tables, poorer teeth. Surprising news from Europe is that there is 50 per cent more tooth decay now among children of Norway, Germany, and several of the small British islands than there was during the war. This is ascribed to the fact that in the war years the consumption of sweets, meat, and fat was much reduced, and the diet of coarse flour, potatoes, vegetables, and fish was increased.

Doodles. Scrawls and sketches you make while mind wandering may be giveaways to your personality, suggests psychologist Charlotte S. Berger (New York University). Doodles in textbooks of college seniors who'd taken personality tests showed these relationships: very "masculine" men and very "feminine" women tended to draw human heads; men low

in masculinity and women low in femininity usually drew animals. Tight designs and designs inside of designs indicate wariness and fear (bold persons make doodles without distinct outlines). Shaded designs tend to show submissiveness and inferiority feelings.

Curbing coeds. Despite growing equality for women in business and professions, college girls can't expect the same freedom as men in the "hazardous and explosive realm of moral conduct," says Professor Kate H. Mueller (Indiana University). Coeds complain, "Why are we so much more strictly regulated?" "Why can't we stay out nights just as men do?" "Why can't we go over to men's residences?" Because, says Professor Mueller, a girl's behavior means much more for the general moral tone of the campus and her own future. Also, sorority houses and coeds' dorms need more regulating than men's residences because of the greater amount of social bustle, routine activity, gossip, and emotional tension, and the greater risk of the individual's being hurt by what she does or others do to her. THE END

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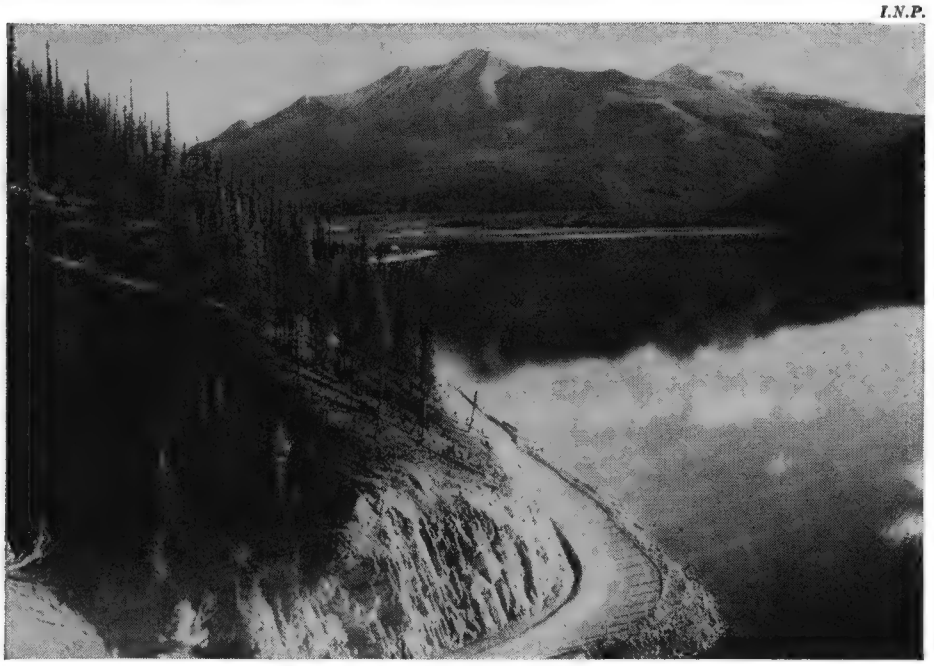

Spectacular beauties of untamed nature compensate for the rigors of Alaskan travel.

Motor Trip to Our Last Frontier

BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

Driving to Alaska is still a major motoring adventure despite some improvement in roads and accommodations. This is the substance of a new report, compiled from on-the-spot observation, by Kenneth Van Hee and David Jamieson, veteran tour investigators for the American Automobile Association.

The report warns:

"If a motorist feels he is going on a deluxe excursion he will be sadly mistaken. There is still a certain amount of pioneering involved in making this trip. Anyone who expects to receive the comforts of home should not attempt the journey, as these conditions do not exist. In fact, we met a number of tourists turning back after completing only half their itinerary because of this mistaken idea."

Jamieson and Van Hee give Alaska-bound motorists four bits of basic advice:

(1) Use heavy duty tires and carry two spares.

(2) Cover the gasoline tank with an old inner tube (to prevent its being punctured by stones kicked up by the wheels).

(3) Place a fine screen over the radiator of your car to help keep out insects.

(4) Seal the trunk to keep out heavy dust.

The best time to make the trip is late June or July when the mosquitoes seem less aggressive than during other summer months. During the same period the brilliant fireweed, which grows along all Alaskan highways, is in bloom.

The highway from Edmonton, Alberta, to Dawson Creek, British Columbia, is dusty or muddy, depending upon the weather. The 1,524 miles of road from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks is wide and surfaced with gravel but may be dusty. Some new, paved highways are under construction in Alaska.

Overnight accommodations are limited from Edmonton north. Old barracks have been converted to tourist rooms in some cases. A few log cabins have been built. Hotels in the smaller towns have few rooms with baths—or even washbowls.

Rewards for motorists who make the trip include some spectacular mountain scenery, uncrowded highways, and a chance to see one of North America's last frontiers still in its natural state.

Mount Logan, elevation 19,850 feet, the highest in Canada, is seen from the highway while driving through the Yukon Territory between White Horse and the Alaska boundary. A bit farther north there is a view across the valley of the Donjek River to Mt. Lucania, 17,150 feet.

Good overnight accommodations and a restaurant are open to tourists at the University of Alaska, in Fairbanks, during the summer. The University Museum remains open and has an outstanding exhibit of Eskimo handicrafts.

Mount McKinley, 20,300 feet, the highest in North America, can be seen only by tourists traveling by plane or riding the railroad between Fairbanks and Anchorage. A motor highway is being built and is scheduled for completion in 1956.

A onetime Russian village and a Russian Orthodox church may be seen at Ninilchik Cove, reached via the Sterling Highway, which extends from a junction of the Seward-Anchorage road to Homer on Cook Inlet. This trip affords fine views of the Alaska Range across the inlet.

Fabled Dawson, center of the Klondike gold rush of '98, retains much of its pioneer color. The Flora-Dora Dance Hall and the Palace Grande Theatre are still standing. Discovery Day, in mid-August, is a colorful celebration staged by local residents to recall for visitors the roaring days of the gold camps.

An ultra-modern hotel will be erected on and within the walls of the historic Waterfort which guards the entrance to the bargain shopping port of the West Indies, Willemstad harbor on the island of Caraçao. Old military structures within the walls are being demolished, and construction of the new air-conditioned hostelry by the Intercontinental Hotels Corporation is expected to take about eighteen months. The fortress walls, 33 feet thick and 18 feet high, will be preserved for use as a promenade on the terrace level of the hotel.

Four Lincoln log cabins are among Kentucky's historic monuments. Replicas of the log cabin in which Abe's grandfather lived and the cabin in which Nancy Hanks was courted by Tom Lincoln are at Lincoln Homestead, near Springfield; the Lincoln Marriage Temple, in Pioneer Memorial State Park at Harrodsburg, is a red brick structure containing the small cabin in which Nancy Hanks and Tom Lincoln were married and in which they began married life; and the granite structure on U.S. highway 31E near Hodgenville encloses the crude cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born.

The presidents on both sides of the Civil War were born in Kentucky, but only Abe's birthplace remains. The birth-

place of Jefferson Davis, at Fairview, is marked by the tallest cast-concrete shaft in the world, a 351-foot obelisk.

Sweden's first motel has cabins so well insulated that a motorist racing his automobile engine does not disturb the slumbers of the other guests. The motel is located at Fleninge, near Halsingborg, at the junction of the main highways between Stockholm and Gothenburg.

Canada's capital, Ottawa, will be especially bright and attractive to tourists during the annual tulip festival which takes place May 15 to 19 this year. Parks and driveways will be lined with the flowers. This year's display will be the most profuse in history because of additional plantings, including a gift of 16,000 bulbs from Queen Juliana of The Netherlands. The Federal District Commission has set out over 750,000 bulbs.

Departures will be doubled to make Denmark's Fairy Tale Tour available to more people this year. The three- and four-day, all-expense trips will leave Copenhagen on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from May 29 through September 11. Fairy Tale Tours in the opposite direction will depart from Frederikshavn and Aalborg on Tuesday and Thursday and from Aarhus on Wednesday and Friday, June 2—September 15.

Hans Christian Andersen's home on the island of Funen is the focal point of the tours, which include the picture-book towns of Ribe, Silkeborg, Odense, Ebeltoft, and Mariager. The four-day package costs $75, including motor coach transportation, English-speaking guide, hotel rooms, meals, entrance fees to points of interest, and tips.

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP

Two handy and colorful islands with famous beaches and foreign atmosphere are combined in a new 9-day package tour from New York with a total flying time of only 11 hours. B.O.A.C., which serves both Bermuda and Nassau, has linked these British possessions in a tour which includes hotel accommodations, transfers from airport to hotel, all meals except lunch, and sightseeing trips.

Tour price is $335 per person, to which must be added $18.50 for U.S. transportation tax, $2.80 Bermuda head tax, $1.70 Nassau head tax, about $15 for extra meals, and another $10 for tips, making a total of $383. The rate is based on two persons occupying a double room with bath at the Castle Harbour Hotel in Bermuda and the Royal Victoria in Nassau. The Castle Harbour has its own beach, and at Nassau transportation and admission to Paradise Beach are included in the tour price. THE END

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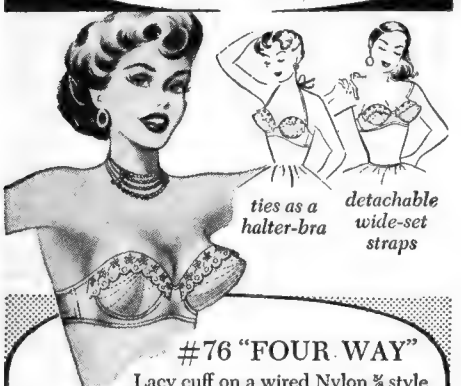

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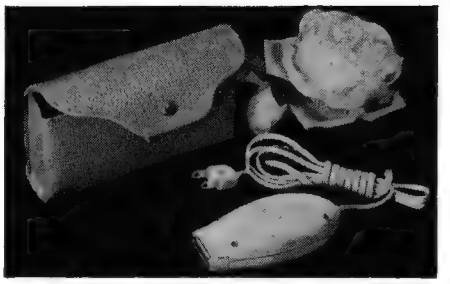

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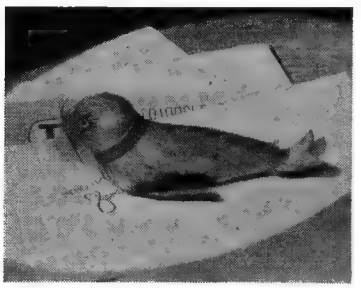

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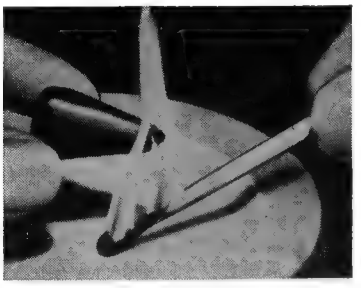

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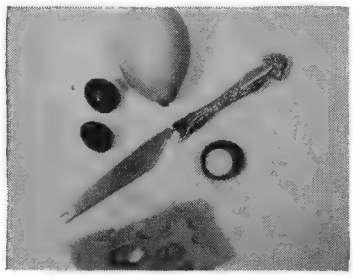

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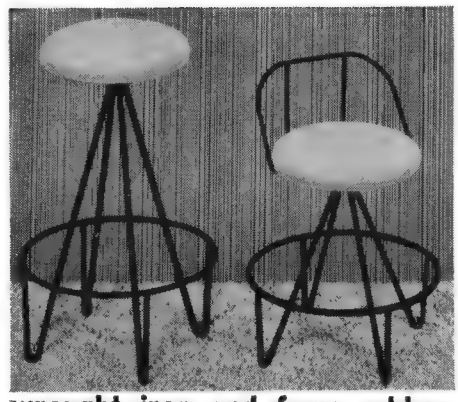

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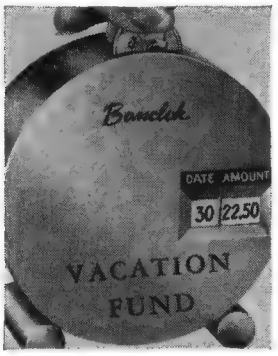

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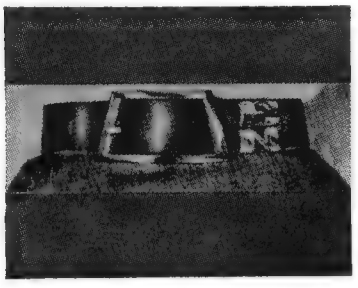

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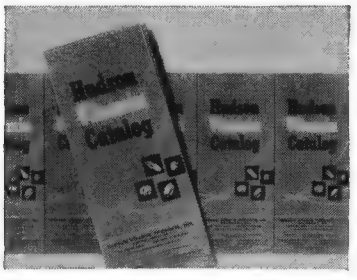

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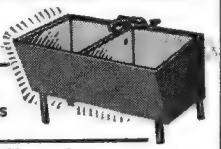

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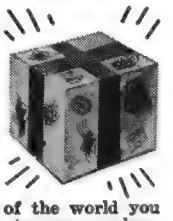

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New Relief for Palsy Victims

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

For the more than one million Americans who have shaking palsy, or Parkinson's disease, the outlook now is increasingly hopeful. Producing tremors, muscle weakness, slowed movements, and peculiarities of walk and posture, Parkinsonism is a disorder of the central nervous system—chronic and progressive. Yet, with treatments now available, many patients can expect to live comfortably and usefully for as long as thirty years after symptoms first appear.

To help overcome symptoms, a wide variety of drugs have been introduced in recent years. Among them are Dexedrine to combat fatigue and weakness, and chlorpromazine, introduced within the last year, to overcome, without morning-after hangover, the insomnia that haunts many patients. Artane, Parsidol, and Thephorin are three of a number of drugs now being used to relieve tremor. A newer one, Pagitane, is reported to be effective for two of every three who have done poorly on other remedies. It exerts a favorable action against rigidity, abnormal eye movements, and mild tremor, and acts as a stimulant to overcome tiredness. It also combines with other drugs for more effective results in advanced states of rigidity. Cogentin, which is tolerated well by young and old, is particularly effective against the severest grades of rigidity, muscle cramps, and tremor.

Most shaking palsy patients can now be treated easily, according to a report from the Parkinson Research Laboratory at New York's Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center. The report also emphasizes that most patients can continue to work and that employment will not weaken muscles or bring on paralysis. Indeed, Parkinsonism never results in paralysis, and work and exercise help to prevent pain and deformity: "Just as running water never freezes, so moving muscles never freeze, shorten, or ache."

Some added cheer from the laboratory: Parkinson patients seem to be much less susceptible to other diseases than average persons. Most have normal or low blood pressure, and shaking palsy seems to keep high blood pressure within safe limits. Few have heart complaints, and Parkinsonism seems to control the illness among those who do. Both ulcers and cancer are phenomenally rare and not a single tuberculosis case has appeared in twenty years among the thousands of patients observed.

Acute pancreatitis can often be treated effectively with deep X ray. All but 5 of 53 patients who had recurring forms of the disease benefited from 1 to 4 courses of X-ray treatment. Such treatment, according to a recent report, may prevent formation of abscesses and the development of other complications, and help avoid the need for later surgery.

Infant diets may include solids early, or later; it makes little difference in growth, nutrition, or feeding problems. In a recent study, 85 infants were divided into two groups. In one group, solid foods were introduced during the first two months and in the other group not until later. There were no differences in growth, frequency of constipation, colic, regurgitation, and other digestive disturbances. By the twenty-eighth week, infants fed either way were usually taking fruit, vegetables, cereal, meat, and egg yolk, and the time of introduction proved to have no effect on the acceptance of solid foods.

For tic douloureux, a facial ailment which produces what is often called "the worst pain in the world," a new drug stilbamidine, has shown great promise. It quickly ended the pain in 15 of the first 16 patients on whom it was tried.

Allergies have been relieved by a new antihistaminic drug, Clistin Maleate. It brought moderate to complete relief to 76 per cent of 116 patients with hay fever, acute rhinitis, asthma, and other allergic conditions. It also seemed effective in reducing excessive nasal secretions in the common cold. The new drug is reported to have minimum sedative effect, producing drowsiness in very few patients.

In polio, speedier and more complete recovery may possibly be obtained when tiny doses of the anti-inflammatory enzyme, trypsin, are used along with other treatment. A cautious preliminary report, which emphasizes that much more work must be done before the drug can be conclusively proved to be helpful, tells of its use in 50 polio patients who received injections at very early stages of the disease. Improvement occurred in 90 per cent. Acute toxic manifestations were rapidly modified. Paralysis, which usually progresses for 7 days after onset of the disease, was apparently halted after 48 hours of treatment and did not return. Muscle strength returned quickly and patients were able to exercise earlier, permitting quicker rehabilitation.

Diseased arteries have been replaced by plastic cloth tubes. Already used in some 100 patients, the new development may end the need for human blood vessel banks. The cloth tubes have also been used as substitutes for cancerous esophagi, or food pipes, and are now being investigated for possible value in replacing diseased and damaged kidney and gall-bladder ducts. Made of nylon and other plastic fibers, closely woven so that blood can't leak through, the plastics do not interact with body tissues and, in time, new blood vessel tissues grow in between the threads to form a complete new vessel section.

In cancer of the cervix, a new test promises to save more lives. Treatment of early cervical cancer by surgery or radiation has proved effective in 75 per cent of all cases. Failures result when radiation treatment is used in patients with cancers resistant to X ray or radium, or when surgery is used in cases that might be treated more effectively by radiation. A painless new routine test promises to show in advance which patients should get X-ray or radium treatment and which should have surgery for best results.

For diabetics and other patients who need repeated and long continued medical injections, a simple method of eliminating much of the pain has been developed. It comes from the discovery that when hydrocortisone is injected into the skin, the injection is painless and, a week or two later, a little puffy area develops around the injection site. It remains for 10 to 14 months before it disappears and normal skin reappears. During this period, any injection in the puffy area causes less pain. For a diabetic, for example, a physician can make four treatment sites, two on each thigh, with hydrocortisone injections, after which the patient can prick himself less painfully for 10 to 14 months. Then the physician can establish new areas. THE END

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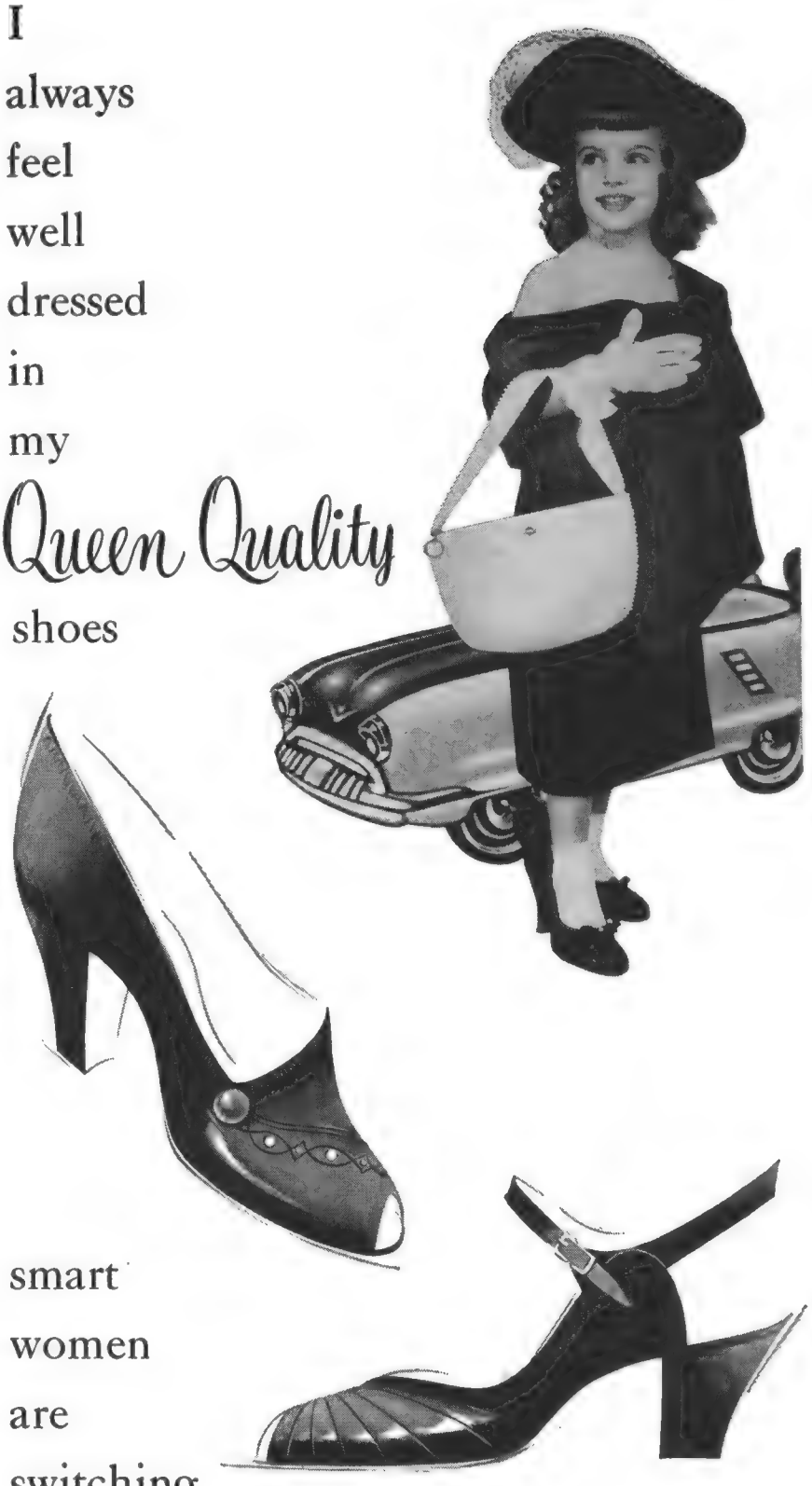

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BEST PICTURE —"Interrupted Melody," M-G-M's screen biography of the Metropolitan Opera soprano Marjorie Lawrence, stars Eleanor Parker as the singer and Glenn Ford as Dr. Thomas King, her husband.

"Interrupted Melody"

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

SENSITIVE, DYNAMIC direction by Curtis Bernhardt, excellent script, great music, fine photography, and Eleanor Parker and Glenn Ford make "Interrupted Melody," inspired Jack Cummings production, a film triumph.

Little did I know three years ago when invited to an evening of music at the home of my friend and agent Wynn Rocomora that I was to be in on the birth of a great film just being released this month, M-G-M's "Interrupted Melody," starring Glenn Ford and Eleanor Parker.

As artistic director of the Hollywood Bowl, Wynn comes in contact with a galaxy of artists. Among his guests upon that memorable occasion were Marjorie Lawrence, Metropolitan Opera prima donna stricken with polio at the height of her fame and beauty, and her husband, Dr. Thomas King.

That evening was really the scene of a film in the making. And I want to tell you the story of how "Interrupted Melody," the screen biography of Marjorie Lawrence, evolved, how Eleanor Parker got the lead, and why Glenn Ford went after the Dr. Thomas King role turned down by nearly every top actor.

That evening it was inspiring to see Marjorie, radiant with the zest of living, her devoted husband at her side. Marjorie cannot walk, but maneuvering about the crowded room in her wheel chair, she was aglow with happiness, an inner light, that impressed itself upon the gathering.

My Big Scoop

Closely observing Marjorie at the party was another vivid personality—Greer Garson. Under such felicitous circumstances, I suppose it was inevitable that somebody suggested what a wonderful movie Marjorie's story would make. And naturally someone else suggested Greer as the actress for the role. And just as naturally, a few days later, Wynn was down at M-G-M selling the idea. And of course all this was my scoop.

Only right there everything broke down because something called 3-D had arrived, closely followed by Cinerama, CinemaScope, and the deluge: Vista-

COSMOPOLITAN MOVIE CITATIONS FOR APRIL

Vision, Wide-Screen, and what have you. The Lawrence story, which cost several millions to make, what with operatic sequences, world-wide backgrounds, luxurious settings, had to wait until our producers found out whether the public was going to want its pictures upside down or inside out. It took more than a year to prove that the public just wanted a picture to be good.

By the time the mists had cleared away, however, Greer Garson had departed from M-G-M, and Jack Cummings, producer of "Interrupted Melody," had to find himself another star on the M-G-M lot. Actresses galore began pounding on his office door until the day Eleanor Parker came flaming in.

Eleanor Parker as Prima Donna

Off screen Eleanor is quiet, conservative, a devoted mother of three youngsters. The intensity she brings to the screen is rarely reflected in private life. But when she flamed into Cummings' office, she was already playing the prima donna. At the outset, she took the offensive and accused Cummings of disliking her, said if she played the Lawrence role, she would do thus and thus, and proceeded to show him. Aroused by her attack, Cummings replied that if she played the part, she would do as he told her. Then Cummings, one of our smartest producers (for instance, the wonderful "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" was his production), realized the girl had deliberately pricked him into seeing how temperamental she could be. And that's how Eleanor got the part.

The next problem was to find a leading man. Every top male star turned the part down, saying he wouldn't play second fiddle. Then Glenn Ford appeared on the scene, said he wanted to play Dr. Thomas King, that he felt he could do something with the role, that after a long succession of Westerns and action dramas, a love story was what he needed.

So you see just a bit of what went into making "Interrupted Melody" superior entertainment in every respect: in writing and acting, in direction and production, in music and photography.

Under Curtis Bernhardt's dynamic, sensitive direction, Eleanor Parker catches the full scope of a great operatic personality: the bounce and vitality of the young farm girl, the arrogance of the young star, the tyranny of the invalid, the fullheartedness of a woman who can give and receive love.

Yes, I think "Interrupted Melody" is one of the screen's great movies. THE END

BEST COMEDY—Paramount's "The Seven Little Foys," filmed in Vista Vision and Technicolor, gives Bob Hope the best chance he's had in much too long for dramatics, songs, dances. James Cagney, as George M. Cohan, delivers a sharp performance in this funny biography of vaudeville's fabulous father.

BEST FAMILY FILM—The whole family will be enchanted by the newest Walt Disney cartoon feature, "Lady and the Tramp," by our own Ward Greene of King Features. "Lady" is a cocker spaniel of dazzling ancestry. "The Tramp" is from the wrong side of the kennels. The frivolity is delightful.

BEST ACTION FILM—"The Far Country," latest Universal-International presentation, filmed in Technicolor, stars Jimmy Stewart in the same type of excellent, off-beat Western that made him a millionaire in "Bend in the River." Beautiful Ruth Roman and a fine cast support him in top form.

Culver Service

Fifty years ago, Father was a god around the house, "Mister" to his wife, and master of his children. Today, he's a bumbling stranger who contributes his earnings in exchange for bed, board, and affection. But Dad's day is returning, and here's why

The Decline and Fall of the American Father

BY MORTON M. HUNT

Many names have been given to our own era—the Age of Flight, the Atomic Age, the Age of Anxiety, and others—but to students of family life, there is another one more appropriate than any of these. It is: the Age of the Decline and Fall of Father.

Nowhere is this fall more clearly pointed out than in our entertainment mediums, which routinely show Father as a foolish fifth wheel in the family group, and a loud-voiced windbag easily defeated by those he tries to dominate at home. Scarcely a night passes, for instance, on which you cannot see family life portrayed on TV in terms of the quiet triumph of the mother and children over the father. "Life with Father" shows the family of decades earlier, already in the process of whittling him down. In the full-blown 1955 form, exemplified by "Life of Riley," "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet," "Father Knows Best," "Make Room for Daddy," and numerous others, it is made quite clear that the modern father is an overgrown adolescent, a boob, and a nitwit, who is no match at all for the rest of his family.

Dagwood as Gentle Satire

Comic strips have long peddled the same portrait of Father. In one of the most famous and widely read, "Blondie," Dagwood Bumstead is the archtypical twentieth-century homeowner and father. A lazy, good-natured fellow, he is always late, usually confused, and at a loss to cope with dogs, children, and the boss. Indeed, the Bumstead family exists and prospers only because of Blondie's skill and good management.

Many other comic strips and a whole libraryful of film scripts, novels, plays, and short stories follow a similar pattern. Nor are they absurd; they merely present in heightened and exaggerated form the essential truth: we live in the era of Father's fall from power and prestige.

Once Lord and Master

In our time, according to the detailed findings of half a dozen research centers in family life, the female and mother has been attaining an unprecedented peak of honor and power. The male and father has been correspondingly demoted. Once the lord of the household, fount of wisdom, and dispenser of justice, he has shriveled to a mere financial accessory of the home—a profitable boarded guest, who eats dinner and goes to sleep in the home, paying handsomely for the privilege, and who otherwise is unessential to, and often upsets, the whole routine of family living.

It sometimes seems as though Father is powerless to buck this trend. He is, to be honest, very often only an outsider. One out of five fathers in the United States today works at or near home, but the other four out of five travel from twenty minutes to a couple of hours each way, each day. To give his family suburban peace, quiet, space, and sunshine, Father gets up in the dark and comes home in the dark, and runs a good chance of having his kids mistake him for a burglar or a Fuller Brush man. Times and working conditions have undergone an astonishing improvement. In fifty years, the average man's working day has shrunk from eleven hours to eight—whereupon his family has badgered him into moving to the suburbs, thus giving him a dandy eleven-hour day away from home all over again.

As an absentee father, today's male is very hard put to seem important to his

(continued)

MANY OF TODAY'S SOCIAL PROBLEMS—emotional illness, marital adjustment, juvenile delinquency, crime, for example—are related in some degree to the changing status of family relations. I feel that Mr. Hunt's article presents the situation good-naturedly and with deference to acceptable social research; it spells out the hope—and probably the beginnings—of a new and better day for Father and for the entire family.

ARMOND D. WILLIS
Executive Secretary, The National Council on Family Relations

MODERN WIVES and kids laugh at Father Day's antics because the mere idea of a father bossing his home has become ridiculous.

BILL BENDIX, as Riley, presents the American Dad as a stupid, inept bungler who can never do anything right.

EXPERTS SAY shows like Danny Thomas' ("Make Room for Daddy"), panning Dad, accurately reflect the lowly lot of most fathers today.

children. Times have changed, and if he tries to act as his own grandfather did—brusque, regal, and commanding—his children think him mean, or what is far worse, comical. Father Day of "Life with Father" got laughed at behind his back; today the children laugh in Father's face, and Father dare not scold or strike back for fear of aggravating the Oedipus complex. If Father stops to think what each child costs ($15,000, to be conservative, by the age of seventeen), he must wonder why on earth he bought such a bargain.

Yet the child is not to blame. He is confused about Father, and unable to see where and why he fits into the scheme of life. The child does not see Daddy making money, yet that is Daddy's only important function. Washing, cooking, healing, teaching, playing, and comforting are secondary activities with him—if he does them at all. Many fathers, of course, retain the job of disciplinarian, which makes them not only interlopers but mighty unwelcome ones. Dr. Margaret Mead, the distinguished anthropologist, calls such a father "an animated whip," used to enforce the mother's role of affectionate ruler. Not surprisingly, 71 per cent of today's sons seek an occupation different from that of their fathers, though a century ago a son was honored to be permitted to follow his father's specialty.

Father Was Faintly Godlike

In those days, Father was faintly godlike. His wife called him "Mister Smith" (or whatever his last name was), even in bed. She asked no questions about money or about his companions outside the home; she used dulcet tones and sweet blandishments to win favors. The children were silent and respectful in his presence, and aunts, uncles, and other contingent members of the family bowed to his opinions and quailed before his wrath.

Until barely a generation ago, Father was the only member of the family legally entitled to hold property, make contracts, sue and be sued, vote and hold office, and control the earnings and money of his wife and children. It was Father who kept a rifle over the fireplace and defended his home against intruders. It was Father who read the Bible aloud, dishing out morality like a veritable Burning Bush. It was Father who could fix, answer, and take charge of all things, and his comfort and health were the family's greatest concern.

Today, Father somewhat resembles the hair on his own chest in being a leftover of evolution. "In few societies," says the noted English anthropologist Goeffrey Gorer, "is the role of the father more vestigial than in the United States." Some

female spiders devour their mates immediately after fertilization, and the marine worm *Bonellia viridis* is a female who keeps the male (a microscopic speck) within her body as a parasite, good only for fertilization. One may speculate whether humanity is evolving wormward in our century.

Model of Maleness Important

Although women may be pleased with the improvement in their own status, the decline of Father has a terrifying aspect, for it is future generations that will show the effect of the pater-absurdus of the TV caricature. Psychiatrist O. Spurgeon English, of the Temple University Medical School, points out that children grow up to repeat toward their bosses, their law officers, their government, and their society the patterns of feeling they had toward their own fathers. If they felt Father was feeble, helpless, and out-of-date, they will feel much the same toward all authority—an excellent basis for delinquency, crime, and social anarchy.

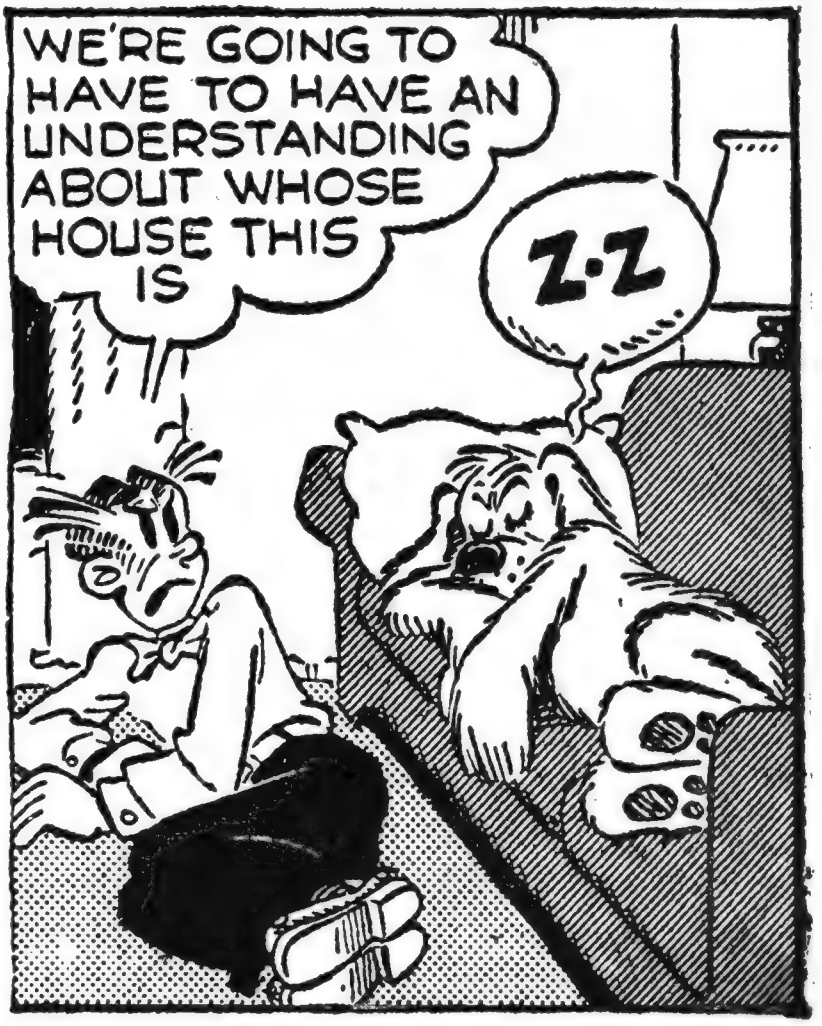
A competent and admired father should be a model of maleness for his son to emulate and the first boy friend to his daughter. A survey of over 1,000 young men and women made several years ago showed that those whose fathers were dead or missing from home were notably behindhand in learning to date, court, and find suitable mates. Of course, the suburban father is not quite as bad off as one who is dead or missing, but the resemblances are uncomfortably strong.

Psychologists at the University of Maine tested seventy-eight men students and found an unhappy correlation between tendencies toward femininity and mental disorder, and a poor relationship toward the father. Psychiatrists have seen thousands of cases in which boys with inadequate fathers, or none, develop into men who are sissies, poor husbands, or latent or overt homosexuals. Professor Pitirim Sorokin, of Harvard, concludes that the decreasing importance of Father "is one of the real causes of contemporary juvenile delinquency, drug addiction, and other troubles."

How did all this come about in so short a time? Is it really as bad as it sounds? Are there ways out of the predicament for you and me? Throughout the nation scores of social scientists and psychologists are harder at work than ever, studying the American family and its changes. From them I have gathered some surprising answers to these questions.

The Decline of Father, they agree, is no mere matter of changing fashions but the result of powerful forces. With many a variation, human families for ten thousand years or more were basically tiny societies grouped for mutual protection and the exchange of the necessities of life. Father hunted or farmed or made things, protected his household, and ruled it as chief; Mother produced children, prepared food, spun cloth and made clothing, and cooked up soap and medicines; the children assisted in every phase of production of food or goods; aunts, uncles, and old folk all had to contribute to production and defense. Without the entire family, the needs of survival and comfort could not have been met, and guiding the little state, as omnipotent ruler, was Father.

Cop. 1955, King Features Syndicate, Inc.



DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD, the comic-strip prototype of today's father, can't cope with Blondie, kids, the boss, even dogs.

Then Mr. Watt watched the kettle boil, and the Industrial Revolution overturned modern society. Industry and commerce became vastly important, cities burgeoned, and offices and factories became the places to earn a living instead of the cottage and farm. In 1800, 6 per cent of Americans lived in the city. Today over 60 per cent do. Father "went to work," and disappeared from the family for most of his waking hours. The first step in his downfall had been taken.

Ever since that day he went away to work, Father's decline has been sharp and steady, bringing him to his modern status as a simple biological necessity and wage earner. His is a sorry plight, indeed. Yet, rather than being gloomy about what has been happening to Dad, many sociologists see in his decline a bright hope for the future—in fact, a brand-new kind of family, shaped to fit a modern world and capable of yielding a far finer life for all its members.

Patriarchal Way Outmoded

As the sociologists interpret it, the breakdown of Father's rights and status, with all the concomitant aches and pains, was necessary to clear away traditional patterns that were no longer suited to the modern world. In the city-dwelling, democratic society of 1955, the patriarchal way of life is neither justified nor possible to maintain. Yet because it was deeply imbedded in our culture, and because it was the way our grandfathers and fathers lived, all too many of us try to perpetuate it. The comical father of TV and comic strips is a kind of living fossil, a creature vainly trying to ape some of the manners

(continued)

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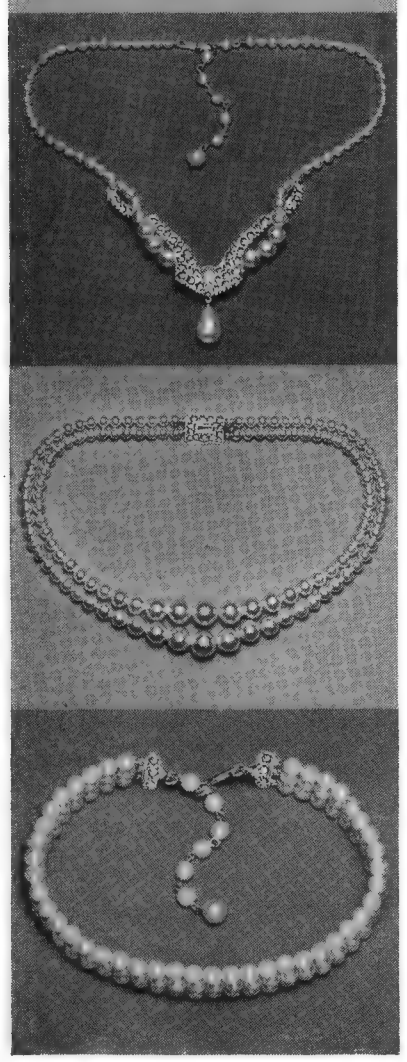

The new and happier father, suiting today's needs, promises a fuller life for the entire family

of a bygone era. No wonder Mother and the kids laugh at him and conspire to run things; they fully recognize that he is dated, out of step, and essentially powerless to carry out his threats.

Today American men are developing in the new direction. Perhaps a third to a half of today's young fathers can be called the "modern developmental type" rather than the "archaic traditional type." The forces that have happened to push these men in the new direction are many. Most of them, for instance, accept the equality of women easily because it has now been a practical fact for thirty-five years. They have become aware of the importance of a close relationship between a father and his children. Many of them have relinquished old notions as the result of marriage and family-relations courses in schools and colleges. Finally, many of them yearn for the sensitive and satisfying relationship that a man and woman can attain best as partners, not with one as master and the other as servant.

Many a modern wife, too, has become aware of these matters, and draws her husband more deeply into family life and makes him a skillful and admired partner rather than "just a man" who can't do anything for himself around the house. Millions of others, deprived for years of their husbands during the war, realized keenly the dangers and miseries of child rearing without a man in the house, and tried harder, after reunion, to achieve a more meaningful relationship of the father to his family.

Such men and women are the pioneers of the truly modern family—a small, intimate, democratic group whose purposes are not to raise food and to provide services, but to yield the ultimate in companionship and personal fulfillment for all its members.

The Companionship Family

The new kind of family has a name, given it by the dean of family-life sociologists in this country, Professor Emeritus Ernest Burgess, of the University of Chicago. Instead of the Institutional Family of old, the new model is the *Companionship Family*. It is united not by ancient traditions, the hostile frontier, and the necessity of banding together, but by mutual affection, emotional and intellectual sympathy, and the satisfactions its members can provide each other.

New Happiness for Father

Best of all, Father, the deposed king, can find greater happiness within the modern family. Its members are now his friends instead of his vassals. He can find at home the companionability, the intimacy, the joy of shared enthusiasms and ideas that he formerly had to seek in the men's club, the grange hall, and the bordello.

In the true Companionship Family, Father learns to relax at the day's end not by retreating to newspaper, pipe, and slippers, but by playing with his children for an hour and being deeply interested in all their enthusiasms. He finds household duties—painting, repairing, making new things—not extra and burdensome chores done to end the nagging of a shrewish female, but hobbies enjoyed all the more because he, his wife, and his kids think it's fun and wonderful to make things together. He does not grumble like Jiggs about his wife's taste in *décor*, nor feel like a stranger in a house he never chose; instead he is proud to express his own tastes and helps his wife select every major piece of furniture. Doing such things together, when people love and respect each other, is a kind of fun Grandfather never knew.

Discipline in such a family is not Father's job, but the job of both parents together. Each takes a turn at disciplining children, as needed; each deals out the same kind and amount of discipline for the same kind of offense. Neither seeks to become the loving parent, while letting the other become the walloping parent. And most important of all, with Father an integral part of the family and a friend and playmate to his children, he finds discipline and punishment less necessary because his children want to be like him and do what wins his approval. If it was simpler to lay down the law, to give orders to the subjects of one's little kingdom, and to rule them with iron authority, it was never so richly rewarding as the role played by an ever increasing number of today's fathers. THE END

SUBURBAN LIVING helped drag Dad down, kept him away from home eleven hours a day, and added financial pressure. But now such forces as the "do-it-yourself" fad are working to draw Father and his family together.

AT SIX MONTHS. Shy and quiet as a child, she was overshadowed by the other members of her family.

The Genteel Miss Kelly

How does it happen that the proper daughter of a wealthy family has suddenly become Hollywood's first lady? Here's the revealing personal story of millionaire sportsman Jack Kelly's little girl Grace, who set out to make good on her own and scored the most spectacular success of all the fabulous Philadelphia Kellys

BY JOE McCARTHY

Grace Kelly came out of Abercrombie & Fitch's sporting-goods store in New York, where she had bought a pair of low-heeled walking shoes, and hailed a taxicab. After a few blocks the cab driver stopped at a traffic light and turned to her. He had a disappointed look on his face.

"When I saw you wave to me," he said, "I thought for sure I was going to have Grace Kelly in my cab. You look just like her."

"I'm awfully sorry I'm not Grace Kelly," Grace Kelly said.

"So am I," the cab driver said.

Miss Kelly talked about the incident later in the apartment on East Sixty-sixth Street that has been her home for the last four years. The masonry work on the building, incidentally, was done by her father's company. Grace doesn't like to live in Hollywood, and she has a clause in her movie contract that permits her to stay in New York when she isn't working on a picture.

"That happens to me all the time," she said. "When Ava Gardner gets into a cab, the driver knows right away that she's Ava Gardner. I'm sure it's the same way with Lana Turner and Elizabeth Taylor. But not me. I'm never Grace Kelly. I'm somebody who looks like Grace Kelly."

The Big Question in Hollywood

That may be an answer to the question everybody in Hollywood has been asking everybody else in Hollywood—namely and to wit: What is it that has catapulted Grace Kelly so quickly into such an incredible succession of choice leading roles opposite Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Ray Milland, James Stewart, William Holden, Bing Crosby, Stewart Granger, and Cary Grant, while so many other better established movie actresses have been sitting impatiently by the telephone?

The New York taxi drivers can't believe that Miss Kelly is a movie actress because she doesn't look like one. She has none of the unmistakable manner of the ex-sweater girl that marks most successful film queens, despite their efforts to conceal it with mink coats and Mainbocher dresses. Miss Kelly looks and talks like a refined and carefully brought-up daughter of a wealthy Eastern family who went to an exclusive college like, say, Bennington. Except for one minor detail, that is what she happens to be. Her father is John Brendan Kelly, the Philadelphia construction magnate and sportsman whose fortune is estimated at eighteen

millions, and she planned at one time to go to Bennington. The missing detail is that she didn't make it because she flunked math.

In the expert opinion of director Alfred Hitchcock, who used Miss Kelly in his last three pictures, this ladylike and unshow-businesslike quality that throws off the cab drivers is precisely the thing that puts her in such demand as a movie actress. Hitchcock points out that Hollywood is full of capable leading women, but a leading woman is not a leading lady. A warm love scene, when played by a leading woman, is likely to be vulgar. If the same scene is done by a leading lady, it is impressive and exciting.

A competent leading lady like Miss Kelly shows up in Hollywood about once in six years. The last one before her was Deborah Kerr, who followed Greer Garson, Joan Fontaine, and Ingrid Bergman. In this limited category, Miss Kelly has a big advantage in her favor: she is young. Her father has no trouble remembering her age because she was born right after the stock-market crash of 1929. That makes her twenty-five.

She's Genuinely Reserved

Actors who have worked with her agree that Miss Kelly's air of refinement is no act. They say that although she is easy to get along with, and not in the least high-hat, she observes a standard of propriety that is rather unique in the informality of show business. She is usually chaperoned by her married sister, Peggy Davis, or by an older woman with the appropriate name of Prudence Wise, who acts as her companion-secretary. One time a magazine writer asked her casually if she wore falsies. She blushed and ran from the room, embarrassed to the point of tears.

Such scenes do not happen often because Miss Kelly's gracious but proper manner discourages intimate questions. She has a way of making a reporter feel that asking her about her love life would be as crude as trying to get the Queen Mother of England to discuss the Duchess of Windsor.

Despite her reticence about discussing it, or perhaps because of that reticence, Miss Kelly's love life has been a subject of widespread speculation in the gossip

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CALLED THE KIND OF GIRL every man dreams of marrying, Grace has a clean, fresh look that is often compared to Ingrid Bergman's. Her shining aura of respectability is heightened by little use of make-up.

"I'm never recognized on the street. I'm always somebody who looks like Grace Kelly"

"REAR WINDOW" quickened her rise to stardom. Jimmy Stewart was the leading man and Grace a newcomer, yet she began to draw the fans so well that her name replaced his and director Hitchcock's on movie marquees.

columns during the past year. Her name has been linked with those of Clark Gable, Ray Milland, and Bing Crosby, which is several strokes under par for a newcomer on the Hollywood course, no matter how gifted or beautiful she may be.

"You Fall a Little in Love"

Fred Coe, the television producer who employed Miss Kelly on his TV dramas before she signed her movie contract, has said, "You can't work with Grace Kelly without falling a little in love with her." That seemed to happen to Gable in Africa during the filming of "Mogambo." On off days in the jungle, Ava Gardner, the other actress in the picture, would sleep late in her tent. Miss Kelly would arise at dawn to go hunting with Gable. Crosby dated Miss Kelly while they were making "The Country Girl." She made both men regret their age.

Ray Milland is forty-eight, only three years younger than Crosby, but while he and Miss Kelly were working on "Dial M for Murder," he left his wife, Muriel, to whom he had been married for twenty-one years. Fingers were pointed at Miss Kelly because she and Milland had been seen together after working hours. Her mother flew to California and had a talk with her. Her sister, Mrs. Davis, says that Grace dated Milland because she was under the impression that he and his wife had already separated. When she discovered that she was being regarded as the cause of the rift, she called the whole thing off. The Millands have since become reconciled.

One of Her Suitors

When Miss Kelly went to Europe last spring to make "To Catch a Thief" (COSMOPOLITAN, December, 1951) with Cary Grant, she was followed by Oleg Cassini, the dress designer who was formerly married to Gene Tierney and to Madcap Merry Fahrney, the patent-medicine heiress. Cassini escorted Miss Kelly around the Riviera, where the location shots of "To Catch a Thief" were made, and then tagged along behind the company all the way back to Hollywood, where the picture was completed. They have been keeping more or less steady company ever since.

Miss Kelly's interesting social life, which might be an overpowering distraction for another young girl, has never been known to interfere with her efficiency at the studio. She has acquired an exceptional reputation for promptness, dependability, and preparedness among the producers and directors in Hollywood. This means that she will turn down a dinner date if there is a new scene to be memorized for the next day's shooting, and no invitation to a cocktail party will keep her from an emergency fitting at the wardrobe department on a Sunday.

During one period of nine months, Miss Kelly worked every week with only Sundays off, getting up at six o'clock every morning from Monday until Saturday. She made "Mogambo," "Dial M for Murder," "Rear Window," "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," "The Country Girl," "Green Fire," and "To Catch a Thief" with scarcely a breathing space between assignments. "Well, I did manage to sneak in ten days' rest between 'Bridges' and 'Country Girl,'" she says. "I finished my last scene in 'Green Fire' one day at lunch time, and I spent that afternoon dubbing—you know, working on the sound track—and then, that same evening at six o'clock,

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CAVORTING IN A JAPANESE BATH, in "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," she played Navy pilot Bill Holden's wife, got to show off her trim figure. On the set, she won Holden's respect for her concentration.

"THE COUNTRY GIRL" was her dramatic triumph. In the role of an alcoholic's frowzy wife, she showed she was more than just pretty and fooled costar Bing Crosby, who doubted she could do a good job in the part.

Five years ago she was just too "refined" to get an acting job. Nobody wanted her.

I left for France to start 'To Catch a Thief.' "

Miss Kelly is too diplomatic to say which of her recent array of outstanding leading men she considers the best actor, but she makes no bones about Alfred Hitchcock's being her favorite director.

"I'd work for Hitchcock tomorrow without knowing what kind of a picture he was planning or what kind of a part he had in mind for me," she says. "If it's a Hitchcock picture, it's bound to be good."

Hitchcock's Theory vs. Luck

Miss Kelly won't argue against Hitchcock's theory about her success as an actress being due to her ladylike refinement. But she is inclined to feel more indebted to a couple of small lucky breaks —a phone call that she received purely by chance, because she happened to return to her hotel room for a few minutes one afternoon for no reason at all, and a screen test that she made for a part that she didn't get.

"Five years ago I was just as refined as I am now, maybe more so," she says. "But I couldn't get a job in the theatre. Everybody said I was too tall. I've read parts in my stocking feet in the offices of every play producer in New York. I couldn't get to first base because I was five feet six and a half."

Ingénue with Raymond Massey

She was staying then at the Barbizon, an inexpensive hotel for women only, and working as a model and picking up occasional roles in television where her height was no handicap. The day that she dropped into her room and heard the phone ringing, it was her agent summoning her to a tryout for an ingénue role in "The Father," a play starring Raymond Massey.

"I got the part because Raymond Massey and Mady Christians, who were playing the leads, happened to be tall, too," she says. "If they were a few inches shorter, I'd have been sunk."

"The Father" ran for two months on Broadway, and as a result of her appearance in it, Miss Kelly was hired by Stanley Kramer to be Gary Cooper's wife in "High Noon," which was an independent production with no contracts for further movie work involved. When the picture was finished, Miss Kelly found herself unemployed in New York again, looking around for more television shows. She is still remembered for her performance at that time on the "Philco TV Playhouse" production of F. Scott Fitzgerald's story "The Rich Boy." She was in another play that flopped quickly, and then somebody in the Manhattan office of Twentieth Century-Fox asked her to make a screen test for a leading role in a movie called "Taxi" that Gregory Ratoff was planning to direct in New York.

"I went to see Ratoff on my way to a dramatics class that I was then attending and I looked a mess," Miss Kelly says. "I was wearing an old skirt and flat shoes, and my hair wasn't fixed. Ratoff said he liked me because I wasn't pretty. I made the test and he wanted me for the picture, but, unfortunately, the producer turned me down."

But several directors saw the screen test in Hollywood and things began to happen. John Ford saw it and wanted Miss Kelly for "Mogambo." Hitchcock saw it and decided that he had to have her for "Dial M for Murder." He had seen her previously in "High Noon" without being favorably impressed, but there was something about her in the test for "Taxi" that appealed to him. From then on, Miss Kelly was in.

A Star Is Born

Later she had another unexpected stroke of good fortune. Practically every outstanding actress in Hollywood wanted the part of Bing Crosby's suffering wife in "The Country Girl." The producers of the picture, William Perlberg and George Seaton, decided to give it to Jennifer Jones. Just before "The Country Girl" went into production, Miss Jones became pregnant. Miss Kelly was then being employed in another Perlberg-Seaton project, "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," and they were happy with her work. So they gave her the Jennifer Jones role in "The Country Girl."

The story behind Miss Kelly's connection with "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" is an interesting study of the intricate workings of Hollywood exploitation. In October, 1953, when Miss Kelly was hired

MOTHER rushed to Hollywood when Grace was romantically linked with married man Ray Milland ("Dial M for Murder"). Bob Cummings is at left.

GRACE STUDIES THE SCRIPT on the set of "To Catch a Thief" with director Hitchcock and leading man Cary Grant. Hitchcock claims her ladylike qualities are what have made her a star. On her side, she thinks he is the best director, credits him for help. She says, "I'd work for him without knowing the picture's name."

to play in that picture, she was not a big star. Perlberg and Seaton offered her the role of William Holden's wife because the part was not substantial enough to interest an important actress. It was assumed Miss Kelly's name would appear in small print.

"The Bridges at Toko-Ri" was not shown in the theatres until almost a year after it was completed and, in the meantime, Miss Kelly came up fast. She was awarded the New York Film Critics Award for the best film actress of 1954 for her performances in "The Country Girl," "Dial M for Murder," and "Rear Window" and was nominated for the Academy Award. And so when "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" finally opened at the Radio City Music Hall, in New York, in January, it was advertised as a Grace Kelly picture.

Her Father Famous Oarsman

Publicity is nothing new in Miss Kelly's family. Her father, one of the world's greatest oarsmen, was front-page news everywhere in 1920 when he was barred from competing in the Diamond Sculls regatta at Henley, England (the same thing in rowing as Wimbledon is in tennis), because he had worked with his hands.

Kelly spent the better part of his next twenty-five years training his only son, Jack Kelly, Jr., and the younger Kelly evened the score by winning the Diamond Sculls not once but twice. By that time, the senior member of the family had also made headlines as a Democratic candidate for mayor of Philadelphia and had made millions of dollars with his brick-masonry business. His two theatrically accomplished brothers had also made headlines by then. Grace Kelly's Uncle George is the George Kelly who wrote

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such hit plays as "Craig's Wife" and "The Show-Off," and her late Uncle Walter was the celebrated Virginia Judge of vaudeville.

Grace was the only one in the family who didn't care much for athletics. Her idea of exercise is taking dancing lessons and walking her poodle. Her strikingly handsome blonde mother is a talented swimmer who posed for magazine covers before her marriage. The youngest of the three Kelly daughters, Lizanne, is captain of the girls' baseball team at the University of Pennsylvania, where she will get her degree in June. Peggy, Grace's older sister, is the best girl athlete in the family. Young Jack's wife, Mary, a classmate of Lizanne's at Penn, met her husband at the 1952 Olympic games, where she was on the U.S. swimming team and he was rowing in the single-scull races.

When the Kellys were growing up, Grace was the shy and quiet one, who wanted only to be on the stage. When she failed to get into Bennington, her family allowed her to enter the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, in New York. She paid her own tuition and living expenses by working as a model when she wasn't attending classes. She did fashion jobs and posed for magazine illustrators. Coby Whitmore painted a picture of her in green polka-dotted gloves for a cover of COSMOPOLITAN in 1949.

With her father's wealth behind her, there was no need for Miss Kelly to earn her way through dramatic school, but she has always been stanchly independent. She refused to let her Uncle George speak to any of his friends in the theatre about her when she was trying to get started on Broadway. Raymond Massey and her father are old friends. On the night that Grace made her debut with Massey in "The Father," she brought her parents to a party for the cast. Massey greeted them warmly, but he couldn't understand why they were there. Grace had never told him that she was Jack Kelly's daughter.

To avoid putting herself at anyone's beck and call, Miss Kelly turned down a Hollywood contract when she was eighteen and still studying at the Academy. Now she is tied up with Metro on a contract that has six more years to run. She regards it as her greatest mistake.

"Now I Could Kick Myself"

"I signed it in order to go to Africa with John Ford and Clark Gable for 'Mogambo,'" she says. "Now I could kick myself for it."

The only Metro pictures she has made are "Mogambo" and "Green Fire." The work she enjoyed with Hitchcock on "Dial M for Murder," "Rear Window," and "To Catch a Thief," and the Perlberg-Seaton pictures, "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" and "The Country Girl," were all done when she was loaned out—to Warner's for "Dial M for Murder," to Paramount for the others. Because she is now a very valuable property, Metro doesn't care to loan her out any more. They're rushing her into two movies for themselves. She recently reported for work on "Jeremy Rodock." After that she will go to Africa to make "Something of Value." All that means no more work with Hitchcock, and the thought of no more work with Hitchcock makes her glum.

"There's one bright spot on the horizon," she says. "Next year I'll be allowed enough time off to do a play in New York." THE END

FATHER, left, believes in winning. Once a champion oarsman, he trained son "Kell," right, from boyhood, made him a champion, too.

MOTHER, right, and Grace's younger sister, Lizanne. Mrs. Kelly was also a cover girl and was one of the first women gym teachers.

GIRL with a one-track mind, she wants to have a husband and family, but right now Grace is interested solely in becoming a great actress.

Color Photo By Erwin Blumenfeld
Sport Clothes by Brett

W. Ross

The Other Woman

She loved him so wildly she felt he belonged to her. How could his cold, indifferent wife be a barrier to such ecstacy?

BY RACHEL THORNTON

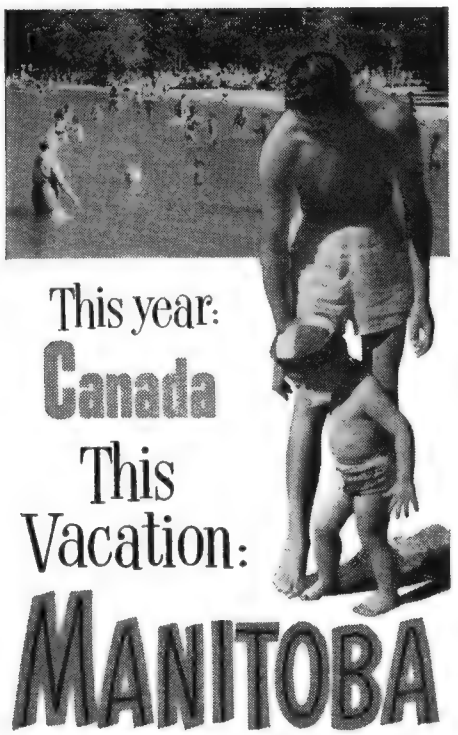
ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

Mrs. Deering's cocktail party was so big, so noisy, so kaleidoscopic, that Marcy Geddes, sure that the shifting scene camouflaged her repeated action, could glance again and again, surreptitiously, unobtrusively, at Rod's handsome head, just visible across the intervening heads and shoulders. She was careful, very careful, for Marcy Geddes was well aware—not painfully aware: in the last eight months, three weeks, and two days her happiness had been so overwhelming that there was no room for pain; still, Marcy knew the undefined rules governing her equally undefined position.

The first of those rules was that when they met in the presence of others—instead of in the usual small, discreet restaurant or in her even smaller, more discreet apartment—then Marcy must be, in relation to Rod, as unobtrusive, as inconspicuous as she could be, considering the ecstasy that now made the thirty-two years she had passed without Rod seem merely a dull succession of twenty-four-hour units. It was hard to do, for just the sight of him turned the corners of her mouth involuntarily upwards, set her heart to pounding so that it seemed to her it must be plainly audible above the mounting noise of conversation; but the necessity for concealing the quivering intensity of her emotion did not often arise, since of course Marcy Geddes, salesgirl at the perfume counter of Hathaway's, was very seldom invited to the same parties as Mr. and Mrs. Rodman Clark.

But now, turning slightly away from this dull Mrs. Logan, who was telling her with a wealth of emphatic detail about

This was all she lived for—those secret moments alone in her apartment.



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INSIDE THE RIM OF ADVENTURE!

The Other Woman (continued)

her little boy's reading difficulties, Marcy allowed herself to look again at Rod as he happened to lift his head—his wonderful, beloved head—to laugh. Watching him while she pretended to listen to Mrs. Logan, she could scarcely keep from laughing with him. "My darling, my loved one," her heart sang as she indicated sympathetic interest in the dreary, unknown child's tendency to reverse letters and words.

It wasn't just that Rod was so handsome, so fascinating, so romantic. He was so nice, so—it was an odd choice of words, under the circumstances—but he was so good, so truly good. His honesty—he had told her immediately, as soon, that is, as they had realized simultaneously, thrillingly, the miracle that had come to them (because love, real love, was a miracle)—that he could never, would never, get a divorce. "I have to think of the children," he had said somberly, "and I have to consider poor Helen, too."

His integrity. He had said once that if it hadn't been for the children, if it wouldn't ruin poor Helen's life, how quickly he would get a divorce; then, naturally, he would resign from Wiseman Brothers. "No matter how much money I've brought in," he told her, "the firm was set up by Helen's father. I wouldn't leave Helen and stay on down there. I guess I'd end up as a floorwalker at Hathaway's," and while she laughed and teased him about how all the salesgirls would be after him, she had adored him for his high standards and his modesty.

Imagine Rodman Clark, who moved in an aura of self-confidence and success heady as the fabulously priced perfumes at her counter, not having a big position somewhere with—how easily she could visualize it—a thickly carpeted office and a worshiping, bespectacled secretary and the conventional silver-framed photographs of Helen and the children on his mahogany desk. No, Rod was deeply, really, good.

His generosity. The heavily laden charm bracelets, one with the miniature, significantly dated calendar, the other with the tiny ruby heart, jingled as she touched, as she loved to do, the elaborate spray of jeweled flowers that she wore. His kindness. Look at him now, being so gaily, so convincingly, attentive to the young girl who was sparkling provocatively up at him as he smiled down at her so intently that the girl would never suspect what Marcy triumphantly knew: that he was bored to death with the girl's bright slanting eyes just as she was bored with Mrs. Logan's talk about her child, that he was longing as she was longing to get out of this noisy, crowded room to the quiet, the glorious intimacy of her little living room.

Marcy's heart seemed to give a physical leap as she pulled on her gloves, pushing the bracelets down over them, agreeing with the anxious Mrs. Logan that remedial reading lessons often did wonders, while she looked about for Mrs. Deering to say good-by. Her mind, her heart raced ahead to her living room, where the scent of Rod's roses would mingle with the smell of the fire, to the quick step in the hall, the light tap on the door, and then . . .

But as she drew abreast of Rod, of the pretty little girl he was still talking to, he turned to smile at her and lift one hand in greeting and then he gave the almost imperceptible shake of his handsome head that meant that something had gone wrong with their artfully made, expertly timed, plans for the evening. "Helen," she thought, gritting her teeth in rage behind her carefully casual smile. "Helen. Really, Helen."

And then, right before her, standing beside Mrs. Deering, there was Helen herself, so that besides her instant, furious disappointment at Rod's denying headshake, she felt the surge of wary uneasiness that the occasional unsuppressible thought of Helen, the rare sight of Helen, always aroused in her. Helen—oh, Helen was intolerable. The bitter, unescapable fact that she was married to Rod, that she always would be married to Rod, that she could ruin, for some whim, at an instant's notice, Marcy's joyously anticipated evening. Helen's exasperatingly perfect black dress, Helen's diamonds, as cold, as hard, as Helen herself. Helen's remote, abstracted air. Everything, just everything about her was infuriating. And worst of all—most humiliating of all—Marcy was afraid of Helen, afraid of Helen's suspicions, knowledge perhaps.

Rod never talked about Helen, of course, except in the most casual way, when not to have mentioned her name would have underlined the heartbreaking fact of her existence even more than the cruel saying of it did. So Marcy had no idea of what Helen thought or knew, and Marcy didn't really want to know, but there had been several troublesome incidents.

There had been the time—how silly she had been to suggest it!—when Rod had called for her at Hathaway's just as Helen entered the doors, and though he had immediately begun to tease her about spoiling the surprise bottle of perfume he was buying for her, still there had been a queer expression in Helen's eyes when she glanced at Marcy behind the counter, and Marcy had never

seen her at Hathaway's since that day.

And once at one of the few parties she had been to where Rod and Helen were also present, she had been unable to resist touching him in a pretense of attracting his attention and had suddenly realized that Helen's face was almost too conscientiously turned away, as though despite the people, the confusion, she understood perfectly the feeling that lay beneath Marcy's hand on her husband's shoulder.

Oh, behind Helen's inscrutable gray eyes must lie burning, implacable hatred, and Marcy avoided those eyes whenever, as so rarely happened, she was within their range, as she was now. She murmured something to Helen, she thanked Mrs. Deering for such a lovely party, and hurried out, hurried home to her own little apartment, where even if Rod could not be tonight because of Helen—bitter, vindictive Helen—where he had so often been before, he would so often, so wonderfully, be again.

Mrs. Deering glanced after her and then back to Helen. Really, except about her children, Helen Wiseman, Helen Clark, was so dreadfully difficult to talk to. She was so distant, almost like someone in a dream—a bad dream, perhaps, since everyone knew that Rod Clark had married her for her money and chained her inescapably with those four children while he spent her money like water and made only the faintest pretense of working at Wiseman Brothers. And there were occasional rumors of other women, though that was probably just gossip. Even if the unsubstantiated whispers were true, Rod was such a smooth operator and Helen so vague that she would never have the least suspicion.

"Marcy Geddes is such a charming person," Mrs. Deering said briskly, "and apparently doing very well at Hathaway's. If those bracelets and that pin are real, they're worth a lot. The pin is lovely, perfectly lovely. I should have asked her to stay on and have some supper later, and of course I want you and Rod to stay, my dear."

Helen looked across the room at Rod, standing so close to the girl, smiling with his familiar air of self-confidence, of success, down into the upraised, dazzled brown eyes.

"I'm not sure, but I think Rod has some sort of engagement for this evening," Helen said, "and I ought to get back to the children. So I'd better say No." And then she added almost pityingly, in that vague, pointless way that Mrs. Deering found so irritating, "The Geddes girl's pin is lovely. Perhaps it will be some comfort to her."

THE END

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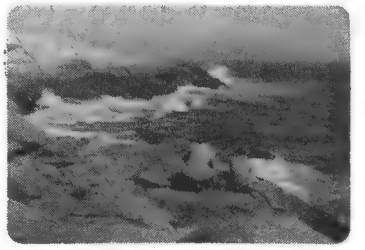

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Maxwell Coplan

THE ORCHARDS at their Long Island, New York, home. They arrived Thanksgiving Day, have been eating, resting, and shopping ever since. Billie, two, is learning English.

"We Watched Democracy Die in China"

Among the handful of Americans trapped in Red Shanghai for five bitter years—and the first family to tell their story—the Orchards lived under constant tension as the Chinese Reds methodically and ruthlessly destroyed the democratic way of life

BY WILLIAM I. ORCHARD, JR.

From May 25, 1949, when the Reds marched into Shanghai, until October 15, 1954, when my exit visa was miraculously approved, my family and I were among the handful of Americans trapped in Red China. Not in prison, but with an identification card stamped "American" which confined me to the city limits of Shanghai, we lived in a Communist neverland of boredom, spying, and interrogation, constantly in fear of joining friends already sentenced to Red prisons.

Ostensibly we were free. We had married in Red Shanghai, and our two sons were born there. We lived in a two-story brick and wood house at 890 Kulu Road with a Red Commissar for a neighbor. We had three Chinese servants, and moved freely about the city, gossiping with the Chinese shopkeepers, riding the trams and pedicabs, going to Chinese movies, and eating in Chinese restaurants.

But all around us, the monolithic Red state was at work. Day by day, as we stood hopelessly on the sidelines, we watched the conquerors slowly and methodically strangle Western ideals and ideas, and impose a drab, ruthless Com-

munism on a city once known as the "Paris of the East."

I came to Shanghai in 1947, when I was 28, to manage the local office of an American banking firm. The city, still in Nationalist hands, was, despite some postwar chaos, as gay and as bustling as it had been for over fifty years. One of the great seaports of the world, Shanghai is a metropolis of 6,000,000 people built on the flat banks of the Whangpoo River. Its International and French Settlements look like any Western city.

I soon felt at home there, and in 1948 I met and fell deeply in love with pretty Marie Louise Valentin, a French citizen and daughter of the former Assistant Police Chief of the French Settlement. Marie Louise had been born and brought up in Shanghai and spoke fluent French, English, and Chinese. Her knowledge of the Chinese language and her understanding of the people got me out of trouble more than once.

When the Reds walked into Shanghai, their propaganda preceded them. Many poor Chinese actually welcomed these "different" Reds who were supposedly devoted to the people. At first the Communists fooled even their middle-class enemies. A great number of Chinese and European property owners fled to Hong Kong before Shanghai fell, taking what they could with them. But word gradually seeped into the British colony that the Reds weren't barbarian after all. They weren't confiscating, but *buying* and *renting* land and buildings.

Grand Illusion

It seemed true, at first. A Chinese acquaintance of ours sold several properties and a huge house for $150,000 cash (American money). The Reds also rented two American clubs, paying five years' rent in advance. Soon some of the escapees in Hong Kong were confidently tramping back to Shanghai hoping to take up business where they left off. Those who lived learned to regret it.

I had trouble with the Reds from the beginning. Our business came to an utter standstill soon after the Red victory. One day in August, 1949, I went to see Chi Chao-ting, a former Nationalist who was manager of the New Bank of China. I requested permission to close our office.

My assistants had packed up and gone, one back to America, and two White Russians to Israel and Canada. I planned to follow them as soon as I had tied up the firm's affairs. Marie Louise had a French exit visa and we planned to be married as soon as I could follow her to France. But the Chinese Reds had

FOOCHOW ROAD, in Shanghai's Western section, was the home of many Chinese businesses. Today, most of the middle class, who spoke glowingly of doing business with the Communists, are in labor camps for "reeducation."

F.P.G.

YOUNG COMMUNISTS PRACTICE PARADING on a Shanghai street. Orchard says so many parades went past their house that their little son Billie still walks around their Long Island home shouting in Chinese: "Long live Mao Tse Tung. Mao—10,000 years!" Most of the demonstrations were part of the "Hate America" campaign.

entirely different ideas which upset our plans.

Months passed without an answer to my application. Finally one Saturday I did what businessmen the world over consider a simple right: I put a padlock on the office door, and inserted a notice in the local paper that our Shanghai office was closed.

Monday morning I got a phone call from an aggravated Red official. I was to report to the Bank of China.

"Mr. Orchard," they asked me, "what is the idea of closing your office without first asking our permission?" Shrilly the Reds pointed out that such unauthorized "liquidations" were illegal, and delivered a harangue on my "responsibilities"—one of their favorite words. I told them bluntly that I had grown tired of waiting for an answer to my application. A month later, in December, 1949, I received written permission to close the office.

I made immediate plans to get out of the country, and along with hundreds of others who were leaving, I applied for an exit visa. Instantly my life became entangled in a web of Communist malevolence.

The Shanghai Military Control Commission informed me that my firm had certain obligations to the Chinese people which would have to be paid before we could leave China. They were *contemplating* a law (not passed until 1953) that all foreign banking firms had to make good the "real value" of deposits placed with them prior to "liberation" by the Communists.

Although less than $1,000 in claims were presented against us, our "bill" came to $65,000. Anxious to insure our safety, my company quickly agreed to pay, and deposited the full amount to Red China's credit. (Most of our accounts were former European businessmen and American businessmen who couldn't claim the money except in China. Our Chinese clients decided they would rather forget the money than claim it and attract the attention of the Reds. Under the new regime, anonymity is the key to safety.)

Maze of Intrigue

It was then 1950 and Marie Louise and I, tired of the delays, had been married in January—just before the American Consul General in Shanghai, a guest at our wedding, had packed up and gone back to the States. With the financial problem settled by my firm's generosity, we expected to follow him in a matter of weeks. Then the Korean War broke out.

The United States government immediately froze all Chinese deposits in the country, and although the Communists had had ample time to withdraw the money, they claimed the frozen assets included my firm's payment. Shortly thereafter, I received a very brusque letter from the Bank of China. It said in effect: "Your government has frozen your firm's payment to the Chinese government. It is your responsibility to see that it is unfrozen." Until I did, I read between the lines, we would rot in Shanghai.

From that day, our house on Kulu Road was a maze of suspicion and intrigue. There was a police box on our corner. We suspected that our phone was tapped, and our mail in and out of the country was opened and read. We never spoke openly in our own house except in the bedroom with the door closed because our three servants were unofficial government spies.

Once a week Red police barged into the house unannounced and closeted the servants in the kitchen. "Do they bring in secret packages?" they asked. "What does he read?" "Who are his friends?" "What do they say about our govern-

ment?" The servants were as frightened as we were, and told them everything, but basically our *Amah* (nurse) and our "boy" were all right. The police, looking for an excuse to jail us, would prod them with such questions as "Don't the Orchards beat you?" but the servants refused to betray us.

Product of New China

Our cleaning woman, Leyyong, however, was a product of new China. She had been caring for the empty house (which belonged to my wife's relative in Manila) when we moved in. Leyyong's husband had left her to go with Chiang's army to Formosa, and she was near starvation. We took her in, but soon she became impossible. Under the new regime Leyyong was an "honor mother," because she had sent her sixteen-year-old boy to Harbin, Manchuria, to study as a Red medical student and Russian translator. She incited the police against us, and tried to run the other servants and the entire household. She spoke dreamily of the day her son would return home and take her riding in a big car like the one our Red Commissar neighbor had. She accused us of being imperialists and showed us photographs in Red newspapers to prove America had used germ warfare in Korea. Once a band of red-scarf-wearing Communist youths barged into our living room and began serenading "Honor Mother" Leyyong with anti-American songs as she sat listening and smiling smugly in one of our armchairs.

We couldn't fire her. You can't fire anyone in Red China. If we had told her to leave, she could have stayed on without working and drawn full pay for the rest of her life. Marie Louise finally tricked her into quitting, but the day she left we received a phone call from the police—the unofficial labor mediation board in Red China. Leyyong had filed a complaint against us. We went down and after a bitter argument agreed to pay her six months' severance pay—twice as much as the Reds pay their own workers when they are fired. Leyyong had demanded eighteen months' pay.

This experience typifies what is happening to businessmen and property owners throughout China. The Reds maintain the appearances of a free society only as long as it serves their purpose. They prefer to crush the property and business classes gradually, with an outrageous phony "legality." They rarely confiscate a business outright. They just pass laws that make the business impossible to operate, then take it over when it "fails." As they say: "We assist people incapable of operating their business." Employers are helpless.

A Chinese acquaintance of ours manufactures cheap dishes. He employs eighteen people, and before the Reds came he did quite well. He expected the worst when Shanghai fell, but instead the Reds—who need dishes—granted him a government contract and ordered him to stay in business.

Attack on Private Business

Little by little our friend realized their cunning. A government-run labor union negotiated wages and the Reds set the price they paid for the dishes so that he just broke even. If by some mistake he made money, they renegotiated the price. In addition, the government levied fines for late delivery. Our friend had to pay double time to get the work out on schedule and lost money on each contract.

"I wish I could become a beggar," he told us before we left. "I would gladly give the factory to my workers."

He cannot do even this. The Communist law which entangled me when I tried to close the office applies to every businessman in Red China. No owner can close down or sell without permission to liquidate from the Bureau of Commerce and Industry. Permission is never granted unless the businessman is penniless and has sold his home, his furniture, and clothing to pay his workers'

BIRTHDAY PARTY for Billie Orchard (his second) brought these tots and mothers to the garden of the Orchards' Shanghai home. Little Billie has his arms raised. Mrs. Orchard is at the far left. Getting food for the children was a constant struggle. Lines formed at 4 A.M. for sugar ration tickets. Meat was scarce.

wages. Then the government will "assist" him by taking over. "An employer has a responsibility to his workers," the Reds say, with straight, solemn faces.

The Red technique with property owners is a little different. Early in 1954, the Chinese acquaintance of ours who got $150,000 for property he sold in 1949 received a list from the government itemizing all the repairs that had to be made on his property. The bill came to $30,000. Fortunately, he had the money to pay. But there will be similar bills in the near future and eventually our friend's capital will be gone and his other property will be foreclosed and taken by the Reds for "debts" to the government.

Such tactics have utterly disenchanted the mass of the Chinese people with Communism. Marie Louise, with her knowledge of the language, was able to detect this far better than I. Shopkeepers, tailors, servants, and housewives confided in her because they knew she was married to an American. In the first years of the regime, the idea of a worker's paradise, land reform, and the Reds' outward show of honesty brought them a great deal of sympathy. But now Communist support is mainly confined to some workers and young students.

The disillusionment is academic, however, for the Reds have a grip on every last man, woman, and child in China through their all-embracing Lane (neighborhood) Committees.

Our Kulu Road Lane Committee included about twenty families. We weren't members, but two of our servants were. The Committee met at least once a week, sometimes every night. A representative appointed by the government either attended or gave the chairman directives to read and discuss.

CLOSE FRIEND of the Orchards, New Yorker Dil Kanady, seized by the Red regime, is still in jail as a "spy."

The Lane Committee is a very effective weapon. There is no law requiring attendance, but lack of enthusiasm is very dangerous in China. Someone may suggest that "your brain is not thoroughly washed." It is possible that every member of the Kulu Road Lane Committee was anti-Communist, but it made little difference. Too afraid to trust their fellow members, they all ended up doing the little tasks of the Red government—dragging people out of their homes for a hundred per cent turnout at election time, selling government bonds to finance the Korean War, spying on each other, and pushing the off-again, on-again "Hate America" campaign.

An individualistic people, the Chinese detest the constant meetings of the Lane Committees and the close control over their lives. Even eating well is dangerous. When women can buy meat at the market, they hide it in the bottom of their shopping baskets so the Lane caretaker—a sort of concierge who has the ear of the police—won't see it. One family caught eating meat regularly was reprimanded by its Lane Committee because it obviously was not buying all the government bonds it could afford.

Joyless, Fear-Ridden Shanghai

On Sundays some people try to escape the Lane Committees by going to restaurants on the other side of town for a good meal, just as we did. Restaurants in Shanghai are mobbed on Sundays—but sometimes the government spreads a rumor that they will be checked. Then they are empty for weeks at a time.

Dance halls, radio, and the movies were the only other diversions. Marie Louise and I always went out to eat on Sunday, and occasionally we dropped into a dance hall. The people enjoyed the cheek-to-cheek dancing they picked up from Western films, until it was denounced by the Reds as "indecent." Not long afterward, all the dance halls were closed.

Most people in Shanghai have a radio of some sort. But, though no law has been passed against listening to short-wave foreign broadcasts, many Chinese have brought their sets to repair shops and had the short-wave band taken out. They have signed receipts to show, just in case.

The American films were very popular, but they were prohibited soon after the Korean War began. On the last night they were shown, Marie Louise and I saw crowds of people waiting to see "A Letter to Three Wives" (with Chinese subtitles) patiently standing in line in front of the theatre on the Rue Doumere.

Even clothing is dictated by the government. In years past, the educated and business-class Chinese in Shanghai considered Western suits a mark of distinction. Women blended traditional silk dresses with Western style make-up. Today the city looks like an army camp. A Western suit or a silk dress attracts attention, and might be interpreted as lack of faith in the regime. Ninety per cent of the men and more than half the women wear the customary Communist dress, the plain blue cotton high collar jacket, baggy pants and army cap. In the winter the women—without make-up—look especially ugly in their heavily padded cotton jackets.

Our Ordeal of Suspense

Our life in this fear-ridden joyless city was an ordeal of suspense and uncertainty. When China entered the Korean War in October, 1950, we were sure that I was going to be imprisoned as an enemy alien. Friends of Marie Louise advised her to leave me. "It isn't safe to be married to an American," they told her.

Off and on, several times a week, I was called downtown to see C. V. Wong of the Shanghai Military Control Commission. Wong was a beady-eyed, unbending Red. He kept picking on petty items in our accounts, blowing them up out of proportion—all the while yelling insults at me, screaming that I was a Wall Street imperialist.

I knew he was looking for a pretext to jail me, but I still had all I could do to keep my temper. I don't think I could have taken it, if it hadn't been for Marie Louise. She understood the Chinese, and coached me each day before I went downtown.

"Stay calm. Don't get excited," she told me. "Be like them. Placid. Don't show your true emotions on your face."

I promised to try. It nearly killed me, but for the most part I believe that I succeeded.

Our social life was quite restricted. We saw a few Chinese friends and got together with other stranded Americans, but the parties always ended with everyone crying on each other's shoulder, reminiscing about the U.S.A.

Business, family, recreation were not the only sides of life which the Reds invaded and disrupted. Once I came close to being trapped in their anti-religious campaign. In January, 1951, Marie Louise and I joined the Legion of Mary, a Catholic organization that does good works. In March, without a whisper of warning, the Shanghai daily newspaper denounced the Legion as a "subversive, reactionary organization, plotting against the government." Members

of our group decided it would be wise to disband.

All was quiet until May, when the whole front page of the newspaper was filled with another attack on the Legion. Father McGrath, an Irish priest who was head of the group, was imprisoned. All members of the Legion were told to report immediately to the police station to confess their crimes.

About a week later, two patrolmen came to our house, and marched us off to the station to make our confession. They had a prepared statement waiting for us. "Sign and you will be forgiven everything," they told us. "The People's Democracy is very forgiving." When I read what "everything" was, I refused. For eight hours they alternately threatened and reasoned with me. But when they saw I was adamant, they sent me home.

Marie Louise was cleverer. "I'll think carefully about what you said," she cagily told them in Chinese. "And perhaps I'll return and sign the statement." She never did.

SUPPER PARTIES in international clubs, until the Reds shut them, were one way stranded Americans relieved tension of life in Shanghai.

War on Religion

The Reds have passed no laws against religion (their constitution forbids it!) but they make war on it twenty-four hours a day. They have been "forced" to take over churches throughout China for "debts." Bright young Christians find it impossible to get into any university. One friend of ours, a brilliant Chinese Catholic boy, somehow "flunked" his exams for engineering school. Even more devious is the "Reform Church" which they have started in an attempt to split and confuse the Catholics. Its priests swear loyalty to the Communist state and no allegiance to the Pope. Thus far, this callous experiment has not worked very well, but a few Chinese priests have been pressured into joining, and hold services in government buildings.

I am sure Marie Louise and I would never have gotten away with our defiance of the Religious Bureau in the Legion-of-Mary scrape, if we had not been worth $65,000 in American money to the Financial Control Bureau.

In August, 1951, we had some heartening news on this front. The United States offered the Reds a deal in return for our safety. Our government would unfreeze the money but only on condition that we were first delivered safely to Hong Kong.

The Red reply was a deal on their terms. Unfreeze the money, they told Uncle Sam, and then the Orchards can apply for an exit visa. But they would make no promises. Our government turned them down. Meanwhile Marie Louise had become pregnant with our first son, Billie. It began to look as though we were going to spend our entire lives in Shanghai.

Early in 1952, we were shocked by the arrest of Dil Kanady, an American friend who had been an usher at our wedding. There was no big announcement. He just came to our house for lunch one day and a few hours later disappeared. A representative of an American cotton firm, Kanady was arrested and jailed as an American "spy." We weren't allowed to visit him, but I sent him two suits.

The year 1953 brought another shock. All six American priests in Shanghai, one of whom was a good friend, were seized simultaneously and jailed as spies. They are still in a Red prison. So is Dil Kanady.

These arrests unnerved us badly. They had come swiftly, without warning, between midnight and 3 A.M. It got so Marie Louise and I would rise up nervously in bed if we heard a noise outside the house. Several times, when a boy came to the door with a late cable from my firm in New York, we were certain it was the Red police.

During the Panmunjon and Geneva conferences we lived by our radio, praying that someone would put in a word for us. Negotiations at Geneva did bring freedom to several of our friends. But unfortunately our names were not on the lucky list.

When former British Prime Minister Clement Attlee made his visit to China in August, 1954, we were still there. We watched the Reds clean and scrub Shanghai, put lavish displays of food and consumer goods on department store counters, and tell people everywhere what answers to give if the British delegation questioned them. We saw Attlee and his party come and inspect this enormous fakery, and depart, gullibly impressed.

Then, in October, soon after Attlee had left, the miracle occurred. We were told that the police wanted us down at the station house. Marie Louise called a friend and told him to take the children if we did not come back. At the station house, the police asked me a ridiculous question:

"Mr. Orchard, do you still want to go home?"

Then, polite as Boy Scouts, they handed me the coveted exit visa.

Our Fervent Thanks for Freedom

Only after we reached the free world did we find out what had happened behind the scenes. Through an intermediary in Shanghai, my firm guaranteed the Reds the money for which they were holding us. With this guarantee, the Communists agreed to the terms and released us. As soon as we crossed into Hong Kong, the bitterly disputed cash was released to the Reds. If the United States Government had not stepped in to break the international deadlock, however, we would still be languishing in Shanghai today.

The night before we left, we threw a cocktail party for our friends—by now a traditional gesture for those about to go home. A little more than a month later, our plane landed at Idlewild Airport and I lifted my wife and sons onto American soil for the first time. It was, appropriately, Thanksgiving Day. THE END

She looked up and there was Morris trying to stand, trying to grasp the ball.

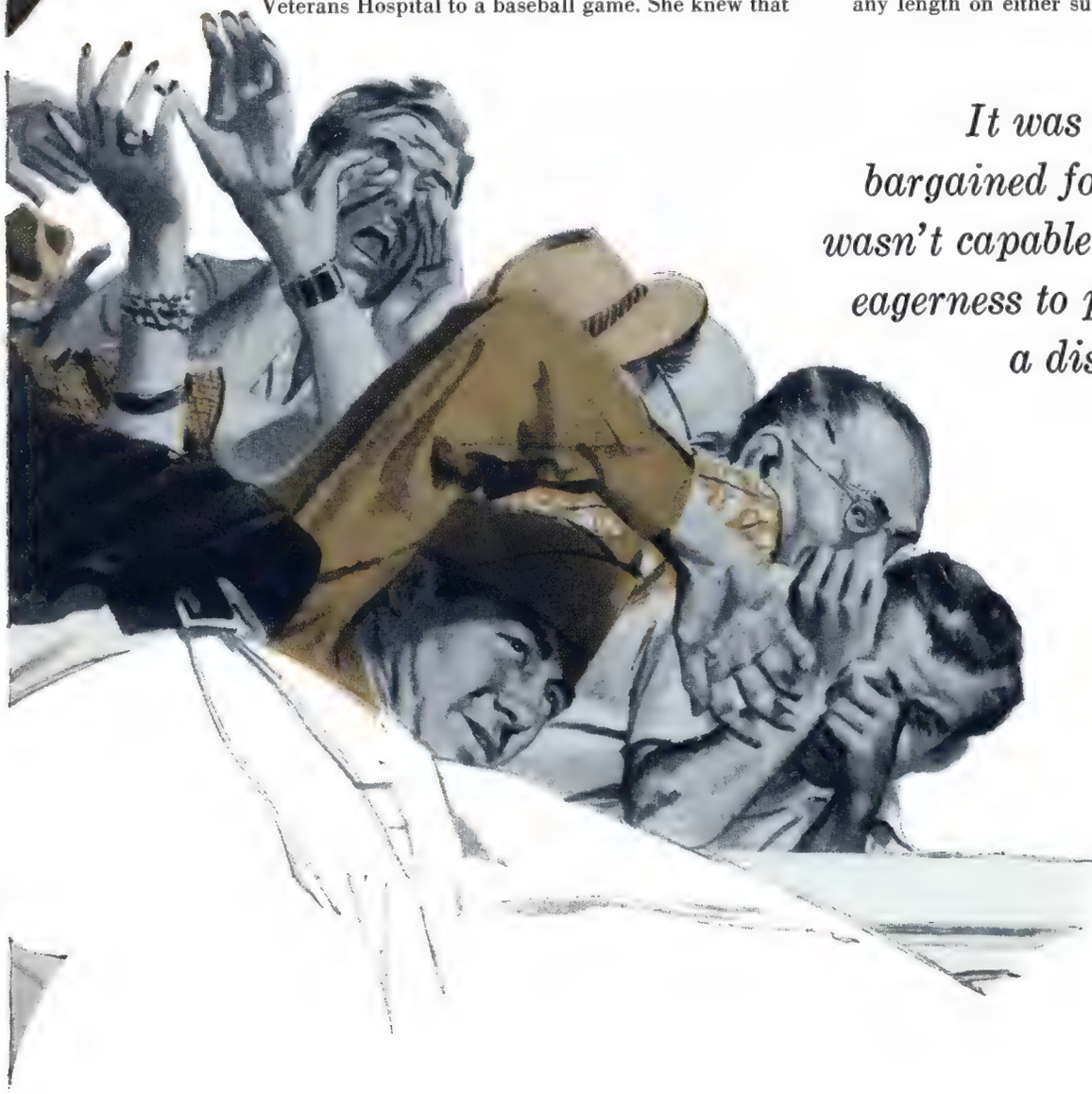
SOUVENIR

BY NATHANIEL BENCHLEY ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

The road sign showed that it was only three miles to the Veterans Hospital, and Helen Prescott looked in the rear-view mirror, pushed her Red Cross cap more squarely on her head, and tucked a wind-blown strand of hair back in place under the cap. Her hands were moist on the steering wheel, and she lit a cigarette in a futile attempt to calm the nerves that had been nibbling like mice at her stomach since early morning. For some reason, although she had told herself that she was prepared to do anything when she signed for volunteer duty, she had never considered the possibility of being asked to take four men from the Veterans Hospital to a baseball game. She knew that there was no reason for being nervous, but the closer she came to the hospital, the more jittery she felt.

The first twinges of doubt had come to her the night before, when she realized that she was going to have to spend upwards of five hours with a group of men who were total strangers to her, and with whom she had absolutely nothing in common. She knew a little about baseball—enough to enjoy watching the World Series on television—and she had heard her husband's stories about the Army until she knew every one of them by heart, but she was certain that she was not equipped to talk at any length on either subject. And, furthermore, she

It was a job she hadn't bargained for, one she really wasn't capable of—and in her eagerness to please, she made a disastrous blunder



had no idea what condition the men were in—whether they were recuperating from wounds or from sickness, or came from the psychiatric ward. The whole project was one that she felt utterly and miserably incapable of handling, and yet she wanted to be more than just a chauffeur for the men. She had, after all, joined the Red Cross because she felt she had something extra to offer.

Her husband had been no help at all. When they were having after-dinner coffee, she had asked him what servicemen talked about, and he had said, "Sex, mostly," and picked up a magazine.

"There must be something else," she said. "Please try to remember. I've got to *talk* to these men. . . . I can't just sit there. What else do they talk about?"

Her husband thumbed through the magazine and, without looking up, said, "Well, they also talk about what a heel their commanding officer is, and what a good outfit they were in before they joined their present one. They also talk about their families and their girls, and they do a great deal of lying, none of which anybody believes."

"You're a *great* help," she said.

"I'm just answering your question," he said, and folded the magazine back and started to read.

"I shouldn't talk about the war, or about their wounds, though, should I?" she asked. "I mean, isn't the best thing to pretend that all that never happened?"

"The best thing is to let them do the talking," her husband replied. "You'll find out soon enough what they talk about."

She drove around a bend in the road, and ahead of her she saw the hospital, low and gray and sprawling. In the driveway, she parked next to the main entrance in an area marked "For Staff Cars Only," and after turning off the engine she took a slip of paper from her pocket and reread the men's names to make sure she remembered them: T/Sgt. Henry Souchek, Cpl. Miller Robinson, Cpl. Hector Morris, and Pfc. Benjamin Laskin. She said the names twice to herself, then folded the paper, put it back in her pocket, and got out of the station wagon and walked into the hospital, straightening her uniform as she went.

Before the orderly at the reception desk told her, she knew who her men were. The four of them were sitting along one wall, one man in an aluminum wheel chair and the other three on a bench beside him. Two had crutches and one held a cane; their uniforms were freshly pressed, and their ribbons were bright and clean. They watched her as she spoke to the orderly, and then he beckoned to them and they gathered themselves together and came slowly toward her. They were introduced; Sgt. Souchek was the man in the wheel chair, Cpl. Robinson and Pfc. Laskin were on crutches, and Cpl. Morris was the one with the cane. They all said, "How do you do, Ma'am," and she said she was glad to see them, and then she said, "Well, shall we be off?" The men moved toward the door without a word, and she followed them. "They seem awfully young," she thought. "I somehow expected that they'd be a lot older."

Outside, Helen said, "You wait here. . . . I'll back the wagon around," and the men stopped while she hurriedly started the car and backed it up about ten yards. She got out, and went around to help Souchek out of his wheel chair, but Morris stepped suddenly in her way, and, before she could do anything, Souchek had lifted himself out of the chair and swung into the back seat. Morris folded the wheel chair, and put it inside, and then Robinson and Laskin tossed their crutches into the back and climbed in after them.

"One of you can sit up front, if you want," Helen said. "There's no point all of you crowding in back."

Morris paused, then said, "O.K.," and opened the front door and got in.

Helen checked all of the doors to make sure they were shut tight, then climbed into the driver's seat and carefully put the car in gear. "Here we go," she said, and the car began to move slowly forward. The men looked out the windows, and said nothing. "You don't have to talk as though they were children," Helen told herself savagely. "Either say something intelligent or keep quiet."

There was complete silence in the car while Helen drove to the nearest parkway entrance, and headed for New York. Then one of the men in back said something in a low voice that she couldn't understand; another one answered in a monosyllable, and Morris, in the front seat, turned around. "*That's* the truth," he said. He turned back, and resumed his staring out the window, and one of the others laughed softly. Then there was silence again.

After about ten minutes, Helen cleared her throat. "Do you get out very often?" she asked.

Morris looked at her. "No, Ma'am," he said. "Not too often."

That seemed to end the conversation, and after a short and awkward pause Helen said, "How is the food? Do they feed you well?"

Morris looked back at the others. "I guess it's all right," he said.

One of the men in back said, "It's not the Twenty One Club, I can say that."

"I guess the best meal I *ever* had was at some Chinese place, name of Loo Chow, or something like that," said Laskin. "Man, that was some meal!"

Laskin looked about eighteen; he had straight, blond hair, and talked with a slight Southern accent.

"That was no Chinese place, you potato-head," said Souchek. "That's a Kraut restaurant—it's called Lüchow's."

"I didn't *think* that was no gook food," Laskin said. "But I didn't know for sure then. That was before I shipped out. . . . Man, that seems like *years* ago." He turned, and looked out the window.

"Now you go dancing every night at the Orange Room at Nedick's," said Robinson. "You're a real man of the world."

Laskin looked back at him, and smiled. "*You're* damn well told," he said. "Oh, excuse me, Ma'am."

"Don't worry about *me*," Helen said, staring at the road ahead. "You can say anything you like."

"No, but I got to get in training," Laskin said. "If I talk at home the way I talk most of the time now, my ma would be like to wrap a shovel round my neck."

"You got plenty of time," Souchek observed. "The doctor tells me you got two more cartilaginous transplants and a Thiersch's graft coming up before they let you out."

"Thiersch's graft, your uncle," Laskin replied. "I already had a Thiersch's graft last fall. No—last spring, a year ago. *You* got recurrent thrombophlebitis of the brain, that's what *you* got."

"All I know is what I hear," Souchek replied, smiling.

"You'd hear better if they'd dig that shrapnel out of your head," Laskin said. "They all the time fussing around with your legs, and the real trouble's up in your skull. You got no more peroneal paralysis than I got."

"I've got everything," Souchek replied amiably. "You name it, I've got it."

There was another silence, and Helen glanced occasionally at Morris, who was looking out the window. She guessed that he was in his early twenties; his face was lean and angular, and his eyes gave the impression that he was continually trying to remember something. Even when he spoke, which was seldom, his mind seemed to be on a plane that was completely removed from what he was saying.

"There must be something he'd like to talk about," Helen thought. "I wish I could think of something that would interest him."

They came to a tollgate, and she purposely took the lane that brought the booth on Morris's side. She reached in her pocket, took out a dime, and handed it to him as she put on the brakes.

"Here," she said. "Would you give this

to the man, please?" Morris took the dime without a word, and held it out the window.

After the car had regained speed, Helen looked at Morris. "Do you come from around here?"

At first, Morris didn't seem to hear her. Then he said, "Ma'am?" and turned and looked at her.

"I said, do you come from around here?" Helen repeated. "Is your home near here?"

"No, Ma'am," Morris replied. "I come from Pennsylvania."

"Oh," said Helen. Her knowledge of Pennsylvania was limited to Chester County, where she and her husband went occasionally for hunt weekends. "What part of Pennsylvania?" she asked.

"Near Altoona," said Morris. "About ten miles from Altoona."

"Oh, yes," Helen said, not knowing where he meant.

"My wife still lives there," Morris said. He took a deep breath, and looked back out the window. "From what I hear," he added quietly.

Helen started to say something, then stopped. "Oh," was all she said. She tried one or two more conversational gambits, which met with the same success, and during the rest of the drive to Yankee Stadium Morris looked out the window. In the back seat, Laskin chattered like a squirrel at everything they passed, and was quiet only briefly after Robinson or Souchek said something sarcastic to him. Helen was unable to understand half of what they said, and she could make no contribution to that part of the conversation that she did understand, so she paid attention to her driving and resolved to speak only if she was spoken to.

"If I can't contribute, at least I won't make a fool of myself," she thought, and pressed a little harder on the accelerator.

She parked in a reserved space next to the stadium, and Laskin, Morris, and Robinson got out of the car before she could open the doors for them. She stood nervously by while Morris unfolded Souchek's wheel chair, and Souchek, using only his hands, swung himself laboriously out of the car and into the chair. At one point his hands slipped, and he almost fell to the ground, but Morris again stepped in the way and prevented Helen from doing anything. This time it was obvious that he did it deliberately, and Helen backed away, chastened, until Souchek was safely settled in his chair. Then she slowly led the way to the gate, and the men followed her.

Their seats were in the boxes on the field, along the first-base side of home plate, in a section apparently reserved for men from veterans' hospitals. There were many other men in uniform, some in wheel chairs and some with crutches, and a few of them called to her men as they followed the usher to their seats. When they were all settled, Helen sat in the empty seat next to Robinson and behind Morris. "Would anybody like anything?" she asked. "A hot dog, or a—" she hesitated, not knowing whether she should offer them beer—"a drink of some sort?" she concluded.

"Not now, thanks," said Robinson, and the others shook their heads. Laskin twisted in his seat, and looked around at the stadium, which was slowly filling with people. The cries of the vendors echoed through the steel stands, and some unrecognizable music was being played over the public-address system.

"Man this sure looks different than on TV," Laskin said. "She looks a lot bigger this way. And greener," he added, turning back to the field.

"We'll give you some green glasses for watching TV," Souchek said. "That way, you won't know the difference."

Robinson turned to Helen. "Do you go to the theatre much?" he asked.

"Why—" Helen hesitated—"I guess it depends on what you mean by 'much.' We live in the country, so we don't go *all* the time. Just special occasions, mostly."

"The last show I saw was 'South Pacific,'" Robinson said, and smiled. "Four years ago."

"Yes, I saw that, too," Helen said.

"It wasn't *really* the last one I saw," Robinson said. "It was just the last decent one. I've seen a couple of dogs since then—you know, when a play's about to fold, they pass out free seats to servicemen—but they don't really count. They're just a way to kill the evening." Helen smiled, and tried to think of something to say, and Robinson said, "What ones have you seen this year? I'd like to hear about them."

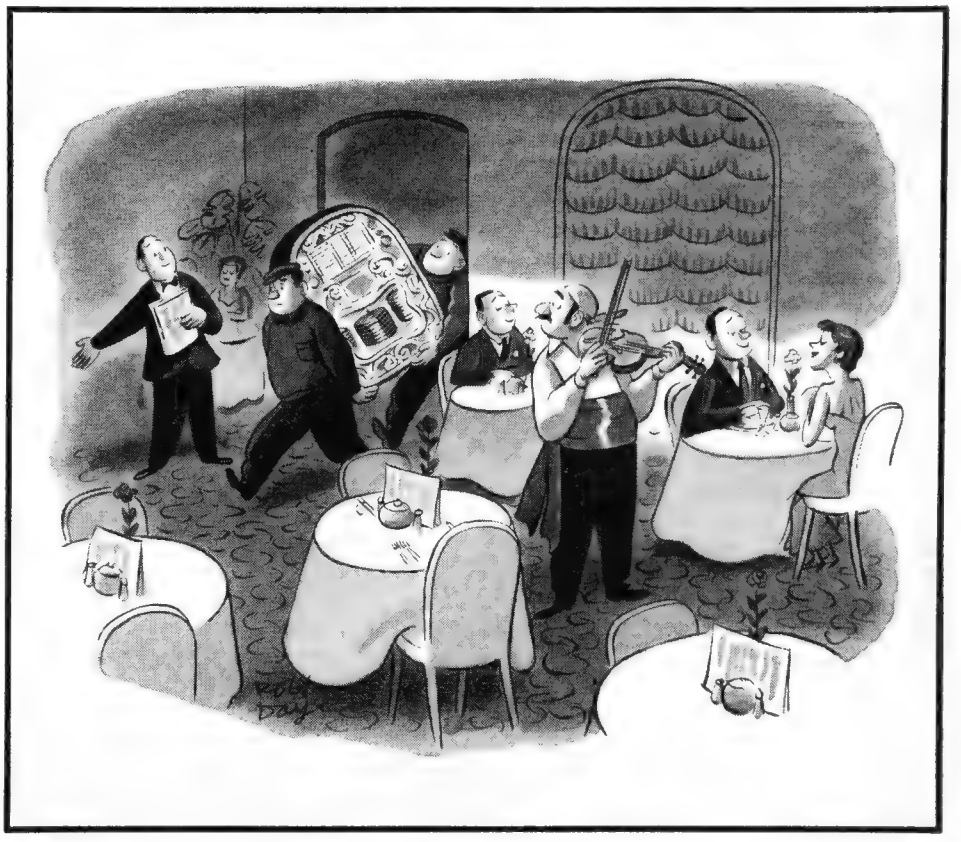
"You'll have to forgive him, Ma'am," Souchek said. "He's kind of nutty about the theatre. He'll talk your ear off if you let him get started."

"Actually, I'm not an expert—" Helen began, when there was a ruffle of drums, the spectators in the stadium rose to their feet, and the band started the National Anthem. Souchek saluted from where he sat; the others rose on their crutches and saluted, and Helen was forced to remind herself that she shouldn't salute.

When everyone was seated again, Souchek leaned forward and said to her, "Like I was telling you about Robinson and the theatre—the day we got hit, he was lying outside the aid tent, all slopped up and kind of delirious, and all he was doing was yelling things from Shakespeare. How does that line go, Robbie? I forget it now."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Robinson said. "The whole thing is a base canard."

"You know what I mean—it's something about scars, or wounds, or some-



thing similar to that," Souchek insisted.

"The line is 'He jests at scars, that never felt a wound,'" Robinson replied, embarrassed. "But it's all a lie. I never said it."

"That's it!" Souchek said. "That's just what you were yelling. I heard you!" He laughed.

"Well, you were no rose yourself," said Robinson. "Shut up and watch the ball game."

Souchek turned, grinning, to watch the game, and Helen knew she had lost any chance she might have had to talk about the theatre. She looked at Morris, who was sitting in front of her, and saw that he was carefully registering each play on his score card. She couldn't see his face, but it was obvious from the position of his body that he was completely absorbed in the game. He hadn't spoken since they arrived, but this was a different kind of silence, and she felt somewhat less concerned about him.

For the first two innings, nobody spoke much, although Laskin cheered wildly when either the Yankees or their opponents got a hit. He explained that he was in favor of New York because they were the home team, but that he disapproved highly of their name, so he had settled on rooting for whichever team was at bat. Souchek said that it must be nice to have an uncomplicated mind like that, and Laskin said something Helen couldn't understand. Then, when the Yankees were taking the field for the third inning, Morris stood up, looked at the others, and smiled.

"I feel a beer coming on," he said. "How about you guys?" They all nodded and said, "Sure," and Morris turned to Helen. "And you, Ma'am?" he asked. "Do they let you drink on duty?"

"Let me get them," Helen said, rising. "Wouldn't it be better if I—"

"No," Morris said, firmly. "I'm getting them. Would you like one?" He paused, and grinned. "If you take off your cap, then you'll be out of uniform," he said. "That way, you won't have to worry."

Slowly, Helen sat down again. She didn't particularly care for beer, but to have one might at least give her *something* in common with the others. She took off her cap, and smiled. "All right," she said. "I'd love one." Morris nodded, picked up his cane, and moved slowly up the aisle. Helen watched him, noticing how completely he had changed.

Laskin turned around. "You know, I was reading a book the other day," he said. "It seems like this guy—"

"If it's one of those Tom Swift books, we don't want to hear about it," Souchek interrupted. "I'm so sick of hearing about that Tom Swift I can't even spit."

"Well, that's more than *you* read," Laskin replied. "You don't even read nothing that's got words in it."

"I read all I want," said Souchek. "I make out all right."

"All you do is watch the rassling on TV," Laskin said. "You'd think you was a professional rassler or something. What good is watching the rassling ever going to do *you?*" He paused, then looked at Helen. "Do *you* ever watch the rassling, Ma'am?" he asked.

"No, I'm afraid I don't," Helen replied.

"You see?" Laskin said to Souchek. "People with *brains* don't watch the rassling. Only people like you."

"There's nothing the matter with watching the rassling," Souchek said defensively. "At least it's better than reading Tom Swift." There was a sudden edge to his voice, and the bantering tone disappeared entirely.

"I read a Bobbsey Twins book the other day," Robinson put in quickly. "Somebody must have sent it in by mistake, when they were cleaning out the attic. It was quite a book."

Laskin looked sharply at Robinson to see whether he was serious. "I never read one of them," he said. "It don't sound like much, though."

"You ought to read it," Robinson said, without changing his expression. "I think you'd like it."

Laskin was about to say something, and then he saw Morris coming down the aisle with the beers. "Hot damn," he said. "Here comes the waiter."

The inning had already started, and Morris passed out the beers, which he had carried in a container that held six cups, and then he sat down and picked up his score card. "I brought one extra, just in case," he said, indicating the leftover cup. "We can split it as soon as there's room for it." He took out his pencil, and held it poised over the score card, waiting for something to record.

Slowly, Helen began to feel more like a member of the group. There was less talk among them as the game progressed, but she no longer felt that she had to make conversation, and what was said could be said in four or five words at the most. She was still aware that she was definitely *not* a member of the group, but at least she was accepted on a temporary basis, and that was about all she could hope for. She was, in fact, surprised that she should have a nagging desire for anything more than that, but the fact remained that she was not looking forward to the end of the afternoon. She wanted to know the men better, and, if possible, be of some kind of help to them—at least more help than she had been so far.

About the eighth inning—she wasn't sure exactly when—Helen was looking at the scoreboard and trying to decipher the meanings of all the numbers on it, when she heard the sharp crack of a bat, and as she looked back toward the plate she saw that the batter was not running, but that the catcher had flipped off his mask and was racing toward her, looking upward. The first-baseman and the right-fielder also ran, and Helen looked up at the sky, but could see nothing.

Suddenly, Souchek and Robinson and Laskin crouched over and covered their heads with their arms, and Morris stood up and stretched his hands upward, tottering slightly as he maneuvered to get under the ball. Helen flinched and turned away, then she heard the smack of the ball, and looked around to see Morris, clutching the ball in one hand, grasp wildly at the air and then fall full length in the aisle.

Helen saw the ball roll away. In the scramble, a youth wearing a blue-and-gold athletic jacket darted down the aisle, grabbed the ball from where Morris was trying to retrieve it, and jammed it in his pocket. He started back toward his seat, but Helen was on him before he had taken five steps, and she snatched at his arm and spun him around. "Give me that ball, you ------, or I'll tear your arm off!" she said icily. The youth's eyes widened; he hesitated, then brought the ball from his pocket and gave it to her. Suddenly, there were cheers and whistles and applause all around her, and with her face burning in horror she turned and ran back to her seat. Morris had picked himself up, and was sitting down, smiling at her. "Here," she said, and held the ball out to him.

"Not on your life," Morris said, still smiling. "You got it—you keep it."

"Take it," she said. "It's yours." The smile left Morris's face, and he took the ball, put it in his pocket, and turned back to the game.

Helen remembered the rest of the game indistinctly. She hoped that not many people had heard what she said to the youth, but she had no idea how loudly she had spoken; she had been so completely out of control that she might easily have shouted and not have been aware of it. In fact, she found it hard to believe that she had said it at all, because she had never before used those words in public—or, at any rate, she had never used them *on* anyone. The whole episode had a kind of dreamlike unreality, and the men beside her were quieter than they had been all afternoon. She wished desperately that she hadn't forced the ball on Morris, but there wasn't much that could be done about that now.

When the game was over, they waited until the crowd thinned out and then made their way back to the station wagon.

Then he turned to her. "How long was your husband away?"

Helen let the men open and close the doors themselves, and it was with an odd sense of incompleteness that she put the car in gear and nosed into the Bronx traffic. She felt that the afternoon had not been a success, and she blamed herself for it, although except for the ball incident she couldn't think of what she might have done differently. The men talked mostly among themselves, and Morris, after studying his score card for a while, put it in his pocket and stared quietly out ahead.

They had passed the parkway tollgate when Morris turned, looked at her for a moment, and then took a deep breath. "Can I ask you something?" he said.

"Of course," said Helen, surprised. "What is it?"

"Was your husband in the war?" Morris spoke in a low voice.

"Yes," she said. "As a matter of fact, he was in the Army."

"Did he get overseas? For long, I mean?" He seemed to be having difficulty phrasing the questions casually.

"He was gone for two years in all," Helen replied.

Morris nodded, and there was a long pause. "What did you do?" he asked, finally.

"Oh, the usual thing," Helen said. "Blood bank, Red Cross—all that sort of thing." She knew what was on his mind, but she also knew that he would never get up the nerve to say it, so she added, "I did whatever I could to keep busy. And I went out a lot, too. Whenever a friend would come back from overseas, I'd have him for dinner, or he'd take me out on the town, and we'd talk and be silly and have a good time. I felt that it was good for me, and also good for the other person, and I knew my husband didn't expect me to be alone all the time. I knew I'd have gone crazy if I hadn't been able to get out every so often."

For a long while, Morris didn't speak. Then he said, "Maybe you're right, at that," and settled back and looked out the window with a thoughtful expression.

Gradually, the conversation in the back of the car died down, and when Helen swung into the hospital driveway nobody had spoken for at least five minutes. The late afternoon sun cast a garish, yellow light on the buildings, and the shadows were long and sharp. Helen stopped in front of the main entrance, and turned off the engine. "Here we are," she said.

For a moment nobody spoke as they got out. Then Robinson took off his cap and offered his hand. "I guess this is about the nicest day we've had," he said. "Thank you." Souchek and Laskin loudly echoed their thanks, and she shook hands with them all, muttering incoherent replies. When she came to Morris, he put one hand in his pocket, and brought out the ball.

"Here," he said, and smiled. "I think you ought to have this. Kind of as a souvenir of the game." Still smiling, he put the ball in her hand, and then the four men turned and made their way slowly into the hospital. THE END

The Girl Who Waved the Flag

BY LEON WARE ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

Joe Mears had been going good until the mail arrived. Hat on the back of his head, dead pipe between his teeth, he was two-fingering along, remembering a turbaned Moro fisherman on the island of Negros, in the Philippines, who had recounted with relish his activities against the Japs. Joe paused, probing for words to describe the native's fierce patriotism, and the door opened and Jennifer McGaan came in with the mail.

Joe often thought Jenny typified the New York secretary: sleek and efficient. She knew the ways and byways of the fabulous island better than a farmer knew his fields. She kept his appointments in order, made his expense accounts

Joe was a roving reporter, out to discover the "beauties" of foreign lands.

It hadn't occurred to him that anything at home might be worth a second look

plausible, corrected his spelling and syntax, and answered his mail.

It was Jenny's cold, hardheaded efficiency, Joe felt at those moments when she looked askance at his schemes, that kept her single. She dressed smartly enough and she kept herself perfectly groomed, but she seemed to lack that certain aimless femininity which shook a right-thinking man to the roots and made him propose. Joe had never even heard her mention a boy friend and she was twenty-five, he knew.

"Anything good?" he asked hopefully.

"Sunbonnet Sue," Jenny said. She handed over the mail.

Joe grunted and selected the familiar blue stationery addressed in broad, backslanting handwriting.

"Sunbonnet Sue," as Jenny called the anonymous correspondent, had been sniping at Joe for months. Sue was a flag waver whose theme was: "What's wrong with the good old U.S.A.?" Joe, having fought in Number Two and reported about Number Two and a Half, or Korea, was as alert to the wonders of his native land as the next man, but his success as a syndicated columnist had come as a result of writing about exotic people in far-off lands.

Joe had a theory that you could only begin to understand the whole tangled mess if you knew the quiet people along the byways of the world. The noisy ones did the shouting, but in the final analysis it was the quiet ones who pushed the wheels and opened the gates and reaped the holocaust. That man wasn't in the forums; he was home, tending to business, thinking his own thoughts until it was time to join up with other quiet men and try to straighten the thing out again. But you had to go to him to find out what those thoughts were. By and large it had worked out rather well. At least it made it possible for Joe Mears, a sports writer by trade, to flit around the world, passport in one hand and portable typewriter in the other, and write about the people who interested him.

His columns were usually sharply drawn pictures of forceful individuals in odd little places, sprinkled, sometimes, with the flavoring of an exotic food. It was a great life Joe lived and he loved every moment of it. So did his reading public—except for a few spoilsports like Sunbonnet Sue.

". . . Bereted little anarchist, popping bits of crusty French bread in his mouth as he volubly regretted his own heroic deeds . . ." she sniped today. "You and your quaint Left Bank characters. What do you bother to come back for—that fat *American* pay check?"

"*Love* that girl!" Joe said. He crushed the paper between his palms, rubbed it into a ball, and flipped it toward the wastebasket. "I'd know her anywhere by her freckles and her bare, dairymaid feet."

Jenny wafted the blue envelope under his nose.

"The gal who uses this perfume doesn't go around barefooted."

"If I get my hands on her, she won't go around, period." Joe frowned at the yellow sheet in his typewriter. "If she wants Americana, let her read Winchell. This is a business. I don't suppose coal miners like grubbing away in a hot, wet shaft, but they gotta eat, too."

"She doesn't seem to object to your eating. It's where, and with whom."

"Whose side are you on?" Joe demanded testily.

Jenny lifted her brows delicately. "I'm with you, Boss. I know which side my crusty French bread is buttered on."

"Nuts!" he growled. He poised his two forefingers over the keyboard, ground his teeth, and looked up. "Where'd that come from?"

Jenny studied the envelope. "Pennsy Station. Eight-thirty last night."

"So she was in town," Joe mused.

Jenny ticked them off on her fingers. "Before that I remember Yuba City, California, and Antioch, Illinois, and Cut Bank, Montana, and Lido Isle and Vicksburg and Mobile. I forget the rest."

"Gets around, doesn't she? Probably an air-line hostess." He poked a couple of keys experimentally.

"What air line goes to Vicksburg and Antioch and Yuba City?"

"That's a good question," Joe admitted. "Maybe she's on the lam, then. Sounds like that kind of a character." He reached for the envelope, sniffed it, and pursed his lips. "If I had time, I'd run her to earth."

"And dignify her anonymity by taking cognizance of her diatribes?"

Joe cocked an eye at Jenny. "If you mean what I think you mean, maybe. Might be worth a column or two. When do I leave for Bermuda?"

"Seven-thirty," Jenny said crisply.

Joe nodded. "Okay. Save Sue's letters. Maybe I'll chase her down."

"It'd only take you to Keokuk and Kankakee and Kalamazoo."

"And what's wrong with Keokuk?" Joe asked.

She shrugged from the doorway. A frosty smile touched her lips and was gone. "Very few bereted anarchists in Keokuk."

He had a good time in Bermuda. Retired Britishers who had served their flag in distant stations in the bygone days of glory entertained him with their recollections. He spent five days picking up tales of the hills of India and of the silent people on the drifting desert sands. With his hosts, he stalked the Mau Mau and fought the curse of voodoo. He laughed over the battalion that fought a battle without its trousers because it had been ambushed after fording a stream, and cried a little over the company that was too embarrassed to cheer the flag in its own village common but died to a man in the futile business at Gallipoli.

He returned refreshed and Jenny met him at Idlewild with a packet of letters she dropped in his lap as they got into a cab.

"If you can get it all in Bermuda," she said by way of greeting, "why bother to go to Java? Or Arabia? Or Nairobi? Why not settle down there, buy a Rand McNally, and knock on your neighbors' doors?"

"Know a guy in Nairobi," Joe said dryly.

He smiled a little as he shuffled through the mail. Jenny's even temper stumbled a bit at times. She was so completely the competent secretary that he sometimes forgot she was also an attractive woman. He didn't know just what had caused it, but it was at moments like this, when there was color in her cheeks and a flicker of fire in her eye, that he remembered. Then, like Little Jack Horner, he plucked a blue envelope from the pile in his lap.

"Aha! Boston, last night. What's in Sunbonnet Sue's little pointed head now?"

"Portuguese dorymen. She suggests you look up the records: Our own New Englanders also sailed the Grand Banks and caught a few cod. Here and there a cod, I think she puts it."

Joe eyed her. "And you think maybe she has a point?"

Jenny shrugged. "There are brave and rugged men in Gloucester, too."

"I'm not denying that," Joe said sharply. "Most of my readers can get to New England and see for themselves, but few will ever get aboard a Portuguese banks schooner. And I think they're interested in hearing about men who can stand a brutal fifteen-to-eighteen-hour day of fishing, never knowing whether they'll find the ship again. And what's eating the prettiest girl in this cab?"

It caught her unawares and she flushed. "Nothing."

"Oh, yes—I've done something. Here I've been away a few days, working like a dog in Bermuda. . . ." Joe broke off and a wry grin spread across his face. "Bermuda. I don't know why I'd remember it now, Jenny."

"It's perfectly all right."

"*Next* time, I promise you. Why didn't you remind me?"

"It's perfectly all right, I tell you."

"Besides, I don't know that it'd be

proper, your flying off to Bermuda alone with me."

Her tone was coldly casual. "There were seventeen other men on that plane."

"Can't get out of it that way, huh?"

She said nothing, seemingly engrossed in the shaggy hair on the back of the cab driver's neck.

"Besides," Joe went on, "I thought your interest was American history. Wasn't that your major at Columbia?"

"For your information," Jenny said through tight lips, "a lot of American history originated in Bermuda. It was settled in 1609, eleven years before Plymouth."

"How do you like that!" Joe said enthusiastically. "I forget everything!"

Her answer came swiftly. "You most certainly do!"

He eyed the set lines of her profile. At the moment she was actually quite a pretty girl.

"Forget to sign your check again, too, did I?"

There was no response. He chuckled and dumped the letters into her lap, settled back, and pulled his hat down over his eyes.

"Read me a couple or three, starting with Sue . . ."

Summer was long, and hot, and humid. Tempers grew short, and bickering was universal. The day after Labor Day, Joe sat at his fifteenth-story window, seeking a vagrant breeze, with one of Sunbonnet Sue's letters in his damp, limp hand. This one, the third of the week, denounced his enthusiasm for the mayor of the village of Marsarif, near Sousse, on the coast of Tunisia.

Joe was still muttering under his breath when Jenny came in, looking fresh and untroubled as she always did.

"This character has got to go!" Joe snapped. "Get hold of the Postmaster General and have him sic his sleuths on her."

Jenny neatly arranged the letters to be signed.

"I've considered that," she told him calmly. "As far as I can see, there's nothing in her letters violating postal regulations. She just takes exception to your opinions."

"She's trying to curb the Right of Free Speech!"

She looked at him speculatively. "So you actually want to gag her with the Constitution?"

Joe's mouth opened, then closed. He reddened a little.

"I just want her to leave me alone," he said somewhat plaintively. "It's too hot."

"Pouf!" she said. "You get lots of letters from cranks."

"This is different," Joe protested. "She's got a saddle on the back of my neck. She waits for the early editions, pen in her hot little hand, and probably doesn't read anything else in the paper but my column . . ."

"Oh, happy thought," Jenny said dryly.

Glowering at her, Joe said, "Why doesn't she pick on somebody else? Why not Pegler? Everybody picks on Pegler. He likes it."

She gave him her Mona Lisa-type smile as she went out. He could never quite tell whether she was with him or against him when she smiled that way. He sighed and mopped his brow. He felt he was getting very little sympathy from Jenny in this affair. Sometimes he thought she was enjoying it instead of feeling the indignation her loyalty to the job demanded.

But then her vacation was coming up at the end of the week. He knew from personal experience how vastly independent a forthcoming vacation could make a per-

She laughed scornfully. "You'd want to honeymoon in Bagdad. Me, I'm going to Niagara Falls."

son feel. Perhaps when she returned, Jenny would throw herself into the task of running the dame to earth. If anyone could do it, Joe was sure Jenny could. Somewhere, somehow, they would get a break.

It came sooner than he had hoped for and left him a little punchy. He was alone in the office the day after Jenny left for her vacation when the postman came in with a postage-due letter. After Joe had paid the fee, he noticed that it was his own envelope, unstamped, and addressed to the editor of the Shreveport *Sentinel*. Joe held it for a moment, trying to recall what he'd written the man, and then tore it open.

Inside was a single sheet of paper and a sealed blue envelope. There was no mistaking the color, the handwriting, or the perfume. He flipped open the note.

> DEAR SIR:
> Will you kindly drop this envelope in the mail on September 13, after your first edition? Thank you so much.
>
> JENNIFER MCGAAN.
> *Secretary to Mr. Mears*

Joe limply sank back in his chair, swearing a little. Sunbonnet Sue. He might have suspected it; he might have known. Mona Lisa smile! She was a female Mephistopheles; a Benedict Arnold; a Quisling! He ripped open the blue envelope and read her saucy comments on the September 13 column, his indignation mounting in successive waves.

Why? In every crime of passion there had to be a motive. Unless she had flipped her rocker, why should a pretty, intelligent, capable girl—for whom he had only the warmest regard—suddenly become a Jekyll-Hyde character? *Why?*

There was only one answer: Find Jenny.

All he knew about her home life was that she shared an apartment with a girl named Kathy. He jerked open the drawer of her desk and began rummaging through it for an address. He came across the little series of cards she had prepared for July. It had been a running gag—the first: JULY IS JENNY'S BIRTHDAY MONTH. And the next: TWO WEEKS TO J.'S BIRTHDAY. And the third: NEXT WEEK IS YOU KNOW WHAT. He had found them on his desk each Monday morning. The last card read: THIS IS THE DAY. NOW, WHERE IS IT?

He'd never seen that card because he'd gone off to Bermuda and completely forgotten her birthday. He smiled a little grimly, remembering how he'd felt her amusing preparations had seemed somewhat out of character. Out of character! He'd tabbed Jenny as being witty and efficient and harmless in the female sense, without the usual feminine deviations and foibles. Now he knew that any man who was smug enough to think he understood women, regardless of his age or experience, ought to be locked up. And kept there.

He copied her address from one of several personal letters and slammed on his hat.

Jenny wasn't in. The roommate, Kathy, was a slender blonde with an air of permanent amusement. Jenny, she said, had gone home.

"Home? Where's home?"

"Baltimore," Kathy said. "Surely you knew that she was one of the Baltimore McGaans?"

"If it's no strain," Joe snarled, "whereabouts in Baltimore?"

"My, my," Kathy said silkily as she hunted for pencil and paper, "it's a shame you didn't discover how much she meant to you while she was still in town."

"This is a matter of business!" Joe roared.

Kathy laughed as she handed him the address.

"Ah, and what a lovely business it is, too. . . ."

Joe stalked out of the apartment. He could handle a girl like Kathy—there was no problem there. She was as devious as a maze and as warmhearted as a Baked Alaska. You knew where you were all the time with that type—right behind the eight ball. What threw you was when a decent, clean-cut, sensible, down-to-earth girl like Jenny . . . he gave it up.

It was still drizzling after the last of a series of thunder showers when he reached Baltimore the next afternoon. He found the house, out in the Patterson Park district, and stamped up onto the small front porch. It was an ancient dwelling with weathered bricks and white trim that had long ago turned yellow. Joe jerked the old-fashioned bell pull and waited grimly to lower the boom.

A little old lady opened the door and looked up at him with bright, sparkling eyes. She was neatly dressed in black and supported herself with a black cane.

"Yes, young man?"

It took Joe a moment to shift from overdrive to low. "I'm . . . ah . . . looking for Jenny . . . Jennifer McGaan."

"Now, that's a shame. It's the twelfth of September, you know, so she's out on the pilgrimage. I didn't go because of the rain. My, you're a nice young man. Are you married?"

"No," Joe admitted involuntarily.

The door swung wide. "Why, then you come right on in. Does Jennifer know you? I'm her Great-aunt Mathilda."

Joe started to step inside, then checked himself. "My name's Mears. Your niece is my secretary." He attempted a smile.

The little old lady thumped the floor with her cane. "Then *you're* the young man she's so worried about!"

Joe gaped a little. "Me?"

"Yes, she says you're ruining your health. Says you run off in all directions at once like a chicken with its head off. What you need, young man," Aunt Mathilda said sternly, "is a nice, sensible wife."

"Yes'm," Joe said quickly. "This pilgrimage—what is it?"

She looked at him. "Why, it's the *twelfth of September* pilgrimage. Starts here and goes down Philadelphia Road—they call part of it Pulaski now—to North Point Road and then down to Godly Wood where Sam Smith and Striker whipped 'em and sent 'em scrambling back to their boats and Bermuda and England!"

"I've been out of town," Joe said, blinking a little. "I must have missed this."

"What do you know about the War of 1812?" she demanded.

"We won," Joe said promptly.

"Yes, and it's people like you who are going to be the ruination of this country! You ask Jennifer—she'll tell you!"

"I've got several things to ask Jennifer. She went this way?" He pointed down the street.

"That's right. Only a small group went this year because of the rain, I guess, but you'll probably see her."

"You bet I will!" Joe said. He touched his hat, ran down through the slanting rain, and got into his car again.

Jennifer's small group had shrunk to one: Jennifer. Joe came upon her shortly after he'd turned down North Point Road. Head up in spite of the rain, she sloshed along and didn't glance at him as he drove slowly past. He parked the car some distance ahead and watched as she approached.

The edge had gone off his unreasoning anger. What perplexed him now was how she could have worked for him for two years without his being aware of this side of her character. In New York she had been a capable, almost impersonal machine. To find her here, marching alone in the rain to commemorate a long-forgotten cause, shook him a little. He stepped from the car.

She stopped when she recognized him. Her set lips parted, and a spot of color appeared in her damp cheeks.

"I thought you were in New York," she finally said.

"I get around, remember?" Joe said. He handed her the blue envelope. "What about this?"

Jenny looked at the envelope and shrugged. "So?"

"So Sunbonnet Sue doesn't like the September 13 column. That's all, and that's tomorrow."

Her cheeks flamed now, but she met his look steadily.

"Well, you apparently know where to send my final check."

Something had been happening to him and it crystallized now. He couldn't be angry with her any more. All he could see was a slight figure, standing head up in the rain, breathing defiance. She'd never looked as pretty, or as lonely—or as feminine.

"All I want to know"—his voice was strangely gentle—"is why?"

She searched his face for a long moment. Then she drew a long, broken breath, and her eyes filled, but she didn't cry.

"You're just like everyone else," she said. Her voice was unsteady at first, but gathered strength as she went on. "As long as something bears a foreign label, you think it's wonderful. Mediterranean blue is bluer, Irish green is greener, Russian red is. . . . French heroes are more heroic. . . ."

"The readers go for it."

"Why don't you tell them something important? Tell them about their *own* country? They don't know much about it, believe me! What nation, other than this, would let another country write its history? We did—we let England write the story of the War of 1812! We've swallowed their short, vague version, hook, line, and sinker, and we teach it in our schools! How much do you know about that war? That the British burned Washington and yet somehow or other we won? But how? Why?

"*I'll* tell you, Mr. Mears! It's my thesis for my Master's degree, but you can be the first to know! We won it because a handful of determined men, most of them Home Guards, under a businessman-general named Sam Smith, marched out of Baltimore along *this very road* and at a place called Godly Wood stood up to the best troops in the world at that time: the British Regulars. And what's more, that handful of men hurt those veterans of the Napoleonic Wars so badly that they reembarked and sailed off to Bermuda to lick their wounds, and work out a plausible story for the folks at home—in England! That's how we won it, because real men stood and fought and died—just a couple of miles down the road from here—and only a few people in this whole land seem to know about it, or care!"

"Don't blame me," Joe managed to get in. "I don't write the history books."

"Well, why don't you? Maquis and flyblown sheiks! My ancestors were among the Scots captured at the Battle of Culloden and shipped over here and sold like cattle. And two of them died there in Godly Wood and nobody cares what they died for—and even the half dozen that started out with me today turned back because of the rain. Those men marched out of Baltimore, September twelfth, 1814, and *didn't* turn back—and the rain was a lot more deadly than this! Why don't you write about *those* men? And *this* country?" Her voice broke sharply. "What's the matter, are you *ashamed* of your country?"

"Do you want to see the scars I got at Anzio?" Joe shouted. "I'm in business just like everybody else. You give the customers what they want, not what you think is good for them. Why pick on me?"

"Because when I went to work for you, I thought you were somebody special." She *was* crying now, looking him right in the eye and crying. "I thought you were good-humored and broad-minded and steadfast and considerate—and then you turned out like all the rest: awed by foreigners, and selfish and forgetful!"

Joe glared at her. "Why didn't you tell me you wanted to go to Bermuda for your thesis material?"

"It doesn't make any difference."

"Why didn't you remind me of your birthday *after* I got back?"

"But it doesn't make any difference!"

"It makes a lot of difference!" Joe snapped. "I don't want people saying I forgot to give a birthday gift to the girl I'm going to marry!"

She opened her mouth to retort and then closed it abruptly. They eyed each other a long moment while the rain drummed down on them, unnoticed.

"Who's going to marry whom?"

"Me. I'm going to marry you."

She laughed scornfully. "You'd want to honeymoon in Bagdad. Or Mauritius. Or Sumatra. Me, I'm going to Niagara Falls."

"Okay," Joe said. "Niagara Falls it is."

It surprised them both. The words seemed to hang there, and the more Joe studied them, the more sensible they became. Jenny, too, apparently found them not unattractive. A flicker of a smile touched her lips in spite of her tears.

"Oooooh. What you said."

"I said it, and I'm glad of it," Joe told her recklessly. "Niagara Falls."

Her eyes shone hopefully through her tears. "There are just lots of little tucked-away corners in the good old U.S.A. . . ."

"Right!" Joe said.

She gave him her hands then, and sighed. "That's what I wanted to hear. Oh, Joe—Niagara Falls *means* being married to me!"

"You bet," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "and wait until you see it from the Canadian side. . . ." THE END

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You Don't Have to Go Abroad to See the Wonders of the World

BY DON SHORT

Want a trip around the world without crossing an ocean, tangling with a customs inspector, or without taking a single dramamine pill? The "see America first" enthusiasts, a persistent lot, aver that the Western states can duplicate just about all the glamour spots on earth and toss in a few extras of their own that defy comparison. Whether your favorite sport is camel racing or schussing down an Alpine slope, the West has its counterpart.

Climatically, the West, with its mountains, deserts, valleys, and seashore, reproduces everything from Iceland to North Africa. Vineyards extend for miles over the rolling hills in the vicinity of Kennewick, Washington, reminiscent of the Loire and Cher valleys of France. Oregon's Willamette River Valley grows everything that southern France produces. Salem, Oregon, is on the same degree of latitude as Bordeaux. The olive groves and vineyards of Italy and Spain have replicas in southern California.

Foreign-Language Exercise

Anyone with a yearning for exercise in languages can polish up his Berlitz during the week-long International Holiday at Red Lodge, Montana. Natives of Italian, Finnish, English, German, and Yugoslav descent wear the costumes of their forefathers, sing folk songs, and serve European dishes. The customs, costumes, and language of Spain are brought to life in numerous vivid fiestas held in southern California, Arizona, and New Mexico.

More celebrated aches and pains may be taken to Europe's spas, but the Old World "watering places" have no therapeutic edge on such health centers as Arizona's Castle Hot Springs, California's Arrowhead Springs, and Washington's Sol Duc and Olympic Springs.

History, geology, and arts and crafts of the West stand up well to those of foreign lands. Tourists seeking the unusual, quaint, colorful, and nostalgic have a fertile field in which to pursue their quests and have invented a gay game of making their own discoveries of the whole wide world right here in the U.S.A.

(continued)

CASTLE IN SPAIN

A medieval tower rising from the rocky shore above the sands at Laguna Beach, California, provides a fine subject for artists. Actually it encloses a stairway to the top of the sea cliff. Peaked roofs and brightly colored shutters on the homes of the painters, hand potters, and workers in copper and brass who have made Laguna Beach an art colony lend a further foreign touch to the local scene. A local art gallery, run by the artists themselves, is open daily.

THE SWISS ALPS

Sun Valley, Idaho, is a picture-post-card village in the great snow bowl in the Sawtooth Mountains, as viewed by skiers from the open slopes of Mount Baldy. Its setting, peaks, and architecture remind you of the Swiss Alps. This impression is enhanced by heated, open-air swimming pools, a Continental buffet for skiers, afternoon "beerfests" in The Ram, sleigh rides at night to Trail Creek Cabin for Basque dinners, and outdoor ice skating day and night.

SAHARA DESERT *White Sands National Monument, eighteen miles west of Alamogordo, New Mexico, is 140,247 acres of glistening powdered gypsum, the largest deposit of its kind in the world. The Sahara-like dunes range from ten to sixty feet high and shift constantly. Like the Sahara, White Sands produces mirages in the whirling sand. Little grows here, and nature provides lizards and mice with protective white coats.*

GIBRALTAR *Beacon Rock, thirty-five miles east of Vancouver, Washington, is the world's second largest monolith, being topped by Gibraltar. It is the high light of a 3,076-acre park.*

FRENCH VINEYARD *The southern region of Washington grows grapes in a climate similar to that of France's Loire Valley. The Flemish castle in the background is the Maryhill Museum.*

THE RIVIERA *Long, curving sand beaches along the coast of southern California have the physical and climatic features of those on the shores of the Mediterranean. You can see big-name motion-picture personalities sunning amid the palm trees and swimming, as at Cannes and Nice.*

ARABIAN RACERS *Indio, in the Coachella Valley, of California, is a replica of Arabian date gardens. Camel races are held there every spring during the annual Date Festival. Local residents raise beards, don turbans and burnooses, and bring the Middle East to America's West.*

ON THE RHINE

A small motor launch glides over the glassy surface of Lake McDonald, in Glacier National Park, before the rugged sky line of faraway land. The big playground in northern Montana has two hundred lakes plus cabins and a chalet-type hotel. Theodore Roosevelt likened its scenery to that of Europe's mountain regions.

(continued)

FUJIYAMA

Artists have rhapsodized over the beauty of Japan's sacred mountain as seen from the shore of Hakone Lake. Here, the snow-capped cone of Mount St. Helens, an extinct volcano, rises above Spirit Lake, in Washington's Columbia National Forest. Many U.S. soldiers who recuperated at Hakone from Korean War fatigue will see a similarity in this American scene.

EXOTIC HANDICRAFT

The artistry of Old World craftsmen is matched by the outstanding beauty of the turquoise and silver jewelry turned out by the Navaho Indians. The Chimayo blankets woven in New Mexico, the distinctive pottery made at San Ildefonzo Pueblo, the rugs produced by the Navahos, and the Hopis' exquisite squaw boots all exhibit unique skill and artistry.

ROMANTIC SPAIN

Santa Barbara Mission is a Spanish church in reality; it was built by the Spanish padres who brought the culture of Iberia to the Pacific. Called the "American Riviera," the city of Santa Barbara is marked by tile-roofed houses on slopes that rise from palm-lined beaches. In the days of the dons, it was the lively social center of Spanish California.

BREAK THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO *The little white ball sings the same song on the gambling tables at Las Vegas, Nevada, as in Europe's famous casinos. Roulette, dice, baccarat, blackjack, and every other known game of chance are played at the desert resort. Las Vegas boasts that a visitor can bet on anything at any hour of the day or night; the spinning wheels never stop. Between bouts with Lady Luck, you can swim in desert pools, watch fabulous shows with star performers, listen to the thunder of jets, or blink at the flash of an atomic test explosion. One resort operator built a golf course over protests of his colleagues, who felt it would keep guests from the tables for unprofitable periods. Rates and entertainment prices are low to induce visitors to linger long in the land of "take a chance."* THE END

America's New Religious Vitality

Leading religious authority Elton Trueblood tells how millions of Americans are gaining new spiritual experience through greater personal participation in the life of their church

Q. ***Dr. Trueblood, we have heard a great deal about what religion can do for people, but almost nothing about what people can do for religion. Certainly, there are many people who wish to do more for their church, but who do not know how to begin. To find this out it might be best to ask you first to explain the basic idea behind this deepening sense of religious responsibility, commonly called "lay participation."***

A. I'd be glad to try. The basic idea is that no man can be truly religious as a mere observer or spectator. You cannot understand the depths of the religious life unless you are on the inside, working at the job, helping to pull the load. You cannot know what the love of God means unless you are trying to bring the love of God to more people. Therefore, participation is intrinsic to the very idea.

Q. ***What, in your opinion, Dr. Trueblood, is the reason for this trend?***

QUIET GRANDEUR *of churches such as St. Phillip's in Charleston, South Carolina, has given impetus to the spiritual revival in our country.*

Color Photo by Arthur Griffin—F.P.G.

A. The chief reason is that so many people in the Western world are becoming skeptical of a merely materialistic society. They find that it doesn't work. You do not get the good life simply by earning more money, buying more gadgets, having more material resources. People have found that something deeper is required. And this realization has left the way open for a deeper conviction.

Q. ***How widespread has this idea of lay participation become? Is it apparent in all denominations?***

A. It is extremely widespread, though oddly enough it has not been widely publicized in newspapers and magazines. We find it in all the major denominations and across all faiths. It is very strong, for example, among the Roman Catholics in the Christopher movement. It is strong in some of the lay movements of the Jewish people and in all the major Protestant denominations, especially the Episcopal, the Methodist, the Congregational, the Presbyterian, and the Lutheran.

Q. ***Is this an American phenomenon or is it happening in churches all over the world?***

A. It is happening in churches all over the world. We find it in England in what is called the Christian Frontier Movement. We find it in Switzerland in the Institute at Bosse, which is devoted wholly to the training of laymen in theology. And we find it in many parts of Canada. But it is in the United States that it is having the most striking evidence of power.

Q. ***How long has it been going on?***

A. The present lay movement in the precise form that it now takes is not much more than ten years old. Of course, there have always been strong laymen in all faiths since the beginning of time, but there has never been such a conscious movement as now.

Q. ***Where did the movement start, Dr. Trueblood? Does it have a founder, or founders?***

(continued)

"The important thing is to prove our faith

A. I'm glad to say that there is no single founder, and there are no particular men who can even be called the founders. This is an example of a movement which arises in many places at the same time, something that has often happened in the world. When an idea reaches its right time, it arises spontaneously from many sources.

Q. ***About how many people would you estimate are active in the movement in the United States today?***

A. A surprising number. Certainly it now goes into the millions. We can have some evidence of this by the attendance at some of the big lay conferences. For example, last August seven thousand Presbyterian men from the South met at a conference in New Orleans. Other lay conferences of Catholic and Jewish groups, comprised of men, women, and young people, are meeting constantly all over the country. Attendance ranges from several hundred to several thousand. In addition to all the denominational groups there are innumerable non-denominational and interdenominational organizations of lay people. Prominent among these are United Church Men, United Church Women, and United Christian Youth, all a part of the National Council of Churches. Next year some thirty or forty thousand United Church Men will hold their first big convocation at Cincinnati. One of the many fine services rendered by United Church Women is their sponsorship of the World Day of Prayer, which was observed last year in over 19,000 communities around the globe.

Q. ***Does the Bible support the idea of lay participation?***

A. It most certainly does. Indeed, in the New Testament, whenever the word "ministry" is used, it refers to the ordinary member and not to a special class. We are told in the letter to the Ephesians in the fourth chapter that the task of a pastor or teacher is to stir up the ministry of the ordinary lay member, then called saints. The pastor is therefore a very important man. But his task is not to have the ministry *for* the people, but rather to develop the people in *their* ministry. The early Christian Church succeeded partly because every member was active as a promoter of the cause, whatever his means of earning a living. So we can say that the doctrine now being presented in the lay movement is in a strict sense the Biblical doctrine.

Q. ***Dr. Trueblood, you have called a layman's work for his church his "other vocation." Do you mean that it is as important as a person's regular job?***

A. I certainly do, and in many cases it is far more important. We're developing a whole group of men in this country who say quite frankly that they sell bonds in order to pay their bills, but they promote the Christian cause as the thing that they really love. It is a perfectly good thing for a man to make money, and to try to earn a decent living for himself and his family, but we don't get very far before we realize that this is not enough, that each man has to have some deeper meaning in his life.

Photo by Maxwell Coplan

Q. ***What is the difference, Dr. Trueblood, between an ordinary churchgoer and a layman who succeeds in making his faith his "other vocation?"***

A. I think in many ways this is the best question you've asked so far. The ordinary churchgoer is frequently one who goes and sits on a seat, listens, has some very mild participation, puts a little money in the plate, and then goes home, feeling that he has accomplished his religious responsibility. The one who makes his Christian commitment his "other vocation," however, looks upon churchgoing as a beginning rather than an end. It is what he starts from, and he sees to it that his main ministry is performed daily in his everyday life.

Q. ***Some churchmen have said there is a danger that lay activity will become a substitute for prayer and an interior religious life. Could this happen?***

A. I suppose it could. But this does not seem to be the danger at this time. The characteristic lay movement today is built around prayer. Most laymen clearly understand that the best religious life is not merely interior without any activity, nor merely activity without any roots, but one in which we hold the roots and the fruits together.

Q. ***What about teaching Sunday school and helping out at services? —things people have always done. Would you say these are examples of lay participation?***

A. They are excellent examples. When you realize that there are thousands of people in the United States who every Sunday teach classes, you know that you are dealing with a lay phenomenon of great importance. What we are seeing today is an extension of this into other areas of existence.

Q. ***What, in your opinion, Dr. Trueblood, is the one most important thing a lay person can do for his or her church?***

A. The one most important thing is to be a daily evangelist, more by deeds than by words. A religion which is not being constantly brought to new people is already dead. This cannot be done by the professionals. They are too few. It can only be done by bringing our religion into our clubs, our labor unions, our businesses, and above all, our homes.

Q. ***Do you mean that lay people should try to convert others to their church?***

with deeds—make it a genuine commitment."

A. I certainly do. Anything that we prize, we are bound to share. If a person doesn't try to share it, that proves he doesn't prize it. What we want to do is find the persons who are seekers, and try to give them something by which to live. There are millions of seekers in the modern world, and each of us has an approach to one of them no other person has.

Q. ***What is the best way a layman can get lax members of his own faith to return to the church?***

A. Probably the best way is to take a book that is really well written and exciting, and say, "Won't you read this? This has meant a great deal to me. And then after you've read it, we'll come and talk it over some evening, if you're interested in the ideas." Just telling people they ought to go to church isn't enough. Probably they'd resent your saying so. We have got to find more subtle ways, and the best approach to many people is through their intelligence.

Q. ***How much time do you think lay people should give to their church, in an average week?***

A. It certainly is fair that they should give at least one evening a week in addition to Sunday. I do not think that one evening is enough, but at least it would be a very great advance over what is normally done by the great rank and file. I want to be sure, however, that no person is tempted to do so much that he neglects his family. I want to be sure that the most religious people have times when they give themselves to their children. This also is a religious duty.

Q. ***Dr. Trueblood, many people feel they do enough, when they contribute generously to their church. Is there an answer to this attitude?***

A. There certainly is an answer. A person who says that he gives money, and lets other people run the show, is showing that he does not understand what religion is at all. It is something that cannot be bought. We ought to give our money, of course, and we will give our money if we have any sense of commitment, but if our commitment is genuine, we will want to give a great deal more.

Q. ***Have you found any other widespread attitude or prejudice which stops lay people from working for their church?***

A. The most prevalent attitude is a false conception of professionalism. So many people say, "Leave it to the preachers, to the rabbis. It's their job." And at times they're vulgar enough to add, "That's what we pay them for." Sometimes they compare religion to medicine and argue: "Don't we leave our health to our doctors?" But this is a false analogy. It is wrong, no doubt, for me to try to diagnose my own illness. It is not wrong for me to engage in my own prayer. Indeed, religion is always ruined when it is professionalized. It has to belong to the individual or it is nothing.

Q. ***Dr. Trueblood, what is the practice called tithing?***

A. Tithing is the giving of one-tenth of one's income to the promotion of the religious life. This was practiced in ancient Hebrew days, and is today practiced by many Christians. Not, of course by the majority, for it's a very hard rule. But the number of people who tithe is increasing daily. I know of one church where every member tithes. With fifty-three members, they have an annual budget of fifty-six thousand dollars.

Q. ***Is it true that lay people preach in some churches?***

A. Lay people preach in *most* churches. The idea is growing, and is most happily received. I know of one church where lay people have organized a class in the lay ministry taught by the pastor. On Sunday morning, they scatter out over their city and hold services in prisons, boys' homes, and similar places, thus vastly extending the work of the minister. Many speak in otherwise empty pulpits.

Q. ***What is "laymen's Sunday?"***

A. A Sunday in which services are conducted in whole or in part by laymen. The best known laymen's Sunday is the third Sunday in October. It was started several years ago by the Laymen's Movement for a Christian World and is now sponsored jointly by them and by United Church Men. Last year over 100,000 laymen took leading parts in church services on Laymen's Sunday.

Q. ***Are there other examples of how the churches themselves are encouraging lay people to work with and for them?***

A. Yes, there are many examples. There are the breakfast clubs that started in Washington and have now spread both nationally and internationally. There is the Laymen's Movement for a Christian World. There is the Yokefellow Movement which seeks to encourage people to recover the idea of a disciplined life, using Christ's figure of the yoke.

Q. ***Many people fear being branded "religious fanatics." How can an active lay person avoid this label?***

A. I suppose the best way to avoid the label is to avoid being a fanatic. There is no necessity for a religious person to be strange. He should dress as other people dress, and have his hair cut in the same way. In general, however, I think that the fear of being considered a fanatic is really a fear of doing anything with real commitment and is in many ways a fake fear. It doesn't impress me very much. What we want is people who will approach the religious life with wholehearted dedication.

Q. ***What are prayer cells? Are such groups begun by lay people?***

A. Prayer cells are small groups, usually of about ten or twelve, which meet regularly for prayer, and the planning of service to their fellow men. These are mostly formed by lay leaders and are often made up of businessmen, students, or housewives. These cells are found in all parts of our nation. The word *cell* is of course a figure of speech based on biology—a *cell* is a living, growing unit. They demonstrate that the best fellowship is found in small groups. Jesus had twelve in his.

Q. ***Then, you think it is best for a lay person to work in a group?***

A. He cannot work alone, if he understands the religious life. Real religion drives men to solidarity with their fellows. We are not so strong that we can do without one another. One-anotherness is a great conception. The social character of religion is not extrinsic, but intrinsic.

(continued)

Q. ***Do you feel that lay people should work under the pastor's supervision, or independently?***

A. Frequently, it's a very good thing if they can work under the pastor's supervision, if the pastor is sympathetic to the idea of lay ministry. However, there is no need to wait for an invitation from the pastor to become an active Christian. The unordained person must have exactly the same kind of commitment that the ordained person has. The pastor is a very important person, his task being that of stirring up the ministry of the ordinary members.

Q. ***A recent message from the National Council of Churches spoke of the need for lay people to "discipline themselves spiritually." What is the best way to do this?***

A. There are a few basic disciplines which every person ought to be able to undertake. Seven of these are permanent. The discipline of daily prayer; the discipline of daily Scripture reading—especially in some organized way; the discipline of weekly worship; the discipline of time—giving a definite portion of one's time ministering to the needs of others; the discipline of work—trying to make one's daily work into a Christian vocation

and the discipline of study—developing our minds with strong, solid books. Anybody who will live by these seven disciplines is bound to grow.

Q. ***Are there places where lay people can get some training that will make them more effective workers?***

A. Yes, some places are beginning to arise. For example, in Michigan, a few miles from Ann Arbor, there is a community called Parishfield. Nearly all of the persons who go there as students are lay men and women. Also, in Springfield, Ohio, there is a school of the lay ministry which has been started by the Lutheran Church, in connection with Wittenberg College.

Q. ***What can lay people do to educate themselves at home?***

A. They can begin to do serious, careful reading of really strong books. We all tend to do reading that is too easy and too scattered. Yet the great Christian classics, such as Augustine's *Confessions*, *The Imitation of Christ*, John Woolman's *Journal*, are not exceptionally difficult. They were, in fact, written for the average person. I believe that one of the things that we will develop now is a plan of private study that can be widely used. I suggested a five-year plan to be taught by local pastors, in my book, *Your Other Vocation*. It would cover the Old and New Testaments, the Christian classics, the intellectual background of the Christian faith, and perhaps most important, the history of Christianity since its founding—something most Christians know very little about.

Q. ***Do some lay people work full time for their church?***

A. Yes, they do. A good many men do this when they have earned enough money to live on for the rest of their lives. Clarence Johnson, of St. Louis, for example, gave up his work with the Purina Mills and became the head of the Program of Progress of the Seventh Presbyterian Church.

Q. ***Is it true that some lay people have become foreign missionaries?***

A. Yes, a great many of the foreign missionaries are lay people. But there is a new development in this field, which I find enormously hopeful. Many persons who go to foreign countries on government assignments or as representatives of American business are actuated by religious motives and by their desire to help in meeting human needs.

Q. ***What about older people? Is there something special they can do for their church?***

A. Older people represent our churches' most unused resource. More and more people are vigorous and healthy after they have retired from business, and it is a shame to see them wasting their days in entertainment when they could be making their lives better and richer. It would be wonderful, for example, if older women could see the ministry helping younger women. Young women are so often burdened with their babies and a limited income. If older women would come and without payment or request for payment, stay with the children and give young mothers a day off, it would be a glorious example of service.

Q. ***What about young married women who don't have much time because of growing families? What can they do?***

A. For a while, their greatest and most holy task is that of making their family the place where the kingdom of God begins, and it may be that they cannot do much outside for a few years. They must be patient for these years. There will come a time when they can be of more public service. But the rest of us must help them to have *some* opportunities for public service even in these difficult years.

Q. ***Is there work which husbands and wives can do together for their church?***

A. A great deal. One of the best examples is calling on new people. When new people come into a community, sometimes they are allowed to sit home for months without visitors. Even if the pastor comes, this is not sufficient, because it is looked upon as his professional task. But if a lay couple comes, it is real friendliness and will be deeply appreciated.

Q. ***Dr. Trueblood, is there a spiritual rule of thumb by which lay people can check themselves to find out if they are effective members of their church?***

A. There is no simple rule, but here are some suggestions. We might ask ourselves these questions: First, is my religion a matter of genuine commitment—a total dedication of my life? Second, do I really act as an evangelist for the faith that I profess both in my deeds and my words? Third, have I found a fellowship of those who share life with one another to which I give myself? Fourth, have I accepted a voluntary discipline, so that my life goes beyond empty freedom, and is directed toward noble channels?

Dr. Trueblood, I would like to thank you for the clear and inspiring way you have dealt with this important subject. I feel sure the concrete, detailed answers you have given us will open a richer, fuller religious life for many.

THE END

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White Villa in Rio

He knew she was using every trick to tease and captivate him —and he knew why. Even so, she was beginning to succeed

BY FREDERICK NEBEL

Charles Deston was standing on Fifth Avenue in the Fifties waiting for the traffic light to change when he saw her face in the window of a southbound bus. It was only a fleeting glimpse and he couldn't be sure. He shook his head. It couldn't possibly be Julia Broderick.

But the next moment he was aware of an inner excitement that flickered in his chest and then all at once clutched at his throat. He felt as if something very important might be escaping him, perhaps forever.

"Taxi!" He got the door open while the brakes still rasped. "Follow that bus," he said, and jumped in. "Stay behind the bus," he repeated. "When it stops, you stop; when it goes, you go."

He sat back, watching, a loose-hung man in spring tweeds and brown loafers, his face the long bony type, all tilted planes and prominent angles—masklike when he wanted it to be. Only his eyes

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Her loveliness, her subtle, unspoken invitation, filled him with anger and bitter longing.

gave him away a little; they were warm and brown and quick—and troubled now. Because he wondered what he would do, what he would say, if the woman in the bus was Julia Broderick.

But he shook his head again. It couldn't, really, be Julia. After the trouble in Rio three years ago, she and Morg had gone to some small city in California where he'd been brought up. Deston almost told the driver to stop. For even if it was Julia, she might not wish to see him again. He could not blame her. What always troubled him whenever he thought of the time in Rio was that night at the villa and the cruel words he had spoken there —troubled him more, infinitely more, than what his conscience and outraged decency had made him do a few days later.

He had had a job to do and nothing in the world could have deterred him from it. But in a wild inner crossfire of anger and heartache, he had shamed and humiliated Julia that night. He had been twenty-nine then, and she had been twenty-five; but now, only three years later, he felt as if he had acted like a callow adolescent.

"No luck yet, huh?" the driver said at Forty-second Street.

Deston said, "Keep after it."

He could see again the villa terrace in the moonlight and he could hear the groan in the bedroom upstairs. But that was almost the end of the trouble, not the beginning.

The beginning was when he landed at Rio after the flight from New York. It was his first assignment outside the States for Electricol Industries. He was by profession an electrical engineer, but during the war, after a combat injury on Iwo, he had done intelligence work. Ostensibly, his mission to Rio was to make a routine survey of the service departments there and in São Paulo, the great industrial city, but his real purpose was investigative and secret. The director of the engineering division in New York wanted to find out why the Brazilian branch was calling for more warranty replacements than any other branch in Electricol's world-wide chain. He suspected there was laxness or inefficiency in the service departments, particularly in São Paulo. Wells Eagleson, the vice-president in charge of public relations, had been against it, but the board had voted him down.

In the very beginning, the first time Deston set eyes on Morgan Broderick, head of the Brazilian branch, he liked him. That was part of the trouble, and that part was Deston's own fault: he was built the way he was built, and first impressions, good or bad, had a tendency to stick with him. And being only human, he was pleased to be met at the airport by the Brazilian head instead of by some office glad-hander.

"You had a good flight, I trust. New York asked us to make a hotel reservation for you, so I'll drop you there. But if you don't have dinner with us at the villa your first night here, my wife's heart will break. You can, I hope?"

"It sounds wonderful," Deston said, as they walked toward a gleaming station wagon.

A brisk wind slatted Broderick's elegant slacks, rippled the silken material of his jacket, tugged at the polka-dotted scarf wound loosely round his neck. It did not budge his hair. His hair was dark and wavy, a well-cut brush that contrasted vividly with his handsome, sun-browned face. He was broad and muscular and moved with a casual buoyancy, and as they drove into the city, he turned every now and then to grin genially at Deston. He drove the station wagon fast, hard, with great assurance, and at the same time carried on a conversation in normal, easy tones. He was at thirty-eight a successful man and possessed all the grace and charm of one who had not found the way up too hard.

Deston, although he came of a good family and had been raised in a fine white house in New England, had few of Broderick's graces. But he was not shy. He simply listened more than he talked; if he had something to say, he said it, and there was no doubt in your mind what he meant.

He said little that first night at the white villa on the hill above Rio because he could not make out Julia Broderick. She was beautiful, and beautiful things surrounded her. He could tell at a glance that much thought and expense had gone into the furnishings. The quantity of the jewels she wore was obvious, and the quality, all things considered, apparent.

He was the only dinner guest, and inwardly he suffered. For the effusive attention she gave him closed him up instead of drawing him out. She seemed too eager to please; she tried too hard. If he started to say something, her lovely eyes widened with exaggerated interest and she leaned toward him, prepared to hang on every word. He could smell her perfume, and he was constantly aware of her short, gleaming auburn ringlets and of the notion, which irritated him a little, that it would be pleasurable to run his fingers through them.

"Darling," she said to Broderick, who beamed in amiable indolence after the large meal, "we must take Mr. Deston on the Gavea circuit and then we must take him across to Paquetá. And by all means, some weekend, up to Petropolis—a picnic perhaps? I love picnics. Do you love picnics, Mr. Deston?"

"I'm afraid I'll be busy," Deston said.

"Weekends? Oh, no, *no*, Mr. Deston!" She blinked at him little-girl fashion and squeezed her shoulders together as if she were secretly delighted over something. "Mister, Mister—isn't it tiresome? Charles, isn't it? And I'm Julia. Jule, as Morg calls me. Let me see. While you're down here, why not Carlos? Morg, what do you think? Don't you think Carlos fits him? Dark, rather handsomely brooding, a man of few words and, I have no doubt, many deeds—good ones. Hm?"

"Wonderful, Jule—wonderful." Broderick nodded.

"Well," Deston said, glancing at his watch. He looked up from his watch straight into Julia Broderick's eyes, and despite his formal smile, his gaze was level and had a dark blunt edge to it. "You've been awfully kind to a stranger, Mrs. Broderick."

He seemed to see in her bright lustrous eyes a brief, momentary shattering, an instant's loss of composure. He was baffled, upset. He did not know whether she was vain and coquettish or whether the show she had put on came of a naïve spontaneity. He could not get past the suspicion that she had deliberately teased and made sport of him in order to make her husband jealous.

"I'll drive you down to your hotel," Broderick said. "Jule, want to come?"

"Do you mind if I don't?" she said. And when she gave Deston her hand, it shook a little and she gazed at a point somewhere beyond his head. "Do come see us soon, any time."

The steps leading down from the terrace to the driveway were cut out of rock, and when he had got into the car, Deston turned to look up at the villa. It seemed unsubstantial in the moonlight, like a white cloud resting impermanently against the hillside.

"Oh, by the way," said Broderick, "I heard via the grapevine that Wells Eagleson was against your coming down—but I didn't hear why. Do you like Wells?"

"I hardly know him," Deston said. "I've seen him only once and he wouldn't know me, if he saw me, from Adam." He chuckled. "But then I've never seen the company president at all. Of course, he's way uptown, anyhow, and the engineering department's in Murray Hill."

Broderick struck the wheel in jovial delight. "Good old Prexy Haverford! You know, honestly, there are some lower-echelon V.P.'s who have never seen him, and there are people who believe D. B. Haverford does not actually exist. But he does, let me assure you, in a pent-

house office, barricaded behind numerous secretaries, managers, and an odd vice-president or two. And you'll know he exists, all right, if you foul up the works. B-r-r!" He chuckled. "Wells, of course, is public relations, and the thought that the public, or some competitor, might learn of a bad run of equipment, or shoddy servicing, terrifies him. By the way, when are you going down to São Paulo?"

"In a week, about."

Suddenly Broderick was grave, leaning confidentially toward Deston. "Syd Cowert, the service manager there, is a good man. Perhaps too easy on those under him—but salt of the earth. A wife and three small kids and no end of illness in the family the past three years. And he works like a dog himself. He's an old friend. I got him his job and he's never forgotten that. Do, if you can, please, go easy on Syd."

Deston said amiably, "You really overestimate my powers, Mr. Broderick. I haven't got any authority to go hard on anyone."

"Not in so many words," Broderick said, taking a hairpin curve with fine aplomb. "I was merely looking forward to the report you'll ultimately write up. I merely wanted to let you know how fond I am of Syd and fill you in a little on the human side." He knew when to drop a subject: he dropped it right there.

Before he went to bed, Deston smoked a thin Bahia at his hotel window and gazed across the bay at the lights of Nicteroy. He felt some discomfiture at concealing the real motive of his mission, and he was not affronted because Broderick had tried to soften him up toward Sydney Cowert; he'd have done the same for a friend himself. Most of the warranty trouble was in São Paulo, a city of about two million, and the company felt that the fault lay in the service end; and quite possibly Broderick had carried Cowert along in the hope that eventually matters would straighten out.

As Deston dropped off to sleep, he saw in a drowsy, dreamlike way Julia Broderick's short auburn ringlets; he saw her upper teeth pressed lusciously down into her ripe lower lip. Her face came toward him, closer, closer; her lips parted and her eyelids drooped in sensuous invitation. And Broderick, a half-smile plucking at his mouth, twinkled and watched them both with humorous indulgence. Deston thought of it in the morning as a twisted incident in a wild nightmare and shrugged it off. He breathed in the fine air off the bay and watched a blue swallow fly past his window.

Saturday night they took him to a big casino for dinner and dancing along with two other couples—one of the men was a buyer for a large department store and the other an officer in a hardware chain. "Business," Broderick had told Deston beforehand, adding, "and pleasure, too, of course." And he charmed the women while Julia charmed their husbands.

"Don't you dance?" Broderick said.

Deston stood up. He said with unwonted stiffness, "Will you dance with me, Mrs. Broderick?"

He realized she did not dance with him as she had with the other men. She formulated a stiffness to match his own, and she had nothing to say. He had nothing to say, either. But he liked to dance, really, and after a few minutes he loosened up and quickened his pace. He was aware of some resistance, but if they were to dance, he meant to lead, to have his way, and bit by bit she loosened up also. But she did not give in completely, and several times he thought her arm quivered and he could see that her lips were pursed. He was conscious of a silent struggle going on.

Between numbers, as they stood on the floor waiting for the music to resume, Deston happened to glance toward the table and saw Broderick, alone now, peering down hard at its surface. The look on the man's face startled him, for it was grim with a kind of relentless resolve. Then the music began again and Julia came into his arms. She danced warmly now, close in, lithe and undulant, and her soft ringlets brushed against his cheek.

"You're a wonderful dancer," he said,

Her husband, Morgan, charmed the wives as easily as she, Julia, did their husbands.

puzzled by this sudden change in her.

She said nothing, but he felt her body stiffen and for an instant, as he glanced down, he saw the edge of a grimace at her mouth. But when they returned to the table, she was blithe again, giving her attention to the other men, flattering them with eye blinkings and rapt attention. And Broderick once more was all easy grace and charm, the host who ran the show without in any way seeming to run it. Deston, feeling an odd coldness along his bones, feeling as if some web were being knitted intricately about him, wished he were back at his hotel.

Broderick and Julia dropped him off there, late, at the entrance in the quiet side street off the avenue. He had no more than stepped inside the entrance when he remembered he had left his topcoat in the car. He turned outside but stopped short when he heard Broderick's low voice, very gruff now and displeased.

"You acted like a fool!"

Julia said weakly, "I can't help it—I can't!"

"You made a perfect fool of yourself!" Broderick said. "You acted just like a schoolgirl."

Deston went up to his room. With whom had she made a fool of herself? Not with him, certainly. With the buyer from the department store? With the big hardware man? Deston undressed and lay in bed with his hands behind his head. Of course, she hadn't made a fool of herself with him because he had quite definitely made it plain that that was not his kind of game.

Next morning, Deston walked across the avenue from his hotel to the beach. He came out of the surf winded but exhilarated, following by a minute a girl in a white suit and white cap who was now toweling herself.

Bent over, she turned and glanced up between the folds of the towel as he passed. "Oh, hello!" It was Julia.

"Well, this *is* a coincidence," he remarked. "On a beach three miles long I meet a friend." He was going to add that his hotel was just across the avenue when he remembered that the last thing he had said in the car the night before was that he intended to take a swim in the morning. He gave her a sidelong curious glance, but she was still busy with the towel, and it occurred to him that of course she knew exactly where his hotel was. And he was conscious again of a web, invisible but inexorable, knitting round him. He would be glad to get off to São Paulo next day; he needed, he thought, a change of perspective.

"I'm meeting Morg for luncheon." She looked toward the hills. "It's up high, way up, and the view is wonderful. You should go there sometime." She got a cigarette from her bag and lit it. "If you're not doing anything today—would you like to join us?"

He was on the point of shaking his head—No. He was apprehensive without quite knowing why, but something in her manner, inviting and yet evasive, touched some reckless wellspring of his manhood.

"Okay," he said. "Sure."

They drove out the Gavea road and up high into the hills. She directed him to a ledge overlooking green slopes and ridges, and when he had parked, they took a flight of stone steps to a rambling, gabled building with a glassed-in dining veranda and cocktail lounge.

"I don't see him yet," she said, "but he should be along any minute."

"We can have a drink, can't we? And I might as well tell you now, the luncheon's on me."

"You'll have to fight that out with Morg." But at the end of an hour and two cocktails each, Morgan Broderick had not appeared. Julia said, "He must be delayed somewhere. We may as well go ahead and eat. He's apt to get sidetracked on business deals even over the weekend."

Deston was silent for a moment before he said, "To tell you the truth, I'm not really hungry. I had a late breakfast. Are you really hungry?"

She looked at him, her attention caught by the gentle raillery in his voice. He laughed softly and looked away toward the Sugar Loaf. When he looked back at her, she was blushing and fidgeting with her handkerchief.

"Would you like to wait a little longer? Or shall we go?" he said.

She stood up abruptly. "We may as well go." She walked away from the table and was outside, waiting in the car, by the time he had paid the bill and left the cocktail lounge. He got in behind the wheel feeling a tightness in his throat; he was angered by vague intimations of duplicity and doubletalk and by the belief, almost a conviction, that he was being made a fool of.

He put his hand at the back of her neck and ran it up through her soft, gleaming ringlets. He felt malice keen its way through him and an ache, too, a bittersweet longing. He kneaded the ringlets and then stroked the lobe of her ear.

"Don't," she said. She flung away from him, her face white and drawn. "Lord—don't, don't!" She lay twisted against the door, her face hidden in her hands.

He drove down out of the hills and parked opposite his hotel. He sat for a moment in stony silence and then said, "I like your husband very much." He got out of the car and slammed the door. "I don't like tricks. And I really don't play—except for keeps. I'm sorry I made that pass at you."

He turned and walked into his hotel. The image of her sitting in rigid, white-faced silence hounded him all the way up to his room, and when he peered down from his window, he saw her sports car was still there. It remained there for five minutes, then moved off. He turned away, swinging his balled fist at his side, thinking how wonderful it would feel to smash it through the mirror where his image scowled back at him with dark contempt. A desperate desire to get out of this room, this hotel, this city, drove him recklessly to the telephone. He could, he was told, get a seat in a plane to São Paulo in two hours. He got it.

It was three weeks before he returned to Rio. He came up in a plane that neared the city in an afternoon flamboyant with reds and pinks and saffrons, the sunset tinting the immense Christo Redemptor statue on Corcovado. He carried a briefcase loaded with data—documents, photostatic copies of contracts, notarized depositions. It weighed ten pounds and was like a ton of trouble on his mind and in his heart.

And behind him, back in São Paulo, Sydney Cowert was under suspension pending definitive action by the company's legal counsel in New York. The evidence against him was on the face of it incontrovertible. It was wholly sufficient to prosecute and convict. A prison term—years. This particularly was the ton of trouble in Deston's heart, for he had spent half a dozen evenings with Cowert's family and seen their poor circumstances. He had been touched and warmed by their affection for one another—and sick at heart when he turned up the damning evidence.

It was too late by the time he reached his hotel to phone the Rio office. And he needed a stiffening drink before he could bring himself to phone the Broderick villa. Morgan, he knew, had a brief, airmailed outline of the case. But Deston's thoughts were not concerned now with factual evidence when he said to Broderick on the phone, "I'd like to see you."

Broderick's voice came back low, hushed: "How's Syd? What does he say?"

"He admits everything. His family's his one worry. Three of his servicemen are involved, but up to now only one of them, Goro, has talked, doubtless because he felt his cut was low. He would approach the owner of a refrigerator whose warranty had only from two to six months to run and tell him that in return for the warranty certificate and the old unit he could get a brand-new unit at fifty per cent reduction. Checks were

made out to a fictitious distributing company; the old units, although still in running order, were returned to the company plant as defective—marked so by the serviceman and then by Cowert. And the company, for free, supplied the new unit under the terms of the warranty. Cowert did not," Deston said after a pause, "involve anybody but himself. He refuses to say anything. He wondered, however, when you'd run down there. He said he'd wired you."

"I had to fly up to Belém on business," Broderick said. Then his voice came through inordinately loud and harsh, "I never let a pal down. I'll do whatever I can do for him. When do you want to come up here? How about nine?"

Deston taxied up to the villa and got there a little early, for impatience dogged him and all he wanted now was to wrap up this part and get it over with. He climbed the steps cut out of solid rock and crossed the terrace in a blaze of white moonlight. He rang, but no one answered. No servant came to the door. There was no sound of life anywhere and there were few lights. He went back to the terrace and looked up at the face of the villa, at the black rectangles of the balconied windows.

And then he heard a groan, thick and guttural, long-drawn. He heard it again, fainter this time, and the hair at the back of his neck crawled.

He found a way in, an open back window, and turned on the lights as he moved through the ground-floor rooms. He could see a low night light at the head of a staircase, and he ran up, his heart thumping and his throat dry and constricted. The doors upstairs were open and he sped from one to another, and then, out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of one closing softly. He sprang toward it, knocking it open.

The groan came again, inside the room, and the moonlight from the window revealed in ghostly detail a shape sprawled on the bed. Then the lights came on. He saw Julia standing near the wall, her hand still on the light switch. Broderick lay rumpled on the bed, his eyes closed, his lips loosely popping out groans and vague mumblings.

Deston said sharply, "What's wrong with him?"

"I put sleeping powders in his last highball," Julia said. "He won't come to for hours—unless you shout like that. Please don't."

Deston followed her down to the living room with an almost catlike tread. "What in heaven's name kind of woman are you?"

Her face was dead white and there was no color in her lips. But her gaze on him was level, unwavering. "You're quite sure in your mind what kind of woman I am. Why do you ask?"

Slowly he said, "Let's not be cute. Let's not be sarcastic. Your husband's in a hell of a jam and you know it. Fifty thousand dollars pried out of the company in two years. The three servicemen among them got only four thousand and Cowert got only eight at most. Have you seen how the Cowerts live? A five-year-old car and shabby furniture— And the way you people live!"

"I know," she said, stiff-lipped. "I know *now*."

"Only now?" The glitter in his dark eyes mocked her. "And what did you think you were accomplishing when you drugged your husband?"

"Please, please! He—after you were on the phone—poor Morg—he went all to pieces. He drank, one after another, to get up courage to face you. But how could he? The more he drank, the louder he got—maudlin, swaggering. He would get Syd the best lawyers. But how could I let him face you in that condition? And where would he get the money for the best lawyers? He's always lived right up to the hilt—"

"And you?" Deston said. "You didn't live up to the hilt? How do you feel now with all your jewels and Italian sports car and fine furniture and expensive gowns? And teasing men, flirting right under your husband's nose—goading him, making your price high and him fool enough to pay it, even at the risk of wrecking his career. Only *now* you know? You didn't know when I first got here? You didn't try to soften me up then? You didn't try it again with a faked meeting on the beach and a faked luncheon up in the hills—and then lost your nerve? Or did it embarrass you because you sensed from the very first that I had your number?" He wished he could shut up; he was hurting her and he knew it.

She cried out. "It wasn't that. Dear Lord, it wasn't that! Some of the other things, yes. But—but—" Her lip trembled and she could not go on.

Deston dared not look at her another moment. His wild anger had vanished, and he felt a burning in his breast, fierce and protective. The wisp of a smile she managed was tender, and there was understanding in her eyes and perhaps an awareness of what had sprung up between them in the very beginning. He dared not risk another word. He turned and walked out.

He tried several times next day to get

in touch with Morgan Broderick, but the office manager told Deston that Broderick was seeing no one until the company's legal counsel arrived from New York. A whole battery of lawyers flew down a day later together with Wells Eagleson, vice-president in charge of public relations. Kellner, one of the lawyers, shook his head when Deston tried to reach Broderick through him. Kellner was a classmate of Broderick's and he stood with Deston at an office window above the Rua da Alfândega.

"That story about his not seeing anyone till we got here was only a half-truth like lots of Morg's stories," said Kellner. "We didn't want him to meet the press. Morg all his life was never happy unless he was on top. He always liked to run the show. If he couldn't, he sulked. And if he failed at something, he hid away for days."

Deston said, "I got to like him a great deal. I want to see him. He said he'd stand by Syd Cowert."

Kellner shot him a glance and said, "He's in no position to stand by anybody, and he ought to thank God for the way his wife's taken over. She's doing all the dirty work—selling the cars, furniture, all her jewels, most of her clothing."

"Do you mean he and Cowert will be prosecuted together?"

Kellner took Deston by the arm, walked him to a chair, and seated him there with morose solicitation. "Eagleson does not wish to take Morg to the courts and he most certainly does not wish a leak to the press. We in the legal department agree with him. All the stuff is being sold through a confidential agent for only one reason: Morgan's in debt so deeply here in Rio that if he tried to move out of the country, there'd be hell to pay. He's bilked the company out of close to forty thousand dollars, but we believe Prexy Haverford will write that off. As soon as Morg's debts are cleared up, it will be reported that the trouble in São Paulo caused him a nervous breakdown. He will fly back to the States with his wife. A few months later his resignation will be announced. We already have it, in fact, postdated and signed. Am I clear?"

Deston shook his head and stood up. "Not quite. I understood you to say that the São Paulo trouble would be reported. Do you mean Cowert? And if you mean him, why should it be reported?"

Kellner's nose seemed to hang farther over his mouth as he gave Deston a long upward doleful look. "Goro, one of his servicemen—the one who talked to you. He still thinks Cowert got all that dough. He wanted some of it. When he couldn't get it, he offered his story—at a price—to a São Paulo newspaper late last night. It's on the stands there now, but Eagleson got it by phone early this morning—2 A.M.—the editor asking for confirmation or denial. How the hell could he deny it when Goro says he can produce Cowert, the two other servicemen, and even you who first got his story. Cowert will not implicate Morgan because he owes his job to Morg. Morg got him the job when times were hard, and his kind of pride will not let Morg down. We've got to prosecute Cowert, come right back with a big press story of our own, to show the company will not stand for finagling in the service department. Dealers, even the ultimate buyer, place almost as much importance on servicing as on the product itself. We can confine this to São Paulo. If we prosecute Morgan, the company's top man in Brazil, confidence in the company will be shaken all over South America. If a crook got that high, they'll ask, how many others have we?"

Deston's anger was cold now. "It's admirable to repay a dept of gratitude and take the rap for a friend," he said. "It can also be foolish, stupid pride—when your wife and kids suffer for it in the end. No—oh, no!" He pointed to the phone. "Get hold of Mr. Haverford in New York and explain the miserable, shabby conditions the Cowerts live in."

Kellner looked stupefied. "Me? Man, you're out of your mind! Go over Eagleson's head? Look, Deston, we don't even bother the Prexy a little bit whenever some company branch gets a bellyache. Me? Never!"

Picking up the phone, Deston said to the secretary in the next room, "Get Mr. Haverford." And he struck down the hand Kellner tried to stop him with. His eyes, cold and deadly now, were enough to block Kellner's second try. The call sped through to New York in no time, but then it took Deston two hours to fight his way through an elaborate defense in depth—a chief operator, an information secretary, three other secretaries, an office manager, and two argumentative vice-presidents. His voice was hoarse by the time the great remote president of world-wide Electricol came on the line and said, "Okay, what's the beef?" And ten minutes later: "You got guts, kid. Go down to São Paulo now, today. Get the Cowert family packed up and fly with them back to New York. Eagleson must be nuts to think I'd let one of our people be thrown to those courts down there."

So the great man was not a myth

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after all. He was a man like other men, and he had a heart. Deston, off for the airport within the hour, felt a sharp pang of longing for Julia Broderick, an irrecoverable loss.

It was there again, strong as ever, as he rode down Fifth Avenue. And the white villa was large in his mind. And there was Julia on the beach, and at that mountain inn. And there were the soft, soft ringlets. And there was the touch of her hand, more exciting now in remembrance than when he had touched it.

He got out of the taxi at Washington Square, and when he saw her walk away from the bus he was sure it was Julia. He ran after her.

"Julia," he said, up close behind her and hardly aware that it was the first time he had used her given name. "Julia Broderick."

She turned, her brows lifted in cheerful inquiry. Then her eyes opened wide and she clapped a hand to her cheek. "Well, for goodness' sake—no! But yes—Charles Deston!"

They stood holding hands and peering at each other with happy, searching eyes. Their smiles were tentative, uncertain, and they started small, exclamatory sentences that somehow never were finished. They sat down on a bench, still holding hands without realizing it, and their eyes, still searching and exploring, never left each other's face.

He said at last, "How's Morgan?"

"Pretty well, I guess. And you—you look awfully well. You know, it's odd—but just a week or so ago I thought I saw Syd Cowert on the street. But I wasn't sure—he looked so thin, so changed."

Deston said, "He'd been ill for a couple of years in São Paulo—hiding it from his family, from everyone. Serious illness. Haverford fired him with one hand, for the good of the company—and with the other put him on a pension."

Tears started in her eyes, but with an effort she stopped them. She took a breath, saying, "I have a little place near here. Come for a drink?"

Walking with her, he thought she was lithe and quick and fresh-looking as spring. Then they were in two rooms and a kitchenette in a spotless walk-up, and he couldn't keep his eyes off her.

"You watch me so—hm?" she said, curious but pleased.

"I'll mix the drinks if you want me to." He mixed them, not looking at her but vibrantly aware of her presence. "Where's Morgan?"

"California. We were divorced a year ago and I came East then and got a job. And you—you're still with Electricol?"

He nodded. "But straight engineering work now—in their TV labs. No more of that undercover stuff. No more—" He stopped and hunched over the mixing glass. "I've always wished I could take back some words I said—"

"I guessed," she broke in, with a small reminiscing laugh. "I guessed *that* almost the minute after you said them. Besides, they were nothing compared with the things I did." Her tone was severe with herself now. "That I didn't know the whole truth is no real excuse. Morg said we were to soften you up for the Cowerts' sake—he said that Syd's work in São Paulo was slipping fast. He'd always encouraged me to use my so-called wiles for company business purposes. Why not for poor old Syd's sake? I—I was to find out from you if—if your visit was as routine as it was supposed to be. He suspected it wasn't when he heard that Wells Eagleson had been against it. But with you"—her voice began to shake—"I couldn't go through with it. I couldn't bear to hurt you—from the first—from the very first night. And I—I was afraid of myself with you. Morg was angry with me. He said I acted like a fool with you—a schoolgirl. And I did, I know!"

"Well I acted like a schoolboy—I know. Morgan—I know Electricol blackballed him for life in the industrial world. What's he doing now?"

She was silent for a moment as if on a point of grave reflection. "In business for himself—a small auto agency. Poor Morg, he couldn't see that I never had loved him so much as when he got in trouble in Rio. He was sick with shame and bewilderment, and all my heart was his then. But," she said, shaking her head, "his life, his whole life, was based on impressing people with his success. And in the auto agency, the old game began again: it was smart, good business, poor Morg said, for a wife to use her wiles on the customers. No, I said. And from then on there was no peace. And after a while there was nothing in my heart."

Deston poured the drinks in silence and left them, walked to the window and looked out, seeing nothing. "Let's go somewhere," he said. "A gay place, music and dancing. Let's begin now in a place just like that. You and me."

"You and me, yes," she said in a voice of soft wonder and delight.

Exhilaration like a breath of springtime made him wheel suddenly, but with nothing to say. Until he saw her fond shaky smile and the way her eyes gazed at him, warm and tender and almost like a caress. Then he said, "And you haven't changed your hairdo. Wonderful!"

She blushed a little. "I meant to. But I always thought of the time in Rio—"

"This?" he said, running his fingers through the ringlets.

She closed her eyes and quivered a bit, smiling. And she murmured, moving her head against his fingers, "Mmmm . . . mmmm!"

THE END

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ARLENE FRANCIS

Star of three major networks, mother of a boy genius, and wife of an actor-producer, Arlene Francis is America's busiest working girl

BY JON WHITCOMB

Peter, age eight, looked her right in the eye. "Mommy," he said distinctly, "I've made up my mind. I won't mind you any more. Just Pop."

His mother looked up from her TV script. "Why, dear?"

Peter said, "Because Pop's an American, and you're just a ole Armenian."

This conversation occurred recently in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gabel, an attractive couple who have every branch of show business firmly grasped by the short hair. Mr. Gabel, an actor, director, and producer, was featured in the recent Broadway play, "Reclining Figure." Mrs. Gabel, better known as Arlene Francis, works nights, mornings, and most of the hours in between for three television networks: ABC, NBC, and CBS. The energy that enabled Arlene to produce Peter, a child with a startlingly high I.Q. (he attends Hunter College Elementary School for advanced children), takes her through one of the world's most intricate schedules of personal appearances. For ABC-TV she stars in a weekly evening show, "Soldier Parade." For NBC-TV she presides over "Home," which goes on the air five days a week in the morning. On Sunday nights she decorates the panel of CBS-TV's "What's My Line?" third from the left in a row that includes Dorothy Kilgallen, a guest panelist, and Bennett Cerf. She knocks off somewhere between two and three hundred thousand a year for her special brand of amiable charm, an appeal which gallops right through the lenses of movie and TV cameras without loss of steam. Most women like Arlene and regard her as a good egg; men fall for her wide grin and her razor-edged wit. In addition, the most casual male contact with Arlene always has the air of a flirtation.

Arlene's professional trade-mark is a diamond-studded heart. The gift of her husband on their first wedding anniversary, she wears it hung on a thin chain around her neck. It is never taken off. Sharp-eyed viewers of "What's My Line?" deluged her with anxious mail when it disappeared for a few broadcasts for repairs to the clasp.

"May I Borrow Your Heart?"

One day a man telephoned to ask if he could borrow the heart and have one made like it for his wife's birthday. Arlene commented, in her mating-call voice, that a duplicate might be very expensive. He replied that cost was no object. Arlene agreed to the loan, and the caller had it copied. A month later he called again to say that his wife was delighted with her present. "By the way," he said, "please allow me to express my appreciation of your kindness by sending you one of my firm's products." Arlene had hardly hung up before the gift arrived. Standing at her curb was a Nash Rambler.

For a girl whose father was always dead set against the theatre, Arlene has overcome big odds. She was born (in 1908, according to *The World Almanac*—age being one thing Arlene won't discuss) in Boston, Massachusetts, to Aram Kazanjian, an Armenian portrait photographer, and his wife, Leah, of English-German stock. Arlene made early noises about becoming an actress. Father Kazanjian retaliated by installing his Protestant chick in a Catholic convent school. After six years of studying Arlene, the nuns agreed with her when they saw her in the graduation play. That one, they told her parents, belongs on the stage. Her father immediately popped her into New York's Finch finishing school, which taught young ladies, among other things, how to pour tea. Still muttering "I want to play Hamlet," she was packed off for a year abroad, after which her father played his final trump. He bought her a gift shop in New York which opened under the name of Studio d'Arlene. Too much of a lady to stoop to trade, too much of an actress to bother with selling, and too convivial to charge her friends for things, Arlene saw her store fold up during the depression, just about the time she got her foot in the door of radio.

Starting with a replacement job on a show called "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," where she exercised her stable of impersonations and accents, she worked on "The March of Time," a long list of soap operas like "Aunt Jenny" and "Big Sister," and a flock of comedy shows starring Jack Benny, Bea Lillie, Burns and Allen, and Fred Allen. While the Kazanjians were opposed to the stage, they found no objection to Arlene as a radio voice. But somewhere along the line she began exchanging microphones for footlights, and has now been a disobedient daughter in more than twenty stage plays. Among them: "The Doughgirls," "All That Glitters," "The Over-

BOSTON-BORN, *and a product of convent and finishing schools, Arlene braved the world with a cultured accent warmed by a husky "just between us" voice. This did her little good as proprietress of a New York gift shop; she went broke. It did help later when—having auditioned her way into radio as a dog, a cat, and a witch—she finally made the daytime soap operas. On her Broadway and TV audiences the effect is hypnotic.*

tons," and "The Women," and in the winter of 1953-54 her name was up in lights as the star of "Late Love." One of the movies she made during this period was "All My Sons."

During her chores on the radio serial "Big Sister," the character of Dr. Wayne was portrayed by actor Martin Gabel. When Orson Welles staged "Danton's Death" on Broadway, featuring Gabel, Arlene was hired for one of the roles. Some of their entrances were made in the middle of the stage from an elevator underneath, and Martin and Arlene had plenty of time to fall in love waiting together in their basement cage. They were married in 1946. Now they live with Peter in a four-story East Side house which Arlene decorated herself. In the back yard is a child-size swimming pool.

Arlene is not strictly beautiful by current standards, but she achieves the same effect with her talent for public wooing. Her relationship to other people is one long courtship. Her eyes sparkle, her hair glistens, and her grin is irresistible. She has such a good time at whatever she is doing that it is impossible not to join the game. She wears her light-brown hair with blonde streaks in a windblown

(continued)

She studied plumbing, cabinetmaking and even bricklaying to decorate her nine-room house

STAGE PRESENCE *budded early in little Arlene Francis Kazanjian. She still features that twinkle in her dark eyes.*

medium length which exactly suits her heart-shaped face, and her voice is a cello for warming up love scenes and commercials. In her mid-forties, Arlene does not look much more than twenty-nine; her air of being a perpetual debutante, a debutante who enjoys raising a little hell, contributes to this impression.

Rapid-Fire Ad-Libber

Arlene's reputation for rapid-fire ad libs on the air has been growing since before the war. During lunch I told her I had heard her famous fluff on a radio show called "What's My Name?" Arlene was impersonating a woman novelist and the contestant looked hopelessly stupid. Then he said brightly, "You're Fannie Hurst." It was the correct answer.

Arlene gasped, "Oh my God! You're right!" and then said, "Oh my God, I can't say 'Oh my God' over the air!" Having repeated it three times, she somehow took the curse off a grave infraction of radio's strict code for ladylike language.

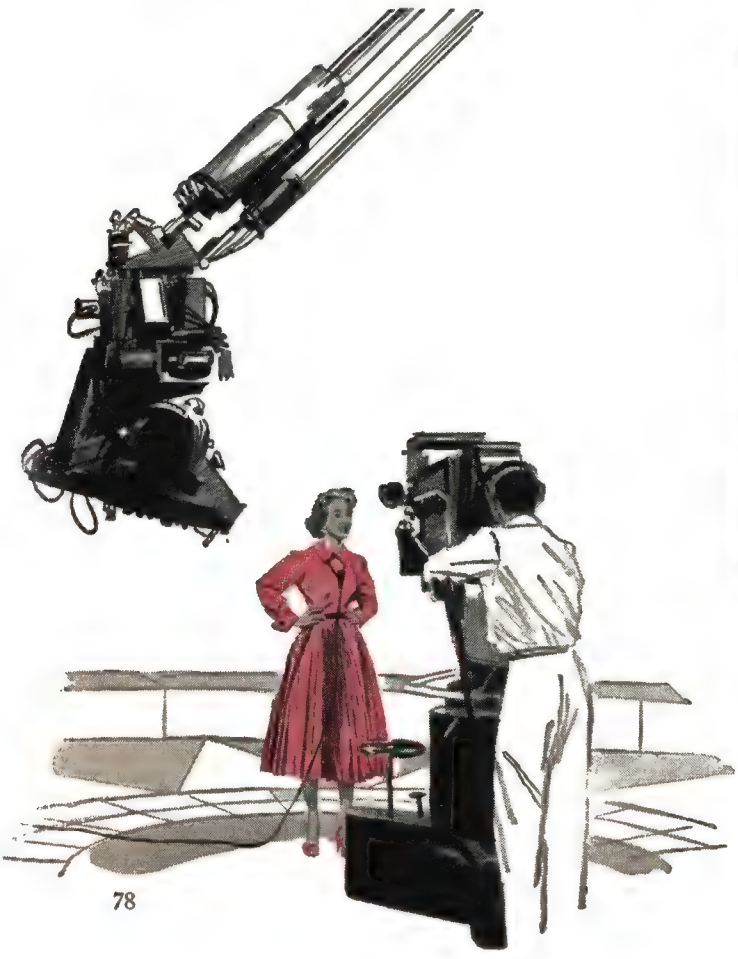
I asked her what she considered to be her biggest booboo on the air. "It was awful. I just can't tell you." She giggled. "The next-worst moment I ever saw was on 'This Is Show Business,' a TV panel show for actors' problems run by Clifton Fadiman. The guest was Joan Diener, a luscious blonde in 'Kismet' who said her dilemma was the conflict between getting enough sleep and going out at night with producers and other people who could be helpful to an actress. I sat there looking at Miss Diener, who is amazingly constructed along the lines made famous by Jane Russell, and without thinking I said, 'Well, it seems to me you have *two* problems—and I never got any further. The audience exploded and made so much racket the whole panel broke up.' "

Impulsive but Invulnerable

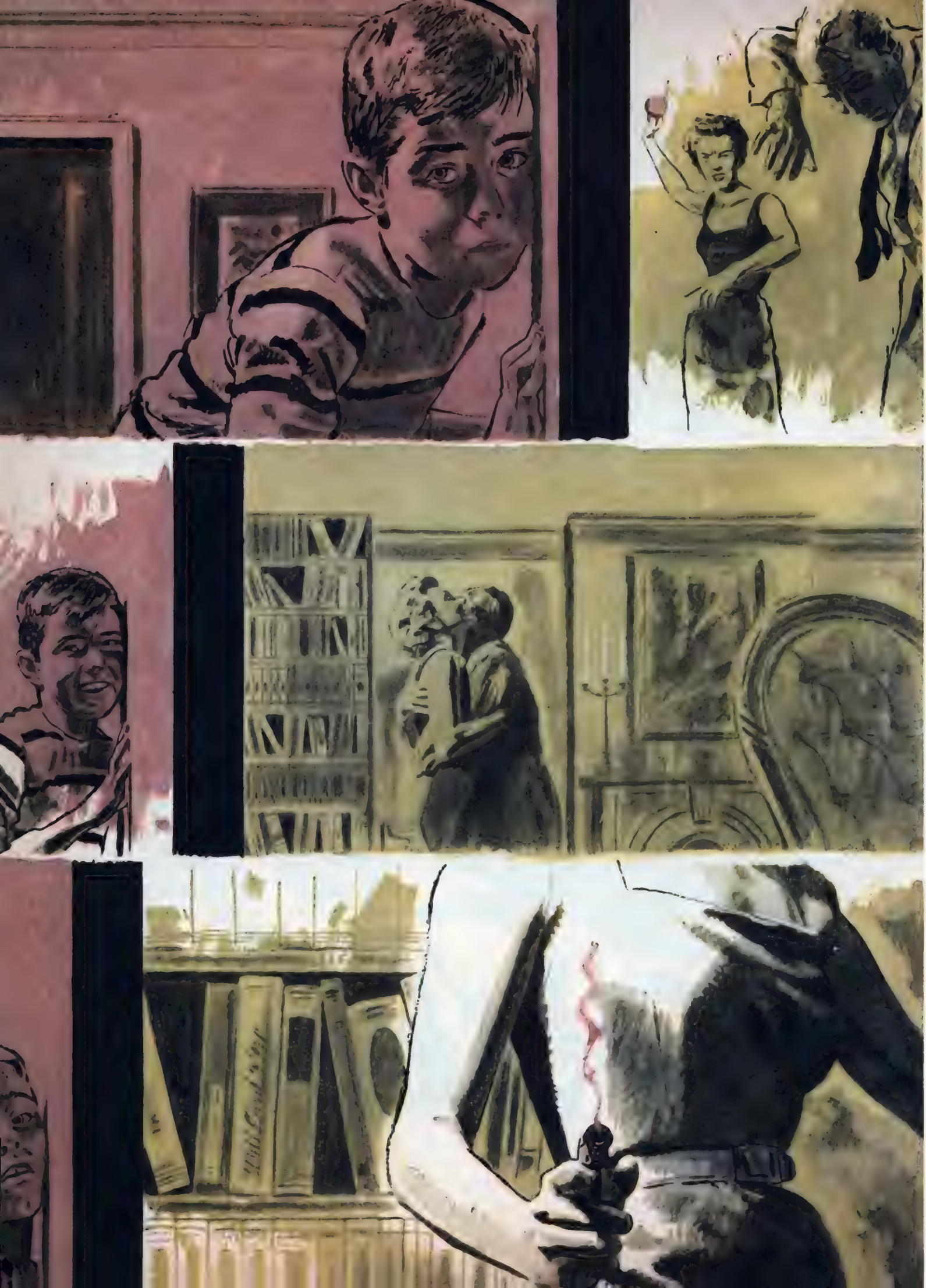
After all, Arlene was brought up to be a lady. And ladies are invulnerable. As one of her friends observed, "Arlene is impulsive, but she has breeding and taste. I think she could say *anything* on the air and get away with it."

Which proves finishing schools come in handy, and Father probably knew best.

THE END



THE GABELS AT HOME *(Above)—Peter, eight years old, is growing up amidst two high-powered careers. His mother, Arlene Francis, is a TV star, and his father, Martin Gabel, is a stage star. Peter is doing his best to star in a school for advanced children. (Left) It takes some heavy machinery to send Arlene to forty-eight states. Here she is on the "Home" set, portable mike around her neck, robot camera overhead on a boom. (Right) Artist Whitcomb caught Arlene on her way to "What's My Line?"*



next door

The moment his parents left, a small riot broke loose next door.... Paul heard it through the paper-thin wall and knew he'd have to do something quick

BY KURT VONNEGUT, JR. ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD STONE

The old house was divided into two dwellings by a thin wall that passed on, with high fidelity, sounds on either side. On the north side were the Leonards. On the south side were the Hargers.

The Leonards—husband, wife, and eight-year-old son—had just moved in. And, aware of the wall, they kept their voices down as they argued in a friendly way as to whether or not the boy, Paul, was old enough to be left alone for the evening.

"Shhhhh!" said Paul's father.

"Was I shouting?" said his mother. "I was talking in a perfectly normal tone."

"If I could hear Harger pulling a cork, he can certainly hear you," said his father.

"I didn't say anything I'd be ashamed to have anybody hear," said Mrs. Leonard.

"You called Paul a baby," said Mr. Leonard. "That certainly embarrasses Paul—and it embarrasses me."

"It's just a way of talking," she said.

"It's a way we've got to stop," he said. "And we can stop treating him like a baby, too—*tonight*. We simply shake his hand, walk out, and go to the movie." He turned to Paul. "You're not afraid—are you, boy?"

"I'll be all right," said Paul. He was very tall for his age, and thin, and had a soft, sleepy, radiant sweetness engendered by his mother. "I'm fine."

"Damn right!" said his father, clouting the boy on the back. "It'll be an adventure."

"I'd feel better about this adventure, if we could get a sitter," said his mother.

"If it's going to spoil the picture for you," said his father, "let's take him with us."

Mrs. Leonard was shocked. "Oh—it isn't for children."

"I don't care," said Paul amiably. The why of their not wanting him to see certain movies, certain magazines, certain books, certain television shows, was a mystery he respected—even relished a little. He liked the notion of there being more to the world than he could sense.

"It wouldn't kill him to see it," said his father.

"You *know* what it's about," she said.

"What *is* it about?" said Paul.

Mrs. Leonard looked to her husband for help, and got none. "It's about a girl who chooses her friends unwisely," she said.

"Oh," said Paul. "That doesn't sound very interesting."

"Are we going, or aren't we?" said Mr. Leonard impatiently. "The show starts in ten minutes."

Mrs. Leonard bit her lip. "All right!" she said bravely. "You lock the windows and the back door, and I'll write down the telephone numbers for the police and the fire department and the theatre and Dr. Failey." She turned to Paul. "You *can* dial, can't you, dear?"

"He's been dialing for years!" cried Mr. Leonard.

"Sssssh!" said Mrs. Leonard.

"Sorry." Mr. Leonard bowed to the wall. "My apologies."

"Paul," said Mrs. Leonard, "what will you do while we're gone?"

"Oh—look through my microscope, I guess," said Paul.

"You're not going to be looking at germs, are you?" she said.

"Nope—just hair, sugar, pepper, stuff like that," said Paul.

His mother frowned judiciously. "I

Paul waved his parents good-by. "I'll just look through my microscope," he assured them.

think that would be all right, don't you?" she said to Mr. Leonard.

"Fine!" said Mr. Leonard. "Just as long as the pepper doesn't make him sneeze!"

"I'll be careful," said Paul.

Mr. Leonard winced. "Shhhhh!" he said.

Soon after Paul's parents left, the radio in the Harger apartment went on. It was so soft at first that Paul, looking through his microscope on the living-room table, couldn't make out the announcer's words. The music was frail and dissonant—unidentifiable.

Gamely, Paul tried to listen to the music rather than to the man and woman who were fighting.

Paul squinted through the eyepiece of his microscope at a bit of his hair far below, and he turned a knob to bring the hair into focus. It looked like a glistening brown eel, flecked here and there with tiny spectra where the light struck the hair just so.

There—the voices of the man and woman were getting louder again, drowning out the radio. Paul twisted the microscope knob nervously, and the objective lens ground into the glass slide on which the hair rested.

The woman was shouting now.

Paul unscrewed the lens, and examined it for damage.

Now the man shouted back—shouted something awful, unbelievable.

Paul got a sheet of lens tissue from his bedroom, and dusted at the frosted dot on the lens, where the lens had bitten into the slide. He screwed the lens back in place.

All was quiet again next door—except for the radio.

Paul looked down into the microscope, into the milky mist of the damaged lens.

Now the fight was beginning again—louder and louder, cruel and crazy.

Trembling, Paul sprinkled grains of salt on a fresh slide, and put it under the microscope.

The woman shouted again, a high, ragged, poisonous shout.

Then Paul turned the knob too hard, and the fresh slide cracked into triangles. He was shaking, wanting to shout, too—to shout in terror and bewilderment. It had to stop. Whatever it was, it *had* to stop!

"If you're going to yell, turn up the radio!" the man cried.

Paul heard the clicking of the woman's heels across the floor. The radio volume swelled until the boom of the bass made Paul feel as if he were trapped in a drum.

"And now!" bellowed the radio, "for Katy from Fred! For Nancy from Bob, who thinks she's swell! For Arthur, from one who's worshiped him from afar for six weeks! Here's the old Glenn Miller band and that all-time favorite, 'Stardust'! Remember! If you have a dedication, call Milton 9-3000! Ask for All-Night Sam, the record man!"

The music picked up the house and shook it.

A door slammed next door. Now someone hammered on a door.

Paul looked down into his microscope once more, looked at nothing—while a prickling sensation spread over his skin. He faced the truth: the man and the woman would kill each other, if he didn't stop them.

He beat on the wall with his fist. "Mr. Harger! Stop it!" he cried. "Mrs. Harger! Stop it!"

"For Ollie from Lavina!" All-Night Sam cried back at him. "For Ruth from Carl, who'll never forget last Tuesday! For Wilbur from Mary, who's lonesome tonight! Here's the Sauter-Finegan Band asking, 'What Is This Thing Called Love?' "

Next door, crockery smashed, filling a split second of radio silence. And then the tidal wave of music drowned everything again.

Paul stood by the wall, trembling in his helplessness. "Mr. Harger! Mrs. Harger! Please!"

"Remember the number!" said All-Night Sam. "Milton 9-3000!"

Dazed, Paul went to the phone and dialed the number.

"WJCD," said the station operator.

"Would you kindly connect me with All-Night Sam?" said Paul.

"Hello!" said All-Night Sam. He was eating, talking with a full mouth. In the background, Paul could hear sweet, bleating music, the original of what was rending the radio next door.

"I wonder if I might make a dedication," said Paul.

"Dunno why not," said Sam. "Ever belong to any organization listed as subversive by the Attorney General's office?"

Paul thought a moment. "No, sir—I don't think so, sir," he said.

"Shoot," said Sam.

"From Mr. Lemuel K. Harger to Mrs. Harger," said Paul.

"What's the message?" said Sam.

"I love you," said Paul. "Let's make up and start all over again."

The woman's voice was so shrill with passion that it cut through the din of the radio, and even Sam heard it.

"Kid—are you in trouble?" said Sam. "Your folks fighting?"

Paul was afraid that Sam would hang up on him if he found out that Paul wasn't a blood relative of the Hargers. "Yes, sir," he said.

"And you're trying to pull 'em back together again with this dedication?" said Sam.

"Yes, sir," said Paul.

Sam became very emotional. "O.K., kid," he said hoarsely, "I'll give it everything I've got. Maybe it'll work. I once saved a guy from shooting himself the same way."

"How did you do that?" said Paul, fascinated.

"He called up and said he was gonna blow his brains out," said Sam, "and I played 'The Bluebird of Happiness.'" He hung up.

Paul dropped the telephone into its cradle. The music stopped, and Paul's hair stood on end. For the first time, the fantastic speed of modern communications was real to him—and he was appalled by it.

"Folks!" said Sam, "I guess everybody stops and wonders sometimes what the heck he thinks he's doin' with the life the good Lord gave him! It may seem funny to you folks, because I always keep up a cheerful front, no matter how I feel inside, that I wonder sometimes, too! And then, just like some angel was trying to tell me, 'Keep going, Sam, keep going,' something like this comes along.

"Folks!" said Sam, "I've been asked to bring a man and his wife back together again through the miracle of radio! I guess there's no sense in kidding ourselves about marriage! It isn't any bowl of cherries! There's ups and downs, and sometimes folks don't see how they can go on!"

Paul was impressed with the wisdom and authority of Sam. Having the radio turned up high made sense now, for Sam was speaking like the right hand of Providence itself.

When Sam paused for effect, all was still next door. Already the miracle was working.

"Now," said Sam, "a guy in my business has to be half musician, half philosopher, half psychiatrist, and half electrical engineer! And! If I've learned one thing from working with all you wonderful people out there, it's this: If folks would swallow their self-respect and pride, there wouldn't be any more divorces!"

There were affectionate cooings from next door. A lump grew in Paul's throat

Peignoir by Schiaparelli

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as he thought about the beautiful thing he and Sam were bringing to pass.

"Folks!" said Sam, "that's all I'm gonna say about love and marriage! That's all anybody needs to know! And now, for Mrs. Lemuel K. Harger, from Mr. Harger—I love you! Let's make up and start all over again!" Sam choked up. "Here's Eartha Kitt, and 'Somebody Bad Stole De Wedding Bell!'"

The radio next door went off.

The world lay still.

A purple emotion flooded Paul's being. Childhood dropped away, and he hung, dizzy, on the brink of life, rich, violent, rewarding.

There was movement next door—slow, foot-dragging movement.

"So," said the woman.

"Charlotte—" said the man uneasily. "Honey—I swear."

"'I love you,'" she said bitterly. "'Let's make up and start all over again.'"

"Baby," said the man desperately, "it's another Lemuel K. Harger. It's got to be!"

"You want your wife back?" she said. "All right—I won't get in her way. She can have you, Lemuel—you jewel beyond price, you."

"*She* must have called the station," said the man.

"She can have you, you philandering, two-timing, two-bit Lochinvar," she said. "But by then you won't be in very good condition."

"Charlotte—put down that gun," said the man. "Don't do anything you'll be sorry for."

"That's all behind me, you worm," she said.

There were three shots.

Paul ran out into the hall, and bumped into the woman as she burst from the Harger apartment. She was a big blonde woman, all soft and awry like an unmade bed.

She and Paul screamed at the same time, and then she grabbed him as he started to run.

"You want candy?" she said wildly. "Bicycle?"

"No, thank you," said Paul shrilly. "Not at this time."

"You haven't seen or heard a thing!" she said. "You know what happens to squealers?"

"Yes!" cried Paul.

She dug into her purse, and brought out a perfumed mulch of face tissues, bobby pins, and cash. "Here!" she panted. "It's yours! And there's more where that came from, if you keep your mouth shut." She stuffed it into his trouser pocket.

She looked at him fiercely, then fled into the street.

Paul ran back into his apartment, jumped into bed, and pulled the covers up over his head. In the hot, dark cave of the bed, he cried because he and All-Night Sam had helped to kill a man.

A policeman came clumping into the house very soon, and he knocked on both apartment doors with his billy club.

Numb, Paul crept out of the hot, dark cave, and answered the door. Just as he did, the door across the hall opened, and there stood Mr. Harger, haggard but whole.

"Yes, sir?" said Harger. He was a small, balding man, with a hairline mustache. "Can I help you?"

"The neighbors heard some shots," said the policeman.

"Really?" said Harger urbanely. He dampened his mustache with the tip of his little finger. "How bizarre. I heard nothing." He looked at Paul sharply. "Have you been playing with your father's guns again, young man?"

"Oh, no, sir!" said Paul, horrified.

"Where are your folks?" said the policeman to Paul.

"At the movies," said Paul.

"You're all alone?" said the policeman.

"Yes, sir. It's an adventure."

"I'm sorry I said that about the guns," said Harger. "I certainly would have heard any shots in this house. The walls are thin as paper, and I heard nothing."

Paul looked at him gratefully.

"And you didn't hear any shots, either, kid?" said the policeman.

Before Paul could find an answer, there was a disturbance out on the street. A big, motherly woman was getting out of a taxicab, and wailing at the top of her lungs. "Lem! Lem, baby."

She barged into the foyer, a suitcase bumping against her leg and tearing her stocking to shreds. She dropped the suitcase, and ran to Harger, throwing her arms around him.

"I got your message, darling," she said, "and I did just what All-Night Sam told me to do. I swallowed my self-respect, and here I am!"

"Rose, Rose, Rose—my little Rose," said Harger. "Don't ever leave me again." They grappled with each other affectionately, and staggered into their apartment.

"Just look at this apartment!" said Mrs. Harger. "Men are just *lost* without women!" As she closed the door, Paul could see that she was awfully pleased with the mess.

"You *sure* you didn't hear any shots?" said the policeman to Paul.

The ball of money in Paul's pocket seemed to swell to the size of a watermelon. "Yes, sir," he croaked.

The policeman left.

Paul shut his apartment door, shuffled into his bedroom, and collapsed on the bed.

The next voices Paul heard came from his own side of the wall. The voices were sunny—the voices of his mother and father. His mother was singing a nursery rhyme and his father was undressing him.

"Diddle-diddle-dumpling, my son John," piped his mother, "went to bed with his stockings on. One shoe off, and one shoe on—Diddle-diddle-dumpling, my son John."

Paul opened his eyes.

"Hi, big boy," said his father. "You went to sleep with all your clothes on."

"How's my little adventurer?" said his mother.

"O.K.," said Paul sleepily. "How was the show?"

"It wasn't for children, honey," said his mother. "You would have liked the short subject, though. It was all about bears—cunning little cubs."

Paul's father handed her Paul's trousers, and she shook them out, and hung them neatly on the back of a chair by the bed. She patted them smooth, and felt the ball of money in the pocket. "Little boys' pockets!" she said, delighted. "Full of childhood's mysteries. An enchanted frog? A magic pocketknife from a fairy princess?" She caressed the lump.

"He's not a little boy—he's a big boy," said Paul's father. "And he's too old to be thinking about fairy princesses."

Paul's mother held up her hands. "Don't rush it, don't rush it. When I saw him asleep there, I realized all over again how dreadfully short childhood is." She reached into the pocket and sighed wistfully. "Little boys are so hard on clothes—especially pockets."

She brought out the ball, and held it under Paul's nose. "Now, would you mind telling Mommy what we have here?" she said gaily.

The ball bloomed like a frowzy chrysanthemum, with ones, fives, tens, and lipstick-stained Kleenex for petals. Rising from it, fuddling Paul's young mind, was the pungent scent of perfume.

Paul's father sniffed the air. "What's that smell?" he said.

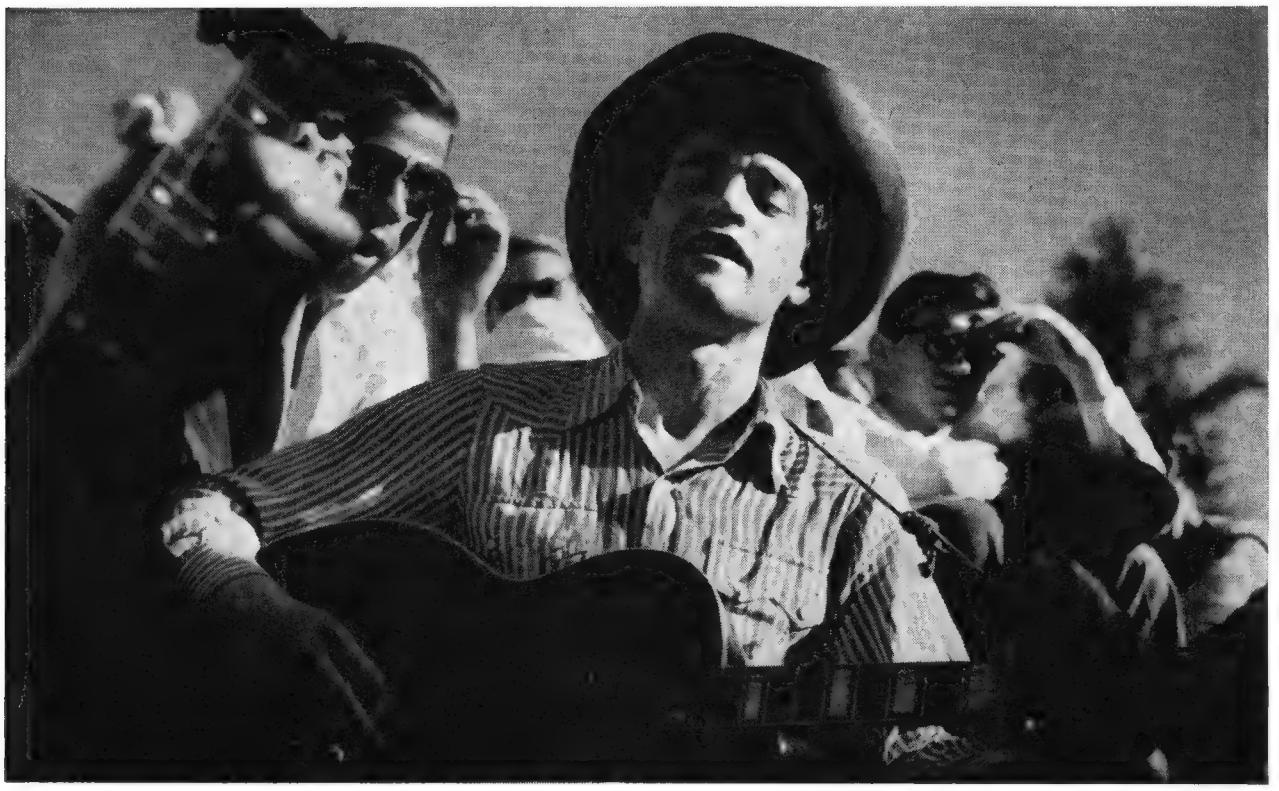
Paul's mother rolled her eyes. "*Tabu*," she said. THE END

The woman grabbed him. "You know what happens to squealers," she said, digging money out of her purse.

GREENWICH VILLAGE–1955

Gone is the avant-garde of the twenties. Today's Villager is a craftsman whose art makes sense—and dollars

PHOTOS BY GEORGE PICKOW TEXT BY NOEL CLAD



ONCE FAMED as the cheap-rent refuge of freethinking, freeloving, *avant-garde* painters and writers, Greenwich Village is still an artistic haven, but with a subtle difference. Few of the old iconoclasts remain. The modern Village artist is more likely to be a crafts expert like Donelda Fazakas (above), whose unique silk-screen draperies adorn ships and buildings like the S. S. *United States* and Miami Beach's Algiers Hotel. She sells regularly to the interior decorators of W. & J. Sloane and to leading architects, who are enthusiastic about her strong, simple designs. A genuine craftsman, she prints her own designs, and thus can obtain the precise coloring desired. She teaches a course in textile design at the Brooklyn Museum Art School. **WASHINGTON ARCH** (left, above) spans Fifth Avenue in classic tribute to the first U. S. president, is also gateway to the eight green acres of the Village's social heart, Washington Square. **BALLADIER JACK ELLIOT** (left, below) makes money putting on folk-song concerts from the enormous repertoire of melodies he has collected in years of walking, hitchhiking, range riding, and itinerant listening. He often sings at impromptu socials held Sunday afternoons around the Square's fountain, where the entertainment may include anything from acrobatics to authentic Indian dances. It depends on who happens to join in.

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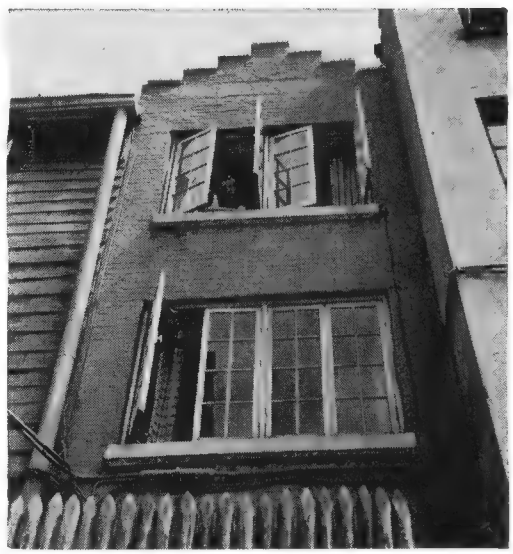
The old Bohemians scorned money as a vile temptation. Modern Villagers, still independent, earn enough cash to stay that way



MAKING MOBILES became a business for Scamanda Gerard (left, above) while she was studying education methods for a master's degree at Columbia University. She discovered that younger children had a natural feeling for the moving figures, now makes gay, inexpensive ones of die-cut cardboard. Three years at it have proved Easterners, with their limited concepts of space, are not mobile-minded. The biggest market is Texas. Mrs. Gerard's present models sell for a dollar, but she feels child-taught parents will soon buy a more expensive, durable model. **TWO FEMININE PRODUCERS**, Martha Farrar and Amanda Steel, occupied Edna St. Vincent Millay's house (left, below) until recently. While there, they made money on revivals of David Garrick's "The Clandestine Marriage" and Robinson Jeffers' "The Cretan Woman" at the Provincetown Playhouse. The house, only 8½ feet wide, is the narrowest in New York. Poetess Millay occupied its three floors, including a skylight studio, after her marriage in 1923, and wrote many of her famous sonnets there. **MACDOUGAL ALLEY** (below) is one of New York's few private streets. It also boasts the last two gas lamps in the city, preserved at the request of nostalgic Villagers. Now the most exclusive studios in the Village, with sky-high rents, the buildings originally were stables for mansions on Washington Square. Here, Villagers attend a cocktail party sponsored by Greenwich House, settlement house, to support a summer camp for needy children.

(continued)

Artists are concerned with business security. Experimental theatres have flashy new commercial fronts

THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE (above) is a landmark in American theatrical history. Here, just before the twenties, Eugene O'Neill saw his first plays produced, including "The Long Voyage Home." By the time the Playhouse did his "Emperor Jones" and "The Hairy Ape"—in the early twenties—O'Neill had been acclaimed on Broadway as America's greatest dramatist. Once a bottling works, the Playhouse has been united behind its new brick front with the building which was the first home of the Theatre Guild. Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis began their careers at the Provincetown Playhouse. Today it continues its tradition of off-beat drama, mixing originals and revivals. **EDWARD HOPPER** (left), one of America's most distinguished painters, has lived for over thirty years on Washington Square North. Born in Nyack, New York, he does a great deal of his painting at his summer home in Truro, Massachusetts, and has been called the first recorder of "the American provincial scene." He is a dedicated realist, but has a rare talent for investing simple subjects with a hint of magic and mystery, as in the oil painting (left, above) "Cape Cod Morning." He is also known for his etchings, which he prints himself on a hand press. Hopper's paintings hang in galleries as dissimilar as the traditional Metropolitan Museum of Art and the experimental Museum of Modern Art—a testimony to his wide appeal.

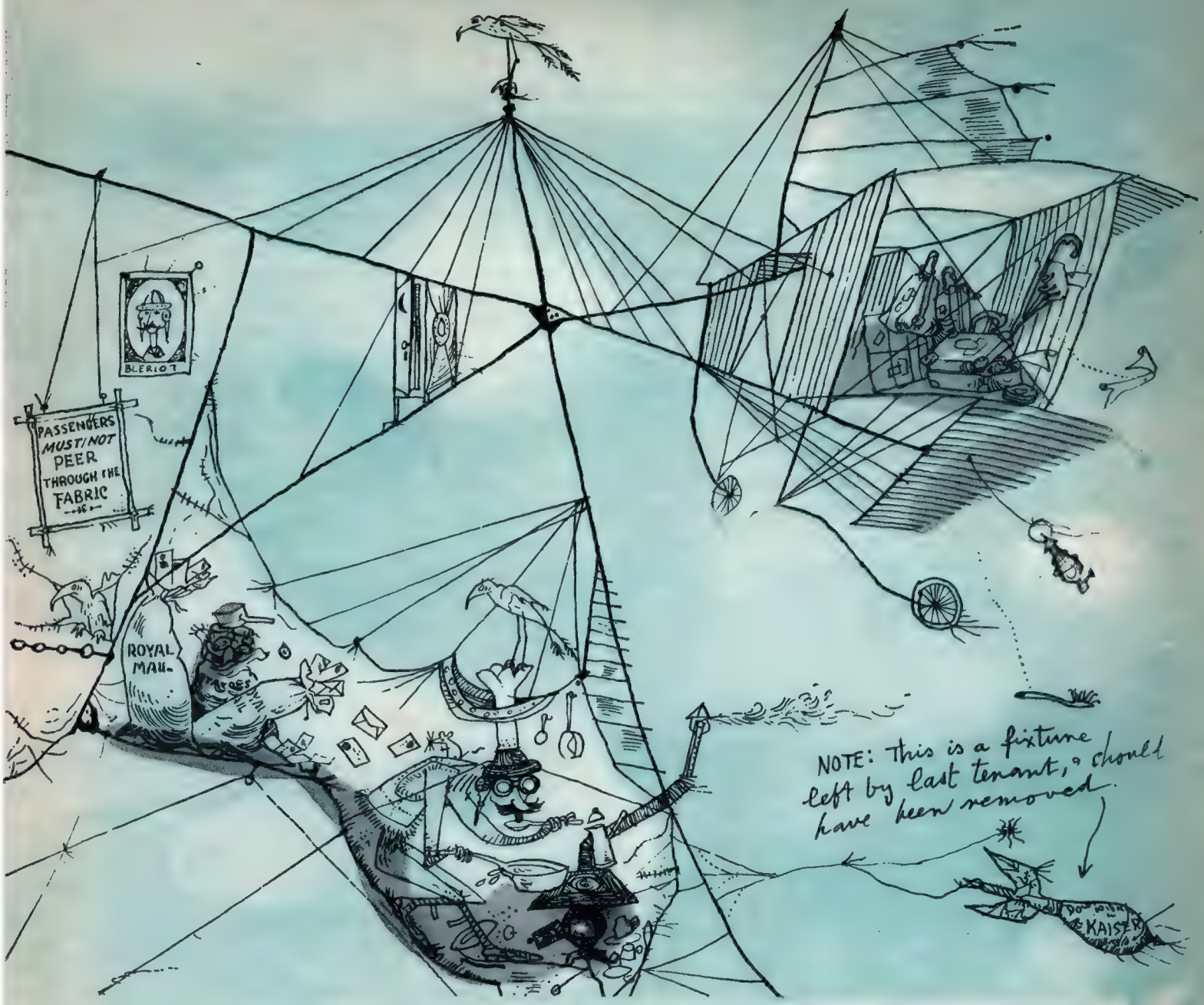
(continued)

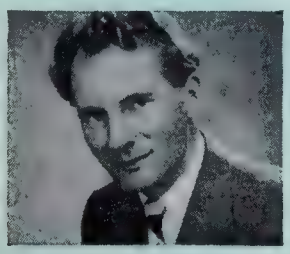
FOLK-SONG EXPERT Susan Reed (above) sang in a major night club when she was seventeen, playing her own accompaniment on a twenty-eight-string Irish harp. She recently gave a folk concert at the Metropolitan Museum of Art—one of a series which included Josh White, Richard Dyer-Bennet, and Burl Ives. She has also recorded for the Library of Congress. Now married to television actor James Karen, she gives much of her time to their Greenwich Avenue antique shop, a long-standing project and source of added income. **MEMORIES OF THE BOHEMIAN TWENTIES** cluster around Sinclair Lewis' former home (right, above) at 35 Charles Street. A resident of the Village for many years, Lewis worked on his best-known novel, *Main Street,* while living in this house. **MODERN JEWELRY** is the artistic forte of Paul Lobel, Rumanian-born metalworker (right). A deep believer in the craft system (as opposed to the specialization on which modern mass production is based), Lobel has exhibited pieces in the Museums of Modern Art and of Natural History under such titles as "From the Neck Up" and "Shining Birds" and "Silver Beasts," and has created a select buying public for his highly individual art.

THE END

Singing folk songs, making jewelry, writing great novels—all are included in the Village's creative way of life

The Expectation





If you have ever crossed the seas by air, or ever hope to, take a close look at these drawings, done especially for COSMOPOLITAN. Enjoy what happened to Rowland Emett, one of Britain's favorite humorists, on his two vividly memorable transoceanic flights—just thirty years apart!

THE EXPECTATION

Not long ago I was told that in order to keep pace with the business methods of the modern world, I would be compelled to fly from London to New York. My friends were astonished to discover I viewed the prospect with great alarm and despondency. They did not know, of course, that it had taken me thirty years to recover from my only previous transoceanic flight.

This took place in 1925, in the last word in air liners of that period—in a converted German bomber (see above).

I mounted a small painter's stepladder to reach my seat—a basketwork rocker—which was the hub of a veritable cat's cradle of bamboo and packing string,

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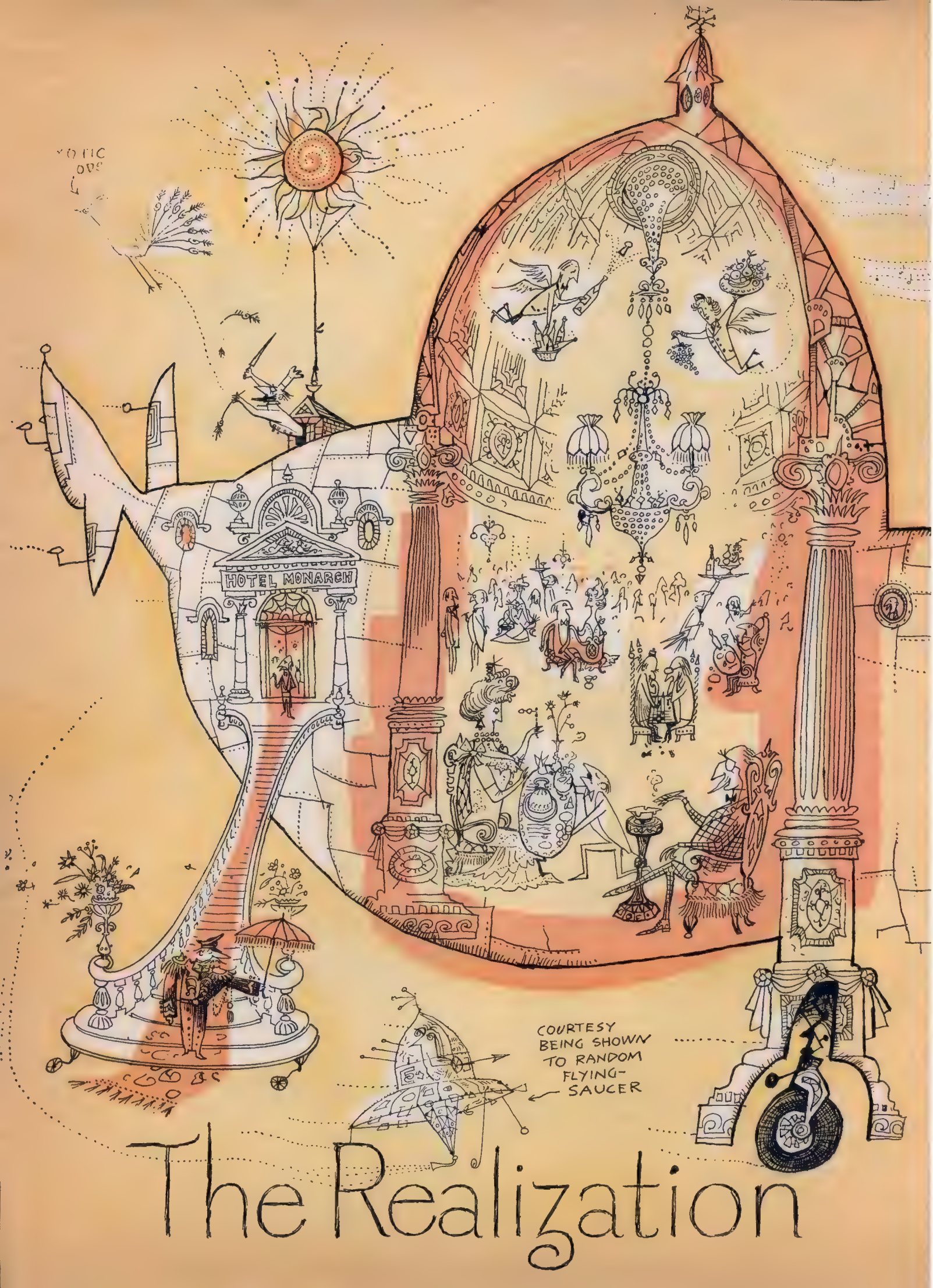
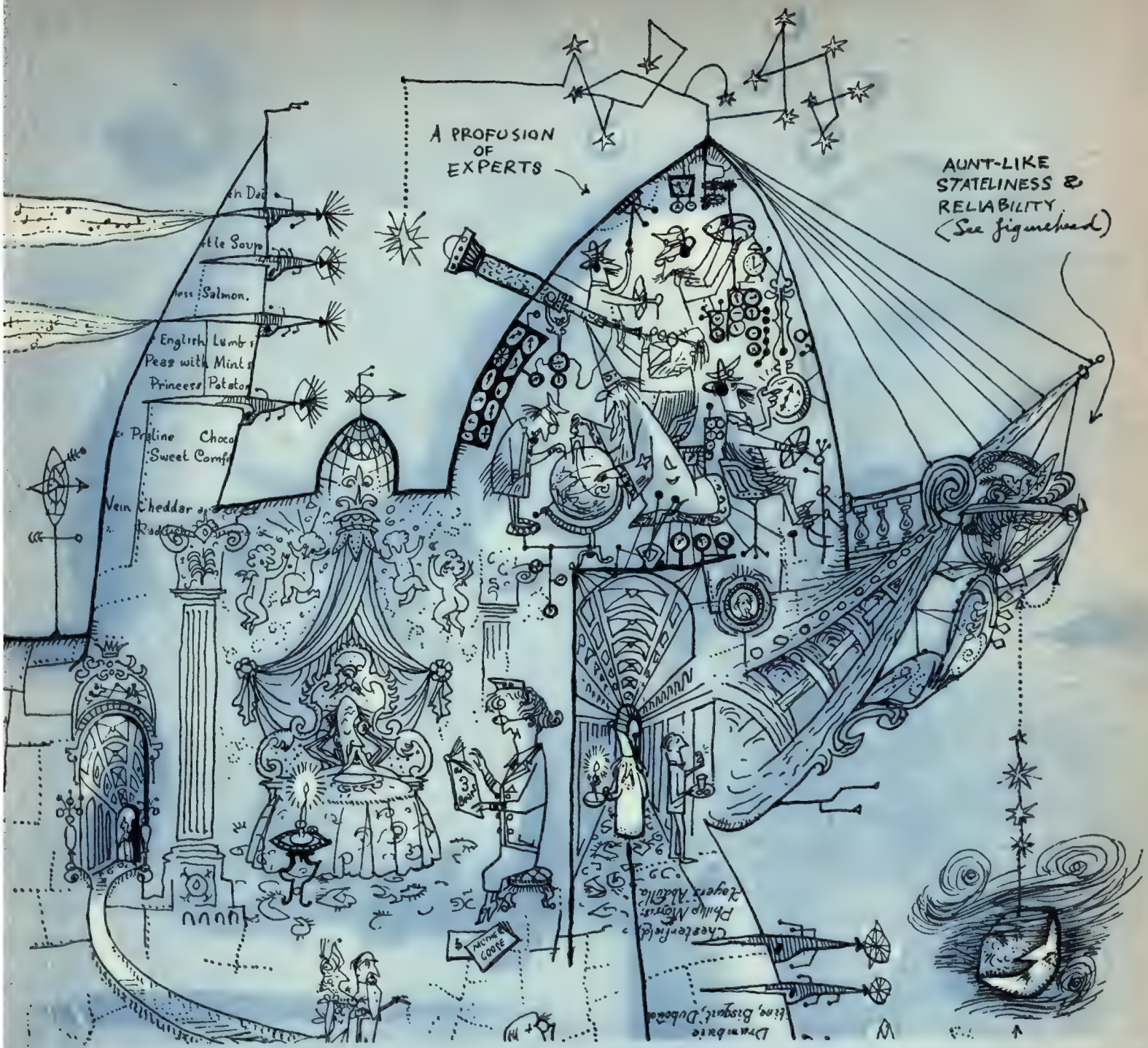


The Realization



cleverly laced and intermingled with fluttering rick sheets. This was the passenger saloon.

Just outside, two full-bodied, half-naked engines broke into thunderous life, and immediately obscured the small celluloid window with primeval slime. Fretfully tearing an unimportant hole in the fabric, I watched these engines, now suffused with an interesting cherry-red glow, as they threshed about in a petulant, bad-tempered way at the end of their restraining wires. This having taken up most of the slack in the bamboo and packing string that attached them to the rest of the machine, there was no recourse but to flap fitfully after them into the upper air. And flap we did until. through some miracle, we rattled and roared to our destination—altogether too exhausted to celebrate our survival.

With this experience in mind, you can imagine how I felt as I set out on my second transoceanic flight thirty years later.

THE REALIZATION

I was amazed and relieved to discover that science had made some significant advances since my last airborne adventure. The flying machine as I remembered it seemed to have given way to a form of glistening luxury hotel. The painter's stepladder had become a gracious, near-marble stairway that gave onto such scenes of richness and muted magnificence as I have rarely enjoyed, even in a stationary form.

This edifice left the earth smoothly and effortlessly and gave itself over to completely and utterly spoiling the passengers for any other form of life. After a period all too brief for the full enjoyment of this delightful existence (see above), we arrived at New York from the other side of the globe with rather less fuss than an elevator coming in from the twenty-first floor of the Waldorf-Astoria. Didn't even spill a drop of my Martini, either. THE END

Drawings by Rowland Emett

DEADLY VICTIM

Mary was a strange girl, beautiful, rich, promiscuous. Last night she kissed me. This morning she lay dead in my closet. My next move was a fearful mistake

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL NONNAST

The pounding on my apartment door was so brutally insistent that it brought me up out of Sunday morning sleep, and I was out of the bedroom and halfway across the living room shouldering myself into my robe before I was completely awake. I yanked the door open angrily and looked out at two broad men who stood on my shallow front stoop in the May morning sunshine, one in police uniform, one in a gray suit.

"You sleep pretty hard," the man in the gray suit said. "You Clinton Sewell?" I said I was. "Police officers," he said unnecessarily. Their official car with decal and aerial was parked in my driveway. They walked in. The uniformed one looked into the bedroom and the bathroom and came back to the living room.

Gray suit said, "Were you out with Miss Olan last night? Mary Olan?"

I was beginning to realize that I felt rocky. I had a dull headache that seemed to be localized over my right ear. I sat down in the nearest chair. I realized what was behind their visit. It made me feel worse. "What happened to her? I swear she seemed all right to me. She said she could drive. The night air revived her."

"Back up a minute, Sewell. You had a date with her. Right?"

"A sort of a date. She had some kind of a golf deal on yesterday. I said I'd meet her there at the Locust Ridge Club. We planned to have dinner with the Raymonds. There was a dance last night. I drove out about six. The Raymonds came later. Mary had brought other clothes and she had changed and she was waiting in the cocktail lounge."

"When did you leave?"

"Two in the morning." I looked at my watch. "Nearly nine hours ago."

"And you didn't take her home?"

"No. She had her car. She'd planned to go home alone from the club. But she got a little high. That made it complicated. I had my car there. It's still there, in fact. After an argument she agreed to let me drive her home. I was going to get a cab from her house to take me to the club or back here, whichever I felt like. We had the top down. I got her almost home and then she felt fine. She said she could drive. So I turned around and drove back here and got out and she drove home. What happened to her?"

"She never got there. She's missing.

For an insane minute I wondered if I had killed her. Then I knew someone had left her for me—a gruesome, revengeful gift.

Her aunt got Regal, the Commissioner of Public Safety, out of bed this morning. You know what the Olans are in this town. Did she say anything about going anyplace else?"

"No. She was tired. She'd played twenty-seven holes of golf. She was going to pick me up here at noon and go to their place up at Smith Lake for some water skiing. Then tonight she would drop me off at the club so I could pick up my car. That was the plan."

Gray suit stared at me somberly. "O.K. Sorry to bother you. My guess is she decided to go visit somebody a couple of hundred miles away. Unpredictable girl. Come on, Al."

I stood in the doorway and watched them swing around and drive away. I yawned and gingerly massaged my aching skull. It was a fine day. Bright, clear, and warm. This would be my second May in Warren, my second summer in the Midwest. Later the heat would be brutal and impossible. I wondered what Mary had decided to do. If she didn't show up, I would go up to the lake anyway, knowing that it was a good bet that she would show up sooner or later.

I was drinking a glass of cold tomato juice when the phone rang. I was feeling grieved about my headache. I had drunk very lightly. It seemed unfair.

"Clint?" It was the cautious voice of Dodd Raymond, my new boss.

"Hi! You had the lobster, too, last night. My head aches. Maybe food poisoning. How do you feel?"

"Clint, have they asked you about Mary?" He was talking so quietly that I knew he was concealing the call from Nancy, his wife. I ached to call him a fool.

"Police were here. She never went home last night." I explained how she had dropped me off.

"They phoned me. Her aunt heard her say she expected to see us last night. I told them to check with you."

"Nice. Why didn't you phone me and tell me they were coming?"

"I couldn't get an answer when I phoned you."

"She'll turn up. You going up to the lake?"

"I don't know yet. See you Monday if we don't."

After the call I thought about Mary Olan and my boss, Dodd Raymond. Dodd had forced me into an artificial situation. My dating Mary Olan was a fancy form of indirection. It was supposed to deceive Nancy Raymond. Except for my liking for Nancy, my wish to save her hurt, I wouldn't have gone along with it. Also, it was not exactly painful to go out with Mary. I remembered that last night I had parked her car in my driveway, turned out the lights, and made another futile expansive pass. She had permitted herself to be kissed. Her heart wasn't in it. She was a very exciting and excitable woman, but I was just a good friend, as she kept telling me. I hinted that she ought to leave Dodd alone. She wasn't angry. She laughed. I kissed her again, but it was spoiled by some damn fool who used my driveway to turn around in, lighting us up in the top-down convertible as though we were on a stage.

Then we planned the trip to the lake, and I explained that I was most difficult to wake up. I went over and unlocked my door, then took my key out to her. I had a spare in the drawer of my worktable.

I remembered that after I had gone to bed, I had gotten erotically fanciful about Mary Olan's coming to wake me the next morning. I knew that I could not haul her down into my warm bed, but it was one of those wild little ideas that I guess everybody has.

In some ways Dodd Raymond couldn't be blamed. Mary is smallish, sturdy, excitingly built. I really believe I could span her waist with my hands. She is brown, rounded, and firm. All she seems to do with her black black hair is fix it so it stays out of her eyes. She has a thin face, a wide mouth, black caterpillar eyebrows, a go-to-hell expression, limitless energy, several million trust-fund dollars, and an air of importance. Waiters and doormen come on the run when she lifts one millimeter of eyebrow. She has an undefinable electric something about her. Even the half-hearted kisses she had permitted me would each have melted an acre of permafrost above Nome.

I had learned that her past private life had been pretty lurid. The size of the trust funds relabeled it "high spirited." Without the large dollars she could almost have been aptly termed a bum. Thus her constant brushoff of my attentions did little for my self-esteem. But she had Dodd on her mind.

I put coffee on and headed for my shower. My apartment is small. My landlady, Mrs. Speers, lives alone in the main house. Her husband tacked the small apartment onto the side of the main house as an income proposition just before he died. I believe Mrs. Speers considers me eccentric. I have learned how to evade her when she wants "a nice little chat." The place with its private entrance and place outside the door for my car suits me. I have a sturdy worktable in a bay window, and all the plumbing works, and it is a good bed.

I showered, shaved carefully, brushed the brown brushcut and went to the bedroom closet, mentally deciding on the new gray dacron slacks and a yellow sport shirt. I opened the closet door and took the slacks from a pants hanger. I happened to glance down. Enough sun came in the windows so that the interior of the closet was fairly light. I looked down and saw one bare brown female foot in a highheeled gunmetal pump. I stared at that foot with the greatest blankness in my mind that I have ever experienced. I slid my clothing along the closet bar until they were out of the way. I looked down at the hideous, bloated, empurpled, barely recognizable face of Mary Olan. Swollen tongue protruded from her lips.

I slammed the closet door and sat on my bed. I got up and found cigarettes and lighted one with hands that shook. I sat on the bed again. I felt cold all over. There were goosepimples on my bare knees. I couldn't seem to get my mind to track properly again. Mary Olan was dead and she was in my closet.

After a long time, I was able to open the closet door again. Every time I tried to look at her, my eyes jumped away. By an effort of will I managed to look at her and keep looking. I put on the closet light. I went down onto one knee and touched her ankle. It was a new and dreadful kind of cold.

One of my belts was around her neck, a red fabric belt bought in a gay mood. It had two brass rings instead of a normal buckle. The brass rings bit into the swollen flesh of her throat, the side of her throat under the left ear. The long red end of the belt hung down across her shoulder and between her breasts. She wore last night's dress, a strapless thing of white and gunmetal. She was propped up in the corner of the closet. One leg was straight—it was that foot I had seen—and the other leg was sharply bent. The white skirt had slid up the thigh of the propped-up leg, exposing the white sheen of ornate panties contrasting strongly with the dark tan of her sturdy legs. Her head rested in the corner. Her right hand was on the floor, palm up, fingers curled. Her left hand was in her lap, hidden by the folds of the skirt. The overhead light glinted on one gold hoop earring.

I reached toward the brass rings of the belt, then drew my hand back. I went into the living room where I could not see her. I swear I tried to think it out logically. Call the police at once. And explain it. Yes, I know you were here looking for her. I just found her in my closet. No, I have no idea how she got there. She's dead.

My brutal headache seemed to increase in force, impeding my reasoning powers. Olan money had a lot of influence in Warren. Those two officers would claim that I had acted like a man with a serious hangover. I had brought her here to the apartment, had admitted

as much. For an insane moment I even wondered if I *had* killed her. That gave me a moment I hope never to repeat.

No, someone had left her with me. A little gift. I felt bitter anger toward that Someone. I wanted to give her back to him. In this state it was the electric chair. I remember that.

Seeking comfort in routine, I dressed, dumped out the overboiled coffee and made fresh. Too much time was going by. Each minute made my phone call more impractical. I was scared. Deeply, terribly scared.

In that mood I decided to get the body out of there. I knew enough of laboratory methods to know that I had to be very careful. I also knew that I could make no noticeable departure from ordinary routine.

I shut the closet door and made my bed. I tried to think of an acceptable method. I noticed fine granular dirt on my pillow and the top sheet. That puzzled me. I brushed it off. There wasn't much of it.

Logic gave me my first step. I had to have my car. I couldn't carry her away on my back. The cab arrived in ten minutes. I got my spare key from the table drawer. I tested to make certain the door locked when it closed behind me. The driver talked about the fine weather. I paid him off at the club. My black Merc sat in the sun, surrounded by the cars of many golfers. I drove it back to the apartment, my heart pounding. The drive was still empty. Bees clambered over early dandelions, and it was shady under the elms of the side yard.

Back in the apartment I thought of the next step. I had to assume Mrs. Speers would be watching. The body would have to appear to be something else, and I would have to be able to prove, later, that it was something else. It would have to be wrapped in something disposable. I remembered the old tarp in the trunk compartment. It was a greasy ruin. I had laid it under the wheels during the winter to get out of heavy snow. On coldest nights I had kept it over the hood of the Merc. I went through my kitchen and looked at the collection of debris in the attached shed. Warren has garbage collection, but they do not take cans and bottles and such. You save them and when you have enough, you make your own trip to the dump. I had a fair collection.

I went out and got into the car and backed it up close to the front door. I opened the trunk and took the tarp into the apartment. I loaded a small carton with cans and bottles and took it out and put it in the trunk, well over to one side. Mrs. Speers appeared with her usual magic, materializing sixty feet away, strolling toward me, smiling, a big unbending woman in a black and white Sunday print, wearing one white canvas work glove and carrying a pair of red garden shears.

"Going to the dump, Mr. Sewell?" I admitted it. "Oh dear," she said, "could you take mine, too? Joseph forgot it when he did the yard work Thursday."

"I'm afraid I've got quite a load. I'll run it over for you Monday night after work."

She wanted to have a little chat. She was a very lonely woman. She smiled and moved off to snip something when I turned back into the apartment. I spread the tarp on the floor in front of the closet. I braced myself. I tried not to think about what I was doing. I took the belt from her neck. I had to stop a few times. It had been hanging on the closet bar. I found two black hairs on the red fabric. I brushed them off onto the tarp. I rolled the belt up and put it in the bureau drawer.

The next part I cannot think about. She was sickeningly heavy, and not yet in rigor. I took her by wrist and ankle. Her free arm and leg dragged and her head thudded against the door frame. I put her in the middle of the tarp. I was breathing hard. I picked up the four corners of the tarp. She curled into a ball in the middle. I lifted her from the floor and carried the load to where I could see it in the full-length mirror. The tarp was molded to her figure. She was unmistakably a woman in a tarp. I got more cans and bottles from the back shed. I jammed them down beside her body. On the third attempt, after getting some down around her hips, she no longer looked human. I was carrying a bundle of junk.

I went out. Mrs. Speers was alarmingly close, clipping a rose bush. I wanted the tarp to seem light. I used every ounce of strength to handle it negligently, swinging it into the back of the car, lowering it without too much of a thump. As I swung it, I heard rotten fabric rip. Her tan elbow stuck out through the rip. I banged the trunk lid down, not daring to look at Mrs. Speers.

"Are you going up to Smith Lake again today?" she asked casually. "Mr. Speers and I used to go up there years ago. He adored bass fishing. It's nice that you have friends up there, with summer coming and all. It makes a nice change. Who invited you up? Any of the old families?"

"Mary Olan."

"Really? Their place is one of the oldest on the lake. The biggest, anyway. Mr. Speers and I used to know Rolph and Nadine Olan very well. I mean we weren't *closest* friends, but

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when Mary was little, my youngest daughter used to play with her. Their tragedy was an awful shock to this city, Mr. Sewell."

"I haven't heard much about that."

"Mary wouldn't talk about it, poor child. I can remember it like it was yesterday, the expression on Mr. Speers' face when he read it in the morning paper. Nadine always seemed so quiet and shy. And Rolph was so clever at business. They say she hasn't responded to a single treatment. She'll have to stay in that place the rest of her natural life. I suppose it's a blessing she isn't well enough to realize she killed her husband. I suppose that's what drove her out of her mind. She was a Pryor, you know. Willy Pryor was her brother. He went for a time with my youngest sister before he married Myrna Hubbard. I understand Mary Olan lives with them. It's a wonder that Mary survived, finding her father dead like that. Well I suppose you're anxious to be on your way. Give my best regards to Mary. And . . . well, this is none of my business . . . but I hear Mary travels with a rather fast set. They say there's a lot of drinking and carrying on. Then again, I suppose you have to forgive her if she's a little wild, with that background and all. Now you run along to the lake and enjoy yourself, Mr. Sewell."

I drove off, my hands wet on the steering wheel.

Half an hour later, after stopping at the dump and throwing out the carton and the cans that had been in the tarp with Mary, I was heading for the hills with her body still in the trunk compartment. There seemed to be many police out for a Sunday.

Warren is built on the flattest flats there are. The old part of town is traditional Midwest. The population was static for many years until directly after the war when location engineers of several big corporations decided that it was a good spot for decentralization. Now the city is up to over seventy-five thousand and there are six spanking new plants north of town, north of the sleepy river, on the road that leads north across the flats toward the nearest hills and lakes. There are acres of new little houses with their own shopping centers, school busses, and busy committees. The city is booming.

I drove over the bridge in heavy Sunday traffic headed north. A mile and a half north of the river I drove by Warren Tube and Cylinder Division of Consolidated Pneumatic Products, Incorporated, my employer. The place is six years old, cubical, landscaped, and slickly efficient. I rode by my place of employment with her body in the trunk compartment.

I drove up into the hills. I found a side road. I found a faint overgrown logging track to the left. I drove down it as far as I could. It was dark under the pines. I pulled the tarp out and held one edge and let her roll out of it down a short grade. She rolled grotesquely three times and came to a rest against a small birch, her back toward me. A frozen juice can rolled out with her. I went down the slope and got it. It could have a fingerprint on it. I tossed it into the back of the car. I walked a hundred feet and found a rotten birch stub with a hole six feet off the ground. I wadded the tarp deeply into the hole. I went back and looked at her. She looked heartbreakingly tiny. I drove out to the secondary road, went back and scratched out two places where I had left tire marks. I used a stick. I drove out to the main road. I met no car. I turned toward Smith Lake.

I wanted to feel good on the way to the lake. I felt shamed and sick. I could take no satisfaction from realizing that every second took me seventy-five feet farther from her body. I stopped and ate a greasy lunch at a roadside stand, forcing the food down. I kept seeing her as she was last night, so alive. I remembered her lips. Now her body rested grotesquely against a tree, white skirt glowing in the pine shadows, brown legs bare, hair across her dead eyes. Used and disposed of, discarded. I had added further indignity to her death.

Then, slowly but inevitably, I began to realize how, in blind fear, I had been the most stupid man in the world. The police would have given me a very bad time. A rough time. But they would have had the body to work on. They could have found clues that would clear me. They had their methods, their trained technicians. It was unlikely that anybody could have killed her and put her in my closet without leaving some clue that would clear me.

I thought I had been logical and efficient. Actually I had been in a state of emotional shock. I hadn't been thinking at all. I had destroyed any possible clue. And given the murderer priceless aid. When the body was found, the real murderer might be able to prove that he could not have carried the body to that isolated spot. And if I had left any clue that could be traced back to me, how could I ever explain? I had destroyed all proof of my own innocence.

They could make me look like a monster.

But maybe I had been careful enough.

And yet . . . suppose the real murderer, knowing where he left the body, puzzled by its not being found there, should choose to direct attention toward me. "Mary told me she was scared of Sewell. He tried to choke her, she said."

I began to get into such a panic that I even considered going back and retrieving the body and. . . . Too late for that now. All I could do was pray that I had made no slip.

I drove on up to the Olan place at Smith Lake. It was built in the days when, if you wanted a place at a lake, you built a house, not a camp. It was a big stone house on terraced lawns that sloped down toward the lake toward the two boathouses and the dock. I had been there several times before. During the summer, there is a staff of four—an ancient iron Swedish lady and her round shy daughter (their name is Johannsen), a knobby sour man named John Fidd who brings up some saddle horses from the Pryor farm and reluctantly does work on the grounds, and a massive and amiable young brute named Nels Yeagger who lives at the lake and works for the Olans and Pryors during the summer. He takes care of the boats and does odd jobs.

The Olans and Pryors come and go as they please. With all the bedrooms in the big house, and with the bunk rooms over each boathouse, a lot of people can be accommodated. Nobody introduces anybody. It is like a private club. If you're willing to stir around, you won't be lonesome. It is also a little like being on a ship.

There were eight other cars parked up near the road by the horse barn when I arrived. I looked into the barn and saw a tall thin girl rubbing down a light-boned chestnut mare, crooning to her. I went down to the big house. Mary's kid brother, John Olan, was alone in the big living room analyzing chess variations in front of a big board, notebook handy. He gave up everything at eighteen to devote his life to chess. I understand he has a high national rating. Though he is a thin, pale good-looking boy, he gives me the creeps. I had the idea that if I told him his sister was dead he would look at me blankly, nod, and turn back to his game.

Down at the beach there were a lot of people, many unfamiliar to me. Nels Yeagger was towing skiers behind the big fast runabout. It was the usual crowd. Some amusing drunks and some unamusing ones. Some who had come to swim, and some who had come to free load. I talked to a few and let it be known I was waiting for Mary. I was told that the police were looking for her, that her Aunt Myrna and Uncle Willy hadn't come up. I saw that the three brown teenage daughters of Willy and Myrna were there with boy friends. They were in a clump on the sand, harmonizing. They seemed more relaxed without their father's customary

close supervision. Their swim suits were more discreet than you expect to see on teenagers as pleasantly built as those kids. They made me feel ancient. One was using the small of her boy friend's back as a pillow. They are called Jigger, Dusty, and Skeeter, and I have yet to get the names sorted out.

Speaking casually, I told a small group about being out with Mary and about the police. They speculated about kidnapping. They said that if true, they felt sorry for the kidnapper. The women gleamed with oil in the sun. The men made muscles. A dainty little blonde named Marylee, with the man-eating tendencies of a leopard shark, made a sleepy sun-and-bourbon pass at me. I was considering going up into the men's bunk room over the nearest boathouse and changing to a pair of borrowed swimming trunks when I saw Dodd Raymond coming down across the beach, obviously looking for me.

Dodd Raymond, my boss. He is as tall as I am, and about thirty pounds heavier. The thirty pounds is softness, but it is not localized. It is all over him in an even layer that seems to blur his outlines. His brown-blonde hair is wavy, and he wears it in a pompadour. His features are good, color high, and with just a shade too small a mouth so that in anger his face becomes pinched and womanish. He has friendly, hearty mannerisms. Had I not been forewarned, I might have thought him a good guy.

His predecessor, my previous boss, had been a genuinely good guy. The very tops. Ray Walt. He had told me in private, knowing he could trust me, that I should keep my guard up with this Dodd Raymond who was coming in to take his place as production manager. He said he had tried to get me moved up from direct assistant into the vacant job, but the New York offices had said no. Not enough experience yet.

I had been with Consolidated Pneumatic Products, Incorporated, for five years. It is one of the big ones. We don't make consumer goods, so perhaps the name of C.P.P. is obscure to many people. Our big ads are in the technical journals. There are sixteen plants, and Warren Tube and Cylinder is one of the smaller ones.

I started out in Fall River, was transferred to Buffalo, and then to Warren. Consolidated Pneumatic Products believes in keeping all managerial talent on the jump. It makes the executives as interchangeable as the parts and machines. It makes for standard management methods and procedures. That policy in big corporations has set up an entirely new gypsy society in this country. The wandering management set. When we're married, we fill up the places like the two Levittowns, like Park Forest, Illinois, like Parkmerced, San Francisco, like Drexelbrook in Philadelphia. And like the smaller version, Brookways in Warren. It is a special kind of communal life, with sitter banks, management committees, and borrowed punch bowls. A minimum of privacy and a maximum of borrowing.

As a bachelor I had avoided that aspect of the gypsy management caste. But I could sense the pressure to get married. Top management seems to believe a man is thus steadier. Perhaps he is, unless he marries a real dog. Even after marriage they keep a severe yet benevolent eye on the wife.

On a rainy April day three months before, I had reported to Warren, announcing with pride that I was Clinton Sewell, their new assistant production manager. I was flushed with promotion, and perfectly willing to work for Dracula, shoveling hot cinders if necessary. Ray Walt loaded me down with work and with responsibility. I liked it. Ray got moved out and promoted the following February. Dodd Raymond came in. Another friend, Tory Wylan, my spy in the main offices, warned me by personal letter that Dodd was the climbing type, preferably with one heel on the jaw of his subordinate. The letter also expressed considerable surprise that Dodd had managed to be transferred back to his own home town. Tory said the top management frowned on that sort of deal. I soon found out that not only was it Dodd Raymond's home town, but that he had social position in the town.

When Dodd arrived, Harvey Wills, the plant manager, brought him directly to my office as first stop on the rounds. Dodd said all the right things and said them in the right way. He took hold well. In two weeks he was production manager in fact as well as in name.

He even gave me a little present. He said, "We've got to change the C-12 line. Complete revamping. Here's all the poop on it. Not quite big enough to get in an outside management firm, they tell me. Wills and Ray Walt speak highly of you, Clint. So it's your baby. Get it done and it'll go on record in New York that it was your baby all the way down the line. Think you can do it?"

THE PURCHASE OF A NEW CAR

1948

1955

I jumped at it. And I began to question what Tory and Ray had told me. Rumors can get out of hand. He asked me to come home with him to dinner. He and his wife, Nancy, had moved into the big house on Terrace Street with his mother. That's how I got mixed up in the personal lives of Dodd and Nancy Raymond. That's how I got cast in the role of cat's paw in Dodd Raymond's abortive romance with Mary Olan, friend of his cradle days. That's how I got elected damn fool.

Dodd spotted me and came over and spoke to the group of people I was with. He knew them all. He took me aside to talk to me. It had more of a heavy boss flavor than I cared for.

"There's nothing new about Mary," he said. "I dropped Nancy off at Mother's camp. Clint, this isn't like Mary. She invited most of these people here."

"They seem to be doing all right."

"Clint, I'm damn worried about Mary. She's one of my best friends. You know that."

Certainly. One of his best friends. And he thought he was fooling Nancy by always fixing it up so the four of us went out together. A nice jolly foursome. But I knew, as he didn't, that Nancy was not deceived. Mary, in her own oblique way, was making a fool out of Dodd, and me, and Nancy. Maybe she wanted him. Maybe she was punishing him for unthinkable treason in marrying a stranger without permission. I couldn't figure out her attitude. I only knew that she had told Dodd that she would not see him unless it was on a double date, with his wife along. And he wanted her badly enough to agree to that preposterous condition. I knew it made him jealous of me, but I was better than anyone else because, businesswise, I was under his thumb. I knew Mary was seven years younger than Dodd, but they had known each other well before he had gone away. How well I could only guess.

"She'll turn up," I told him.

"Why don't you stop by the camp. I don't think we'll come here. Mother and Nancy will be glad to see you. We can have a drink there."

I agreed. He went away. I hung around for a time to express my independence. Nels Yeagger walked by me on his way to the boathouse. He gave me the customary glare. He was friendly with everybody else. Mary had told me that Nels gave her steady dates the same treatment. It amused her. It didn't amuse me. Not when the party in question has a fist like the business end of a sixteen-pound sledge.

I said the few necessary good-bys and drove down the lake shore to the Raymond place. Dodd's mother is confined to a wheel chair by severe arthritis. Each summer she moves up to the camp with her nurse. This year, because of Dodd's return, she had moved up earlier than usual, making quite a point of so doing. She is a good-looking white-haired woman of the type which makes of helplessness a peculiarly effective weapon. She underlines all sacrifices. I suspected that she made Nancy's life acutely miserable. She never failed to find some way of pointing out to me that I worked for her son.

I parked the car at the top of the hill and walked down through the woods to the small comfortable camp. They were in front on the terrace overlooking the water. Dodd had changed to bright yellow shorts. He was drinking from a can of beer. Nancy was in sunsuit, stretched out on a padded chaise longue with wheelbarrow handles and wooden wheels. Mrs. Raymond sat in her gleaming wheel chair. It was Nancy's welcoming smile I had come to see.

We talked about Mary Olan. Nancy said she thought Mary had decided to go on a trip. Mother Raymond sniffed at that. She had an extremely expressive sniff.

After a while, Nancy managed to pry me loose to take a short walk with her along the beach. She went down the wooden steps to the beach ahead of me. She is my favorite candy-box blonde. Small, perfect, delicate features, silky floating hair. She has a thin little-girl voice with the suggestion of a cured lisp. But there is level intelligence and honesty in her blue eyes. She is not insipid. Her figure is flawed, if you want to call it a flaw. Her torso, discernible through any clothing, is long, ripe, muscular, beautifully formed. The kind carved in old marble. It has an independent aspect that makes it seem as if she might herself be shocked by it, such blatancy growing upon a small unsuspecting girl. Were her legs in proportion she would be six feet tall. But the legs are short, a bit heavy, though beautifully formed. You don't notice the disproportion at first. You just know something is wrong. Then you see that her hips are too far from her head and too close to the ground.

We walked to a log a few hundred feet up the beach, a place where we had sat and talked before. I gave her a cigarette.

"He's pretty upset," she said.

"I know."

"Clint, do you have any remote idea what could have happened?"

"Not the slightest."

"It's darned funny. I . . . I hope she never comes back." Nancy said that shyly. We could never talk about Mary Olan without restraint. She became shy because I knew that each time she remembered when she had confided in me. It was not on the first double date. Dodd and Mary had played Do-you-remember? There was a lot of tension. I had liked Mary, but guessed the score and felt sorry for Nancy.

I suspected I would be a constant escort. In spite of the tension, I was pleased. Towns like Warren are usually closed tighter than drums to the corporate gypsy, bachelor type. There is no entry. Dodd's being a native gave me an open door—if I wanted to play. This would be a lot better than the forlorn roaming of the Saturday bars, the tawdry little episodes. And simpler than the office girls. Management frowned on such close-to-home dalliance.

Mary Olan opened a door and the unfriendly city changed. Sewell, through Dodd, sponsored by Olan, suddenly became respectable, invitable. I think it surprised the old families that I knew which fork to use and made no mention at table of gears and abrasives. I soon found they considered Dodd's industrial career to be daring and eccentric.

"It's really charming that he could arrange to be sent home to work. They ship them about like cattle, you know. His wife is a sweet little thing. I always thought he'd marry the Olan girl actually."

Much as I was amused and irritated by the insularity of old Warren, I was glad—perhaps sophomorically—to be one part of New Warren that was socially acceptable.

It was on my second date with Mary Olan that Nancy, inhibitions liquidated, bared her distressed soul. A top-sergeant sort of woman gave the party at the Locust Ridge Club. I was ordered to pick up Mary Olan. We met the Raymonds there. Nancy looked charming for the first four rounds of cocktails and then her eyes began to glaze. She kept drinking. She sat at dinner numbly, making no effort to eat. People kept urging her. She made a break for the out-of-doors while Dodd and Mary were dancing. I followed her out and walked her around a goodly portion of the night-time golf course.

After she had been sick twice, she felt slightly better. She was still drunk. We sat on the bench by the second tee.

She gave me the score. In slurred angry bitter tones. About all the strings Dodd had pulled to get sent back here. About his obvious infatuation with Mary. How both Mother Raymond and Mary Olan kept making her look bad every chance they got. About how I was the patsy.

"Hate it here, Clint. Just hate it awful.

Not like other places. We were happy other places. Own kind of people. You know. Not like these people. They make like his job stinks. Like it's a . . . hobby. These aren't my kind. You know what we don't ever tell anybody here? He won't let me tell it here. It was okay to tell other places. Big joke. We could laugh. Here he hasn't got any sense of humor. Know how I met him? You'll die. I cleaned his teeth. Dental hygienist. He kept coming back, coming back. Had the cleanest teeth in the country. Had to marry him before I wore them down to nothing. We used to tell that. Not here. Here it would be like dirty. Like I'm something he's ashamed of. Gee, it isn't work you just *do*. You got to be trained. I was good. What's wrong with that?"

I wanted to take her in my arms and I wanted to bust Dodd Raymond in the mouth. There wasn't a damn thing I could say to her. She wanted to be taken home, with no word to Dodd. She was ashamed of getting drunk. I told her she had acted fine. I took her home, kissed her on the forehead, went back to the club, found Dodd in the bar and told him. Maybe something showed. He looked at me closely, then thanked me a bit coldly. He said he couldn't understand what had gotten into her to make such a spectacle of herself. I restrained myself with an effort. He became hearty, clapped my shoulder and said he thought he'd stay around a while.

Then he said, "Clint, I've never had a chance to tell you how much it means to me to come here and find a guy like you to help carry the ball. I mean that."

"Thanks, Dodd."

"You know what you can get sometimes. A politico. An oily switch artist. Hell, I know where you stand."

He took his hand off my shoulder, made a fist out of it, and punched me lightly on the arm. "We're both going places in this outfit, boy."

I told him I hoped so and watched his broad back as he went off in search of Mary. I guessed that he had enough intuition to guess that Nancy had talked a little, had maybe acquired an ally. This was water on the flame of a new loyalty—or a backfire.

There was just one more incident on the night of Nancy's famous drunk. I went out to my car to get cigarettes out of the carton in the glove compartment. I walked soundlessly toward the car and stopped on the grass as I heard Mary Olan's voice coming from Dodd's car nearby. "That's a cheap foolish idea and I won't have any part of it."

Dodd rumbled something indistinguishable.

"What do you think I am?" she demanded. "Something out of *Back Street?* Go to hell, Dodd."

There was a pleading note in Dodd's next rumble.

"No!" she said. "You want to have one cake, eat another and have a spare in the cupboard. And let go of me. I didn't come out here to make like a college kid in a parked car. Anything you want, brother, you have to pay for. And you'll pay my price, if you want it bad enough."

I moved back into the shadows. She got out and stormed away. Dodd followed more slowly, pausing a moment to light a cigarette.

That was the first time I took Mary home. I took her back out to the Pryor place where I had picked her up. Though a lot of the old families had stayed down in the shady quiet streets of town, a few such as Willy Pryor had built on the outskirts of the city. It had a stone wall, a bronze sign, a quarter mile of curving drive. Maybe the house should be called a machine for living. All dramatics. Dramatic window walls, dramatic bare walls, dramatic vistas. Two floodlighted pieces of statuary made of sheet aluminum. A panel board for the highest of high fidelity music, piped where you need it. It had eating areas, work areas, recreation areas, sleeping areas. The architects do fine. They really set up a place. Breathtakingly beautiful. But nobody has been redesigning people.

That night Mary kissed me with a will. The only time. With a crowding muscular enthusiasm that baked the enamel on my teeth. Then she put a cold foot of distance between us. . . .

Looking back, I can count over twenty dates with her, up to and including the last one on the night of Saturday, May fifteenth. I do not count the last ride we took together. After that one kiss I became Clint, her good friend. I accepted the role only because she gave me no other choice.

So, since the night I had taken her home, Nancy had been shy with me. Not too shy to talk.

"I hope she never comes back." I didn't answer for too long. Nancy laughed tonelessly. "I don't mean I hope something has happened to her. I hope she's found some other fly to pull the wings off."

"You're bitter today, Nance," I said.

She was bitter. Bitter and hurt. She told me what had happened. She had noticed that some of his best things were missing. An expensive bathrobe, slacks,

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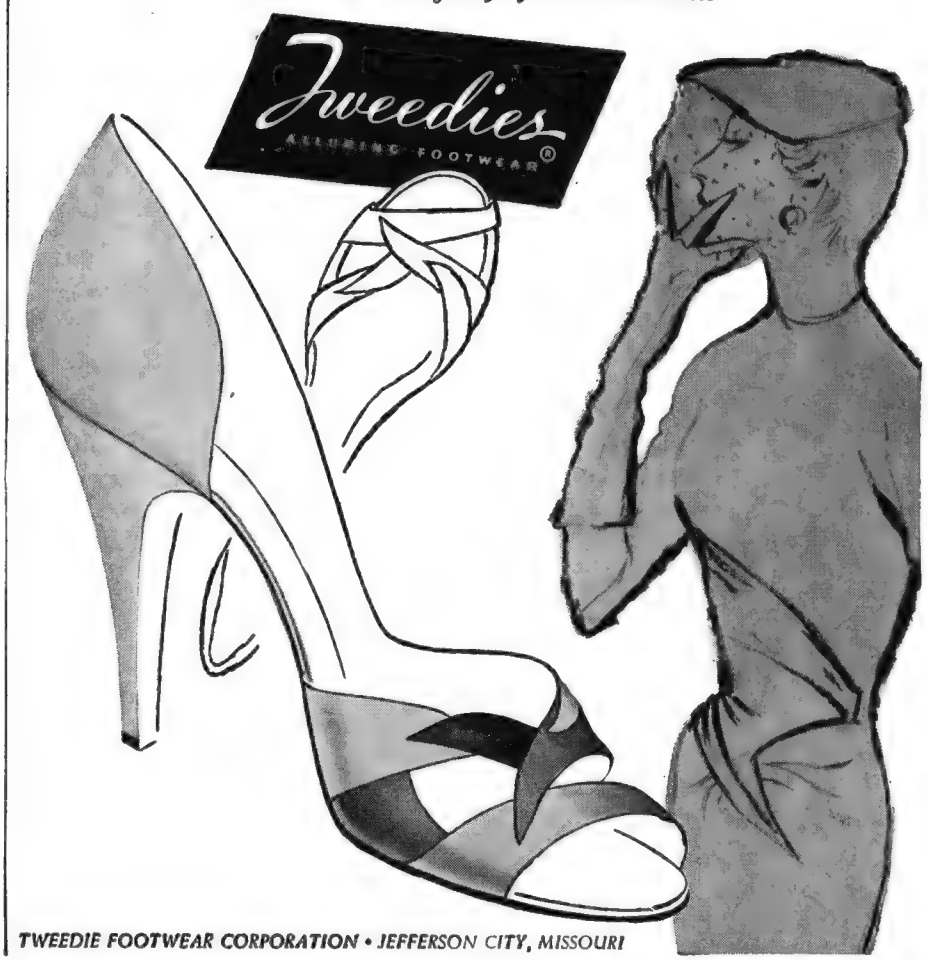

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casual shirts, slippers. Things he really liked. She guessed that Dodd had moved them to some place where he and Mary Olan could be together. And last night, Saturday night, on the way home, she had brought it up, accused him of setting up a love nest. The quarrel got worse after they got home. Dodd had stormed out of the house and hadn't returned until five in the morning.

"I'm going to leave him, Clint," she said, a trembling in her voice. "I don't have to put up with this. I don't want a cent from him. Not that we . . . he has very much. I can earn my own way. He isn't worth being married to."

She hadn't told him yet. I was the first person she had told. She began to get hysterical. I managed to calm her down. Finally I extracted a promise from her that she wouldn't do anything, or tell him her decision, until they found out where Mary Olan had gone.

"Where did all the good times go, Clint?" she asked me.

Giving her my hand, I pulled her to her feet. "They called them in. The new models are coming out."

"Do my eyes look all right?"

"Lustrous."

"You do my morale good. When I'm a divorced lady, will you come see me?" She blushed and looked away. "I don't feel so darn special, but I could be special for you."

"You don't mean that. You're in love with Dodd. Don't try to kid yourself."

"I . . . guess I love him. But you've been such a darn good wailing wall."

"And a way to get even with Dodd."

She kicked a stone. "Okay," she said grumpily. "Why do I need a conscience with you around."

"I'll contradict you one more way. You are special."

We went back. I was certain Mother Raymond gave me a quick check for lipstick. I had the virtuous feeling of having put a temporary patch on a marriage. Conversation was spiritless. After a beer, I said I ought to leave. Nobody twisted my arm. I drove back toward town. I tightened up when I went by the area where I had left the body. Soon would come the night with small animals rustling through the brush, with dew weighting the white skirt, with insect song and a riding moon. I wished there was some other place I could have left her. A warm dry place. It couldn't matter to her, but it mattered to me.

I ate in town and got home just before dark. Mrs. Speers was on hand to remind me coyly of my promise to cart away her rubbish.

"I won't forget, Mrs. Speers."

"You got in so late last night I guess you'll be going to bed early, won't you?"

"I guess it was after two."

She laughed in a chiding way. "Well after two, indeed. About four, wasn't it? I heard you drive in."

There was no point in protesting. Somebody had driven in. Bringing body. Four A.M. delivery service. I sighed when I closed my door behind me. I felt as if someone had knocked the pins out of all my hinges. I felt as though I had spent the whole day impersonating someone. Which, perhaps, was close to the truth. When I opened the closet door to get my pajamas, I did not need the faint musky memory of Mary's perfume to start the long chain of conjecture. I had already begun to think. Out in the world there had been no time to think.

I moved like a sleepwalker through night-time preparations. Once I was in bed, lights out, fingers laced neath nape of neck, I reviewed all conjectures. Someone had brought her here at four in the morning. Someone had known how heavy I sleep. Someone had known the key I gave her fitted my door. Dodd Raymond had been out of his house until five. Dodd knew how heavily I slept. I knew he had tried to give her a key, probably to the room or apartment where he had stashed the things Nancy had noticed were missing. Mary Olan could very well have taunted him, showing him the key to my place.

I turned Dodd Raymond at all angles, examining him. I remembered two expressions from Tory Wylan's letter in which he had warned me about Dodd Raymond. "Ruthless" and "almost excessively plausible." Those would be two key characteristics of a murderer.

I could almost make it fit. Almost. I could not see him doing it. Once he had killed her, it was logical to plant her with me. I had been out with her. I was perhaps a too-able assistant, a potential threat—if that was the way his mind ran. I slept, sooner than I had expected.

At eight twenty-five the next morning, a gray Monday, I parked with my front bumper under the little sign that said Mr. Sewell. With such small conveniences are the souls of minor executives purchased. The big lot was nearly empty. My office, along with the space assigned to Engineering and to Research, is on what you could call a mezzanine overlooking the main production floor, with glass wall and catwalk. My office is about twenty by twenty, containing me, a girl, blueprint cases, drafting tables, desk, sundry chairs. Dodd's office is among the other executive offices at the far end of the building, beyond Shipping.

To make anything you need men, machines, and materials at the right place at the right time. To facilitate this, I have four production chasers, a production record clerk. I keep my beady eye on inventory, quotas, equipment maintenance, absenteeism, and such like. With the systems we have, it should run like watches. It never does. Industrial accidents, wrong counts in the storeroom, blunders on set-up, cancellations, change orders, faulty maintenance. They all conspire to foul you up.

Half the time it's a madhouse; the rest of the time you're a one-armed juggler in a storm at sea. I love it. On top of normal disaster, I was setting up the new line.

I like to get there early. I stood and looked out across the production floor at the silent waiting equipment. Its arrangement is an exercise in logic. All the beds and housings and turrets are cold gray, and all the moving parts are Chinese red. It is a good place to work.

I went into my record clerk's office and studied the big score board, making a mental note of the weak places. Then I went into my office and opened the morning paper and spread it out on my desk.

OLAN HEIRESS MISSING. Page one. Banner head. I had expected coverage, but not this much. Smaller head: CAR FOUND ABANDONED NEAR HIGHLAND. "Mary Olan, twenty-six-year-old niece of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Pryor of this city, and heiress to the Rolph Olan estate has been missing since Saturday evening. As yet no trace of her has been found. A late model black convertible found yesterday near an abandoned farm south of Highland was identified as belonging to the missing woman. A search of the surrounding area has been organized."

The rest of the account was predictable. An account of what she did Saturday. What she was wearing when last seen. It told how she was the granddaughter of Thomas Burke Olan, founder of the Warren Citizens Bank and Trust and also Olan Tool and Die, now the Federated Tool Co., Inc. She was born in Warren at the old Olan home on Prospect Street, now headquarters of the Heart of America Historical Foundation, which was willed the property by Rolph Olan. It said she was educated in private schools here and abroad and had made her home here with her aunt and uncle for the past four years.

It was typical tiptoe local coverage of the prominent. No mention of the family killing, or of Mary's abortive marriage and annulment. No hint of her mother's incurable illness. I was not mentioned as being her escort. Tabloids in other towns would have a ripe story to cover.

I remembered the name Highland. It was a small rural community fifteen miles from town. Mary had driven me out there

to the Pryor farm one day to show me a horse. The horse had tried to eat me. Mary said he was spirited. I watched from a safe place while John Fidd had saddled him and Mary had taken him out for a hard run. On the way back to town Mary had smelled faintly of horse.

The paper had a cut of Mary. It saddened me to look at it. It had been taken some years ago, before life had changed her eyes, substituting mockery and guile for what had once been pride and spirit. She looked very young and very earnest.

My secretary came in at quarter to nine. Her name is Antonia MacRae. She is a slim pleasant morsel and satisfyingly bright. She decorates and implements an office adequately. Italian and Scots are combined in her to make an intriguing woman. Her mother gave her her coloring, her suggestively rounded figure with its promise of languor and lazy Sunday mornings in bed. But from Papa she inherited a cool canny eye, a discouraging amount of skepticism, and a brain that goes click like IBM.

She wore a blue jumper today with a white blouse. With the crow-wing hair and the white white teeth, the effect was fine. We have worked together for a year. Adjustment was inevitable. Toni soon became aware of her ability to raise my vulnerable blood pressure merely by standing too close to me. So she avoids any trick of posture, and any type of office garb likely to take my mind too far off my work. Yet even if she wore a Mother Hubbard, I would be aware of her quite frequently during the day. There are certain things she can't avoid, such as sitting on her heels to get at a bottom file drawer, or leaning across my desk to put a note in front of me when I'm on the phone. Then she has been known to flush in consciousness of being stared at.

I made one pass, during the second month she was in my office. She set me back on my heels, firmly, politely, irrevocably. That was that. It was a bit of a relief, in an odd sort of way. We knew where we stood after that. She even refuses to ride to work with me, even though she lives only two houses from me in a furnished room. Her mother died a few years ago, her father remarried, and there is a new crop of babies in the house, so Toni, with no hard feelings, moved out.

She said, "Good morning," dropped her purse in her desk drawer, and said, "I see by the paper that you have misplaced a playmate, Clint."

It is Clint when we are alone. Mr. Sewell other times. She's loyal, and a loyal gal is priceless in any setup. We could kid around in a friendly way.

"Playmate misplaced herself," I said.

"Funny thing," Toni said, frowning. She leaned back in her little secretarial chair. Her desk faces mine from a corner of the office. She laced her fingers across the nape of her neck, elbows out, frowning as she thought. I guess I stared at the front of the blue jumper with a certain horrid intensity. She straightened up, lowering her arms hastily, to bring her typewriter up out of the bowels of the desk with one practiced muscular wrench. Subject closed.

The plant was filling up. I could hear the bing of the IBM clock as they punched in. A few pieces of equipment started and then, on the stroke of nine the place came alive for the long Monday—hangover day, absentee day.

It was a jumping-bean day. No one thing too serious, but lots of things.

At eleven Dodd came into my office and gave Toni a meaningful glance that sent her off to powder her nose. Dodd placed a haunch on my desk corner and began clicking my lamp on and off.

"I just talked to Sutton. They still don't know anything."

"Sutton?"

"The Chief of Police. There isn't enough yet to warrant bringing in the FBI." He glanced at me. "Clint, do you think she could be doing this for a gag to make excitement?"

"I hardly think so, Dodd."

"The police are going to keep digging. Clint, I know it's none of my business, but were you and she ever . . . did you ever . . . ?"

"That's right," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it's none of your business, Dodd."

He had the grace to flush. He got off my desk and off my back. We told each other we'd soon know the score and he left. It annoyed me that he would use the smoke screen of her disappearance to try to find if we'd ever been intimate. It annoyed me—but it also planted a big doubt about Dodd. If he had killed her, would he care? Or was he hunting for post-mortem justification?

When I got back from a late lunch in the company cafeteria, Harvey Wills, the plant manager, called. He told me that he had received a call from Willis Pryor asking that Dodd and I be released to go out to Uncle Willy's house for some sort of a conference on

the Olan girl. Harvey said he was willing to co-operate, and Dodd had already left. I complained and said I was jammed up, but he urged me to go. I explained to Toni and asked her to hang around after five if I hadn't showed up by then. She was willing. I told her not to wait beyond six. I stood over her and dictated some instructions for her to pass on. I suddenly realized that I was moving my head back and forth trying to find a vantage point where I could look down the front of her blouse. I labeled myself an incurable and unprincipled goat and got out of there, away from her and her dark eyes and blue jumper and long lithe legs.

The day was still dismal as I drove to the Pryor home. It looked as if it was raining in the hills. I wondered if anybody would ever find the body. Maybe I had hidden it too well. I knew I would live in nightmare until they found it.

There were eleven people in the big living room of the Pryor home when I walked in. Though it was a larger group than I had expected, they were dwarfed and muted by the big dramatic room. The white fireplace wall was at least twenty feet high. There was just enough edge in the day so that a small fire glowed in the waist-high fireplace.

Willy Pryor greeted me. He acted keyed up, nervous, slightly officious. He must be about fifty. He has a shock of white hair. His massive white eyebrows curl outward and upward. He is brown as any Polynesian all year round. His standard costume is riding pants and boots, and cotton shirt with sleeves rolled high and unbuttoned almost to the waist. He's about five seven or eight, stocky, trim and powerful, with stevedore arms. He talks well, sometimes almost extravagantly. He does manual labor on the Pryor farm, rides, hunts, pilots his own plane, goes after marlin once a year.

His wife, Myrna, smiled timidly at me. She is a round warm dull comfortable woman. She has given Willy three daughters, and that seems to be the extent of her participation in life. No beautician, no courturier could ever make Aunt Myrna look like anything other than what she is—a healthy farm woman from the Highland area, perhaps selected by Willy in revolt against his inbred blood relatives. If the bounding health of Jigger, Dusty, and Skeeter was any indication, the union had helped the blood.

Dodd and Nancy nodded and smiled at me. The only other person I recognized was Gray Suit, one of the two police officers who had awakened me Sunday morning. Willy introduced me to the others. There was Miss Neale Bettiger, Mary's golf partner. She was a wiry, big-handed blonde who looked as though she had been nailed to a barn to dry out in the sun. Captain Joseph Kruslov, in charge of the case, was a wide large impassive man, dark-jowled, hooded eyes. Regal, Commissioner of Public Safety, looked like an ailing eagle. Gray Suit was named Sergeant Hilver. Chief of Police Sutton was colorless, rolly-polly, and asthmatic. When he spoke he honked. Willy skipped the police stenographer sitting stiffly, uncomfortably at a free form desk in the corner. The last one was Paul France. Willy explained that Paul France was a licensed investigator he had hired with Chief Sutton's approval. Paul France looked like a shy inadequate shoe salesman—until you noticed the thickness of his wrists, and a gleam of harsh intelligence behind rimless glasses. I was shooed to a chair beside the sun-dried blonde.

Kruslov took the floor. He said he would ask questions. He said he would take us in turn. He said he was doing it this way so that other people's answers could prod our memories. He spoke slowly, flatly, impersonally. He took Miss Neale Bettiger first, took her through the day of golf, probing insistently to find out if Mary had acted other than normal, said anything curious.

"Now," he said, "tell all these people what you told me and Sergeant Hilver this morning."

"It was just talk."

"Go ahead, please."

She coughed. "Well, it wasn't anything. We talked a lot about men. Too much maybe. It wasn't on Saturday, it was weeks ago she was laughing about what she called a reserve love nest. She said there was some man making a big play for her. He tried to give her a key to a place he had rented somewhere in town. She said if she ever wanted to hide, that would be the place because, being married, he wouldn't dare give her away. She wouldn't tell me his name. It was a sort of a joke to her."

I didn't dare look toward Dodd and Nancy. Kruslov turned toward Uncle Willy. "Mr. Pryor, do you think she could be there?"

Willy exuded steam. "That's a damn outrage to suggest any such thing, Captain. Mary is a good girl. She's unpredictable, but basically good. She'd have no part of any cheap arrangement like that. I have no doubt the incident occurred. But if she was the type to accept, I certainly wouldn't have her in my home where I'm raising my own three daughters." Brown forearm muscles bulged.

"We have to consider it," Kruslov said patiently.

He turned next to Dodd and Nancy. His slow heavy questions took Mary through the evening at the club. Yes, she did drink too much. No, that wasn't like her. No, there didn't seem to be any special reason. She just misjudged her own capacity.

"Did you witness the quarrel between Miss Olan and Mr. Sewell, Mr. Raymond?" That question made me sit up straighter. I was very tense even before that question.

"It wasn't a quarrel. Clint was trying to help her. He didn't want her to drive. She wanted to drive. He won. It wasn't important."

"Too drunk to drive and not important?" Willy said.

"I mean the quarrel wasn't important," Dodd said. After a few more questions, Kruslov turned to me, moved closer to me. For all his slowness, there was a strong impact of his personality. He was like a stone cliff which could fall on you.

After routine questions, I soon learned that he had talked to Mrs. Speers.

"Captain, I can't help what she says. I can assure you I was in bed by two-thirty and asleep by two thirty-five. It's possible one of my drunken friends came in at four to see if I was still awake and drove away again."

He dropped it and kept harping on who I had seen or who had seen us. I remembered the car that had turned around in the drive, shining its lights on us. I told him about it.

Kruslov gave a grunt of satisfaction. "That's a new fact. It could mean something."

I told him I was kissing her when the light struck us and went on hastily, after a glance at Willy, to say that it meant nothing, it was just a good-night kiss. I thought of something else and hesitated a second.

Kruslov jumped on the hesitation like a great cat, so I went on, telling them about the key I had given to her, explaining why I had given it to her, explaining that even though I was certainly normal enough to have designs on Mary Olan, I had gotten nowhere.

The phone rang. The police stenographer answered it and gave the phone to Captain Kruslov. He spoke monosyllabically into the phone, listening for long intervals, then hung up. He walked slowly back to the middle of the room, stood in silence, and then said, "They have found her. She is dead. She was strangled. Her body was dumped in the brush up in the hills a mile off the main road. There was a troop of Brownies up there on a hike yesterday." He frowned. "What the hell are Brownies," he murmured. "One little girl wandered off and saw the body and was too scared to say anything except to her mother when she got home. Today she was still upset, so her mother drove

her up there to prove it was just imagination. It wasn't. She got hold of the state police."

In the stunned silence Willy said, "Oh, my Lord." Myrna leaned forward and put her face in her hands. Her plump shoulders trembled. Nancy held her head high, her face tilted slightly upward. From a long high window, a sort of skylight effect, the light of the pale gray day came down, touching the delicacy of her face, the parted lips. The cherry glow of the fire made a highlight on the soft line of her jaw. It was a face without expression, clear, clean, and perfect. If there was any expression, it was as though she listened for some anticipated sound. Dodd sat staring at his large clenched fist as though he held something small and captive.

The officials pledged full co-operation. Kruslov said, "Now we look for who wanted to kill her."

Unexpectedly, Miss Neale Bettiger spoke up. "I shouldn't say this, but it would be a long list. She didn't go around trying to make friends. She snubbed a lot of people. Phonies who wanted to sponge off her. She had that income from the trust funds."

"How much?" Kruslov asked.

Willy answered, "Sixty thousand a year. She had money sense, and an investment program. She reinvested earnings. She was worth perhaps three hundred and fifty thousand."

"Who gets it now?" Kruslov asked. I could see why Regal and Sutton brought him along—to ask the ugly questions.

"Her brother will get her estate. The trust funds, what the Government doesn't take, will come to me."

"Instead of to his widow or son?" Kruslov asked.

"He had reasons, my good man. He provided for his widow and children generously. He married Pryor money when he needed it. If I remember correctly, in event of the death of son and daughter without issue, the funds revert to me and my family. Check with the bank. They administer the estate."

Kruslov was not intimidated. "Now I want to know who she dated, a list of the men."

The Bettiger woman answered. "She was in Spain six months and got back in January. Let me see. Bill Mulligan, Don Rhoades. Mr. Sewell here. And . . . one other I don't want to mention. I don't want to get him in trouble."

"I have to have the name."

She looked at him with exasperation. "All right, but here goes a good job. Nels Yeagger."

Willy's brown face turned maroon. "That's a damned lie!" Bettiger shrilled right back at him. Kruslov quieted them down and asked who Yeagger was. Willy told him. A handy man at the lake.

Bettiger explained it. "She went out with him all right. She'd drive up there and meet him, before the house at the lake was opened. He was crazy about her. It was a game with Mary. She got bored with him and stopped. He was getting too possessive and jealous. She couldn't stand that."

Kruslov turned toward Hilver. "The body was found between here and the lake. Take Watson along. Bring him in." Hilver left.

Neale Bettiger began, belatedly, to cry, honking and snorting into a wisp of handkerchief. Myrna had left the room. I hadn't seen her go. I thought of Yeagger. It made a good deal of sense. I remembered an awkward incident at the lake, the first time I had gone there with her. We were in the horse barn. She wore slacks. I noticed she'd missed one of the belt loops in back, and told her. "So fix it," she said. She undid her belt. I pulled it back through the loops, threaded it through the one she had missed. I was behind her, my arms around her, trying to rebuckle the belt when Yeagger walked into the barn. Mary said hello to him, moved out of my arms and buckled her belt. He turned and left without answering. It must have looked strange to him. Empty barn, a pile of straw handy and me fumbling with her belt. If he was jealous, it must have been like knives in his heart.

He was big enough and powerful enough to carry her the way I'd carry a kitten. He bore me no love. He could have waited at the club, trailed us in his car, stopped Mary later.

I felt better about my part of it. The body was found. They were going to get Yeagger. They could break him down. I would have done no harm. They would learn where he had put the body and give me a bad time about moving it, but with the murderer in hand, I figured they'd forgive me.

The meeting broke up. I walked out with Dodd and Nancy. Dodd was stunned. "She was so alive," he said. "So very much alive."

"And now she's very much dead," Nancy said crisply. I didn't like the look in her eyes. In that moment I did not like her at all. They got in their car and left.

I paused by my car to light a cigarette before I got in. Paul France came up to me. He wore a pale gray felt hat with the brim turned up all the way around. He looked like a bunny rabbit.

"I see you like Yeagger," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't ever play poker with me. You came in there with a busted straight and

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all your money on the table. Yeagger filled you right in the middle."

"Maybe I was afraid I'd be elected."

He studied me, then smiled. Certain tropical fish wear that same smile all the time. "Maybe," he said. He walked away. He wore a rumpled blue suit that looked too big for him. He didn't plod away. He moved. Bullfighters move that way, and dancers, and the very top prize fighters. Kruslov was impressive in his own gothic way. But something about Paul France made me very glad I hadn't killed Mary Olan.

It was quarter after five, and the after-work traffic was very slow. The sky was black. Thunder thumped an off-beat bass in the west. It was ten of six when I turned into the plant road. Just as I made the turn the black sky opened and the rain roared down. It was so heavy my wipers did no good. As I crept along, I saw Toni MacRae galloping along the side of the road toward the bus stop, woman-style, knees in, heels kicking out, hips switching. She held her purse over her head. I stopped and opened the car door and yelled. She took one quick glance and, changing direction, veered over and flounced in and slammed the car door. She was panting and she smelled of wet cloth and wet girl.

"Glub," she said. "One more minute of that and there'd be no point in running. The jumper was dark blue and a much closer fit. The white blouse showed pink where it was waterpasted to her arms. Her hair was fairly dry on top, but the ends were drenched. At the plant I swung around and headed back out toward the road.

She began to shiver, so I got the heater working. She took off her sodden shoes and curled her toes in the direct blast of the heater.

"This time," I said, "I get to take you home."

"This time you do," she said. "Emergency basis."

"I could save you a lot of bus fare over the years. And ten extra minutes of sleep every morning."

"That sleep idea almost sells me. But no, thanks. We'd be seen, Clint. And quacked about. I like my work, and I have noticed that mysterious things happen to us working girls who get too matey with you imported types. We seem to be expendable. We get offered a transfer to some other plant and get fired if we don't take it. We're second-class citizens. Didn't you know?" There was bitterness there.

"Nobody's going to do that to you for accepting transportation."

We had stopped for a light. She was over in her corner. I looked at her. She shook her head. "No, Clint. It would be just transportation, for a while. I think I know you and I think I know myself. If we rode back and forth every day . . . hell, I'm attracted to you just enough so that I know better." The bitterness came back. "I wouldn't want to prejudice your . . . career, Mr. Sewell." She flushed and looked away and the car behind me gave an indignant blast.

"Is there anything new about Mary Olan?" she asked.

"She's dead. Somebody strangled her."

"How awful!"

I told her what had happened, told her about Yeagger. A block from our street celestial hands turned off the faucets in the sky. A way-down sun sneaked a yellow beam across our world. I turned into the driveway of the big old yellow house where she lived and stopped.

"Toni, that remark about being attracted to. . . ."

"It was a mistake to say that. I shouldn't have. Don't let it encourage you, Mr. Sewell. It's no attraction I can't handle."

"Damn it, relax. I was just going to say that I like you. I do. I like having you in the office. And I was going to tell you that I understand the situation and I'll be as good as I can."

We glared at each other. She sneezed three times, managing somehow to make sneezes look most delightful. I grinned at her. "Get in there and strip and take a hot bath, MacRae."

"Willco," she said. "Thanks for the ride." She sobered. "And I'm sorry about Miss Olan."

I watched her go up the steps and backed out and drove down to my place.

At ten o'clock the local radio commentator said, in part, "An early solution to the brutal murder of Mary Olan is expected. Rain and darkness have impeded a thorough search of the area where the body was found. The search will be continued in the morning.

"The Coroner has established the time of death as between two and four Sunday morning. Death was caused by a thin band of fabric that was tightened around the throat. It is believed that it could have been a woman's belt used as a slip noose. Actual throat injury was slight, so it is believed that strangulation took place slowly. She had not been criminally attacked and there were no marks or bruises on the body to indicate that a struggle took place. Tire marks in the area where the body was found had been carefully obliterated. An extremely valuable wrist watch had not been removed from the body. The purse she was carrying the evening before her death has not been found. It was a small black evening purse with a gold clasp.

"Earlier today Nels Yeagger, handyman at the Pryor-Olan estate at Smith Lake, was brought down to the city for questioning. At the time of this broadcast, Yeagger has not yet been released, and . . . ."

I turned it down to answer my phone. It was Sergeant Hilver. I was to go down to headquarters and let them take fingerprints. He explained that he had planned to get them at the Pryor house, but Kruslov had sent him after Yeagger. I asked when I should come down. "Now," he said and hung up.

I put my tie and jacket back on and went down. It is a grimy old red stone building, full of the varied stinks of a hundred years of crime and punishment. A sergeant behind a wicket told me where to go. A bored man wrote down name, age, height, weight, marital status, occupation, and place of birth. He rolled my fingers on an ink pad and then on a printed card. When he was through, he gave me one paper towel and sent me over to a chipped sink in the corner. He told me to wait. He left the room. I sat.

And sat. And sat. A big wall clock clacked loudly every two minutes and the hand jumped forward. A garage calendar showed the traditional thighs, exposed by skirt caught on barbed-wire fence. I had a fit of yawning. I was sick of looking at one high table, one low table, four chairs, and the tan institutional plaster wall. Infrequently, people would walk by the door. One was a snuffling tight-skirted girl being prodded along by a matron's bitter knuckle. Somebody yelled in a distant room and was abruptly silenced.

Kruslov started to pass the door. He stared in at me, stopped, and went back the way he had come. I called after him, but he didn't answer. He came back in fifteen minutes with a piece of paper. He sat on the low table. He was in shirtsleeves, collar unbuttoned, an end of his tie sticking out of his shirt pocket. He looked up from the paper. "Sewell, we got some of your prints off her car."

"Amazing! I told you I drove the car."

"Relax. I just chewed out the man who told you to stay around. I didn't want you."

"Can I go?"

"My brother Gus works there at C.P.P. Know him?"

"He's just about the best set-up foreman we've got."

He looked at me heavily. "We're letting Yeagger go. It finally checked out. He didn't leave the hills. He told us some other stuff. That was a no-good girl. Sewell, my brother says you're a good man. Why do you run around with those people? Like the way their money smells?"

"Not that it's any of your business, but my boss belongs to that group."

"It's too late to keep getting sore all

the time. You know, this Yeagger hates your guts. He thinks you took the girl away from him. He thinks you were getting what he stopped getting."

"If you're asking me, I wasn't."

"Was your boss?"

"He's a married man."

"Yeagger thinks Willy Pryor knew about him and Mary."

"I can hardly believe that."

"Yeagger says she led him to believe Willy got a detailed report from the girl on everything she did. He got the impression she sort of bragged to him."

"She must have been giving Yeagger the needle."

He yawned again. "So I'm back where I started. You go on home to bed, Sewell." He walked out with me. We had just reached the main door when Yeagger came down the corridor, Hilver with him. They had grabbed him in his work clothes, paint-stained jeans and a torn T shirt. Hard muscles bulged the tight jeans and soiled shirt. He looked surly and tired.

"Glad you're in the clear, Nels," I said.

He stared at me. "Are you?"

"Yes. I am."

I saw only an unreal flick of movement. The side of my face exploded. The corridor turned onto its side and the floor slapped me. I didn't go completely out. I was vaguely aware of Hilver getting me onto the bench. Something was held under my nose that sent needles of ice up into my head. I sat up too fast and felt nauseated.

Yeagger sat across the way, his face wooden. "You want to prefer charges against this comedian?" Kruslov asked.

I shook my head weakly. "No. Let him go."

Kruslov stood over Yeagger. "Nobody hits anybody here. Understand?" Yeagger nodded. Kruslov slapped Yeagger with a heavy hand, then brought it back, slapping him with a backhand. The sounds were sharp in the corridor. Yeagger looked up at Kruslov, then closed his eyes. "Take off," Kruslov said. Yeagger went out into the night. The heavy door swung shut. It was three or four minutes before I felt well enough to drive myself home. A reporter and a cameraman were waiting for me. While one asked questions, the other took flash pictures. I answered politely, telling them nothing. Then I said that Yeagger had just been released. They took off in a hurry.

In the morning I was surprised to find that the left side of my face looked nearly normal. There was some swelling, but not much. My mood was sour. Miss MacRae was fresh and gleaming. No cold. The morning was used up working with the factory representatives installing some new pieces of equipment for the C-12 line. I wore coveralls over my suit. Later, when I was scrubbing grease off my hands, Dodd came into the washroom. He'd heard about Yeagger being released. We chatted for a while. He seemed dulled, dispirited. I couldn't feel sorry for him. I was tempted to needle him about his bad moment when the Bettiger woman mentioned the key, but it didn't seem worth the effort.

He began asking casual questions about the C-12 line. They weren't sharp questions. In fact some of them hardly made sense. I began to sense that what I had mistaken for listlessness was actually an intense absorption with some inner problem.

"Is there something on your mind, Dodd?"

"What? On my mind? No. What makes you ask?"

I dropped it. He was obviously lying. About a third of his attention was there. The rest was far away.

The cafeteria was closed and I went to a place near the plant and ate fried horrors for lunch. I came back and snarled at Toni, bullied my production chasers, chewed out the record clerk.

At five o'clock, Nancy Raymond phoned me. She wanted me to meet her after work at a place called Raphael's, on Broad, a block from the bridge. She sounded insistent and she wouldn't tell me why. I agreed. As I hung up, Toni took her purse out of her desk and banged the drawer shut. "Will that be all, Mr. Sewell?"

I felt ashamed of myself. She had come in that morning, fresh, gay, and lovely, and I had given her a miserable workout. "Toni, I'm damned sorry about today. I've been a bear."

"That's perfectly all right."

"Then smile." She tried to show a thin edge of tooth, but in the middle it got away from her, and the good grin came.

The floor was done for the day. The big area was silent. I stood on the catwalk and watched Toni walk down toward the circular iron staircase at the end. She wore a brown linen suit, with a burnt orange handkerchief knotted around her throat. Her long legs had a nice swing, her hips moving firmly under the brown linen, head held high. She went out of sight down the staircase, heels tamping the metal. When she reappeared below, she smiled up at me, flash of white teeth in shadowed face. Then she was gone, and I heard the muted bell as she put her card in the clock.

Raphael's is a discreet, muted, expensive cocktail lounge with quiet cocktail-hour piano, deep couches, sound proofing so dense that you feel as if you were speaking under water. It is a place for people to drink quietly, talk softly of plans that break hearts.

"Guess what opened up in that empty store opposite the railroad station!"

Nancy was at a table for two when I walked in. She looked as if she had been there for some time. She had done something severe with her hair, and it made her head look too small. A subdued waiter crept up with my drink and a refill for Nancy. She took such a big gulp that I raised my eyebrow.

"No, not like at the club that time, Clint," she said. "This is for courage. You're the only one I can talk to."

I smiled at her. "Talk."

"You remember I told you about the quarrel when we got home, about Dodd storming out and not coming back until five. You're the only person who knows that. Yesterday, on the way to Pryor's, he said he had driven fifty or sixty miles out of town, parked, listened to the car radio, done some thinking and come back home. He said it would save embarrassment and awkward questions if I backed him up and said he hadn't gone out at all. He said no one had seen him. I didn't agree right away. Then at that meeting they talked about Yeagger. So when Sergeant Hilver talked to me today, I backed up Dodd's lie. That Paul France person came to the house last night and I lied to him, too. Now I just don't know . . . what to think."

She looked away. I knew it was no time for hedging. I leaned closer and lowered my voice. "Do you think he could have killed her?"

"I don't know . . . what to think. I told you that. He's changed so. Now he seems like a stranger. Ever since we came back here he's been different. Everybody used to like him. He's so clever."

Maybe I shouldn't have done it. I told her about the warnings I had about him, about how people felt about him in the company.

Her eyes grew wide. "That's . . . I was going to say incredible. But you'd have no reason to lie. Why are you telling me this?"

"Because if you didn't know that about him, know that he's done a lot of climbing at the expense of others, then maybe underneath he's different than you think. And could have killed Mary."

"But I've lived with him! I'm married to him! I know."

"You know he seems like a stranger. Actually, though, I don't think he killed her."

"Way down deep, neither do I, Clint. But he knows something about it. Maybe he knows who did it. I don't think he slept at all last night. I'd wake up and hear him pacing. He seems tense and excited about something. It doesn't seem like guilt. I thought of that. He acts the way he does when he's planning something."

We talked our way through another drink, getting nowhere. She put her gloves on slowly, sighing as she did so. "I need breathing space, Clint. Time to think about . . . my life. That sounds awfully dramatic, doesn't it? I think I'll go away. Just for a time. He can live at the lake with Mother Raymond and commute and be quite comfortable."

"Maybe you ought to wait until they find out about Mary."

"Maybe I'm afraid to." She glanced at her watch. "Thanks for meeting me, Clint. And thanks for . . . other things." I stood up with her and watched her walk to the street door. A handsome woman with a false look of composure. I regretted disclosing his ruthlessness to her. I had stolen the idol's ruby eye. Now if their marriage was patched, it would never be the same. She might try to write off my comments as slender, as jealousy, but in her heart she would see and know.

I signaled for a final drink. I turned in the chair and watched the velvet bare shoulders of the girl at the cocktail piano. She had a style like Previn. A slanted mirror showed me her clever hands. The waiter hovered. I paid and left.

I ate abundantly of spaghetti in town and drove home. I parked and headed for my door, then decided to walk off the starchy heaviness. I did a lot of thinking as I walked. I walked for perhaps an hour, turning right or left on impulse, but gradually circling back toward my apartment. I approached from the east, passing Toni's place, wondering if she was in, wondering which was her window. There was one house between ours. Then the big side lawn of the Speers' house, with big elms and careful shrubbery. I started to cut diagonally across the side lawn and stopped when I saw that my windows were lighted. There was a silhouette in front of one window. The hat shape was distinctive. A police car was parked beside my car. Another policeman leaned against my car. I moved deeper into the lot, stopped on the safe side of a large elm. I moved from tree to tree until I was as close as I dared get.

A tow truck backed in noisily and hooked onto my car. Over the sound of the idling tow truck motor I heard the familiar voice of Kruslov saying, ". . . Bird's nearly finished with the apartment. You ride on in with the car, Danny, and go over that trunk again. See if you can find anything else." That last word chilled me. The tow truck took my car away. I spotted Kruslov near the patrol car.

Mrs. Speers came around the corner of the house. She started to make a fuss about their taking my car away, saying I would be very angry. Kruslov was patient but very firm. His voice sounded weary.

"I'd like to ask you again about Sunday, Mrs. Speers. You said he filled the back end of his car with trash and took it to the city dump. What was the trash in?"

"I don't know why the city can't collect it like in other places. He had a carton of trash and a big brown canvas thing full."

"How big?"

"Oh, bigger than a blanket. He held it by the four corners like a sack."

"Did he handle it like it was heavy?"

"Of course, it was heavy! It was full of trash."

"Was it big enough to hold a body?"

I heard her gasp. "That's the most ridiculous. . . ."

"Was it!" he barked.

"Well . . . a small body. But. . . ."

The patrol car radio began to make a sound like Donald Duck under a tin tub. Kruslov went over and spoke into the hand mike. "Haven't picked him up yet," he said to the patrolman.

"You people must be out of your mind. Mr. Sewell is a very nice young man," Mrs. Speers said.

When Kruslov spoke again, his voice was heavy with irritation and ponderous sarcasm. "He is a nice young man. We decided to look in the trunk of the cars of all the principals in the case. That's where nice young men carry bodies around. An expert opened the trunk in the plant lot this afternoon. He vacuumed it. He found a tin can, an empty juice can. There was a thread caught in the jagged metal. The lab says the thread came off the Olan girl's skirt. They rechecked the skirt. They found some juice spots. On the first check they had found a piece of paper they couldn't account for. It comes off the label of a can of beans. This nice young man carried her body out of here with the trash."

I saw Mrs. Speers turn and leave without a word. If only I'd remembered my promise to take her trash over to the dump on Monday night, the can would have been gone. Maybe there was a moral there, but it was indistinct. I stood in the sheltering night behind a thick tree and felt as if I were standing naked on a stage.

A man came out of the apartment. He and Kruslov drove off. The patrolman stood in the doorway and then went in and closed the door and turned off all the lights. I wished I had left before the lights went off. He might be watching out a window. I left as quickly as I could, before his eyes could get accustomed to the night. There was a high hedge at the end of the yard. I wedged myself into it. I had been afraid of this happen-

ing. It had happened. Unlike most things, it was worse in actuality than in anticipation.

Fear grew larger and larger in my mind. Fear that I wasn't going to get out of this. They'd find the tarp. They could type sweat. And my hands had been sweaty. They'd match the red belt in my drawer to the indentation on her dead throat. I wanted to start running through the night. It took a physical effort to stay there.

I could think of only two people in the whole world who would listen to me. One was Tory Wylan. The other was Toni MacRae. I couldn't get to Tory.

I moved like a thief through the adjoining back yard. I stayed far enough back from the yellow house to see all the windows on that side. I did not see her. I tried the back and the other side. I did not dare try the front. I moved back to the west side of the house and saw her walk by in front of a window wearing a yellow robe, wrapping a towel around her dark hair. I wanted to yell her name. I picked up pebbles. The second and third clinked against the glass. She came to the window. I took my lighter out, lit it, and held it under my chin, illuminating my face. I held my hand in the light and beckoned to her. The wind blew the flame out.

She stood there, not moving. I saw her shrug. She would remember her careless phrase and think I had that on my mind. She moved away from the window. When she passed it again, she was putting a coat on. I waited by a bush. A minute or so later, she came walking down along the side of the house toward me. Twenty feet from me, she called out in a loud clear voice, "Where are you, Mr. Sewell."

I hissed at her to be quiet. She must have sensed my panic. She came to me and whispered, "What's wrong? What's the matter?"

"The police are after me. They think I killed Mary Olan."

"How stupid!"

"Please keep your voice down. I didn't kill her. Whoever did, planted the body in my apartment. I got it out and took it up into the hills in my car. They can prove I did that. And so they'll think. . . ."

"Clint," she said forlornly. "Oh, Clint, you utter damn fool."

"I know. I knew it as soon as I'd done it. But I lost my head."

She started telling me I ought to go right to the police. I kept saying I couldn't that it looked too bad, that I wouldn't have a chance. She said if I tried to run, it would be worse. Finally she asked me just what I expected her to do. I told her I wanted time to think, and I wanted to tell her the whole story—all of it.

She turned and looked at the house. Just enough light came from the windows so that I could see she was biting her lip. She said she thought she could sneak me in. I began to protest about involving her, but she wouldn't listen. Her mind was made up. She handled it like an expert, creating a diversion in the kitchen while I made it up the back stairs in my stocking feet. I waited at the top of the stairs. She came up, checked the hall, motioned to me. We made it into her room. She closed and locked the door. She closed the blinds on the two windows. I was shaking badly. I sat in the one overstuffed chair and lighted a cigarette.

The room was ugly. She had tried to change it, but no one could've succeeded. It distressed me that the alive Toni should be compressed into this characterless room, with its poisonous green walls. I hoped she dated often, but there cannot be a date every night. Some evening she would spend here, washing out things, reading, doing her hair and nails, listening to the small gray plastic radio. She kept the room neat and spotlessly clean. She had her own bathroom.

She turned the radio to a mystery drama to mask the sound of our voices. She insisted that we whisper. She brought a chair so close our knees touched. I told all there was to tell. It took a long time. I told how the can had torn a thread from her skirt when I had pushed it down in between the tarp and her body to mask the woman shape of her. When anyone walked down the hall she made me stop.

I finished and said, "Now do you think I should turn myself in?"

"I don't know," she said. "I just don't know. While they're looking for you, they won't be looking for who really did it."

"They won't look after they have me, either."

She paced the room slowly, frowning. She came back to me. She put her hand on my wrist and looked into my eyes. "Somehow, Clint, tomorrow I can find out how . . . how convinced they are. If they aren't completely sure, you should go in, give yourself up. But if they want . . . want to kill you, you'll have to go away. Somehow, some way, I'll get you away from here. You can stay here until tomorrow."

The radio blatted its nonsense, but did not spoil the mood or what I was thinking. Her eyes were on mine, fine and level and good. Maybe it had been germinating for a long time. I don't know. Maybe it was just because life is a particularly lonely operation, and most of love is just having someone on your side. Up until that moment she had been an alive girl, neatly stacked, a female I might just possibly try to get involved with. And in

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that special moment she turned into . . . what she had been all along—Toni MacRae, uniquely and brilliantly herself. It happened in that moment. An alchemy which joins lives. It was with utter blank astonishment that I realized I loved her. I gawked at all the miracles of her.

She flushed and snatched her hand away. "Please don't think that because I said you could stay here . . ."

I caught her hand. "Toni, we turned a corner. This is a new road. I've never been here before."

"Not so loud! What on earth do you mean?"

"I'll start at a standard place. I love you."

"Nonsense!"

"There's no handy flame to hold my hand in. No dragon to slay. But one handy gesture I can make." I wasn't kidding. I went to the door, unlocked it. She caught me when I was six feet down the hall, caught me with surprising strength, her face very pale. I went back into the room with her and she relocked the door, leaned against it, eyes closed. "Fool!" she whispered. She opened her eyes and raised her head and looked at me. "Is what you said true?"

"You shouldn't cry," I said inanely.

It took her three fragile tentative steps to come into my arms. "You, too?" I said before I kissed her.

"Of course," she said. We kissed. Then she looked at me, eyes wide like sooty saucers. Gamin grin through tears. And kiss again. "My!" she said. "It's sort of . . . like a bonus."

There were many kisses and much talk. An orgy of discovery. For a time we held the cloud back, but then it was with us again, but this time my safety was more precious to both of us. Kruslov loomed over us, impossible to ignore. I wanted her. It could be my last free night on earth. But it would have been haste and greed, and not right—and would have been, as such, too great a confirmation of the hopelessness of my situation.

There was an empty room down the hall, unlocked. After the house had settled down for the night she took me down there and, after many dire whispered warnings about no lights, no smoking, no running water, left me there with the print of her lips on mine, to lie in darkness on a strange bed while they hunted me throughout the nighttime city. I heard sirens once before I finally fell asleep.

I could tell by the light at the window that it was early when Toni tiptoed in to awaken me. She wore a pale gray suit and a yellow blouse. I held my breath while she kissed my sour morning mouth, leaving a flavor of toothpaste. She quickly straightened the rumpled bed and we went back to her room. I held her tightly. I didn't want her to go. She seemed considerably more optimistic than I felt. She said she felt certain she could get to see Captain Kruslov, by hinting that she had some information about me. I told her to be careful. For the first time, it occurred to me that she could also be punished for hiding me. I told her her boss wouldn't be in today.

She gave me my orders. Not a sound while she was gone. She stayed while I was in the bathroom. I used her toothpaste on the corner of a towel. When I came out, I held her closely. She left, locking me in. The long day began.

I heard people moving around. I heard a vacuum cleaner. I heard morning delivery trucks. I began to starve to death. I could not risk using the radio to find out what they were saying about me. I began to think our plan exceptionally stupid. There was little to see out the window. Next door an old man, scrawny and withered as a dead chicken, guided an asthmatic power mower back and forth across the May grass.

He came at one o'clock. I heard his voice in the hall, suave and easy. "I know this is unusual, Mrs. Timberland. She was supposed to have phoned you before now. It's office work she brought home, and we need it at the plant today. It should be all right if you watch me to make certain I don't steal anything." He laughed and the woman laughed uncertainly.

A key turned in the lock and the door swung open before I could come out of my stupor in time to hide in closet or bathroom. Paul France smiled knowingly at me. The landlady, a worn woman with a muzzle like a boxer dog, stared at me in sudden shock, then shrilled, "What are you doing in my house?"

France turned her around. "Now I will take care of this, Mrs. Timberland. I'll have this man out of here in five minutes. We can't have this sort of thing, can we? I'm disappointed in Miss MacRae." He closed the door. I heard her walk slowly down the hall.

"Just two houses away and they look for you in six states, Sewell." He shook his head and clucked sadly. "Very decorative young lady in your office. And a Joan of Arc look about her today. Sacrificial. Noble. And an appointment with Kruslov for three this afternoon. Personnel was co-operative about providing her home address."

"Now what?"

"This fearless investigator takes you in."

"Do you think I did it?"

"What I think is beside the point. I have to keep busy. Let's be orderly about this. Don't try anything, because nothing will work. I guarantee that. Open the door slowly. That's right. Now stand in the hall with your back to me. Good."

I heard him take the key from the lock. I heard it fall to the floor, heard the faint rustle of his clothing as he bent over to pick it up. I swung my leg back hard. My heel hit something. There was a truly theatrical sound of falling. I turned. He had fallen inside the room on his face. He grunted and moved his right arm. His glasses were two feet from his head, unbroken. I picked up the key, closed the door, and locked it. Mrs. Timberland was down in the front hall. "Tell your friend she doesn't stay here another night," she yelled at me.

As the front door swung shut, I heard France banging on the bedroom door. I threw the key into some bushes. I went down the street, walking fast, trying not to run. I knew I couldn't run away. I knew what they would do to Toni—knew what they would do to her. I caught a city bus at the second corner. I got off a block from headquarters. I went to the sergeant behind the wire window and asked for Captain Kruslov. I was told he was busy. I said my name was Sewell and I would wait. Then he looked at me for the first time. There followed a scene of considerable confusion. I had spoiled the script. The service was surly. I was booked, photographed, deprived of the contents of my pockets, my belt and my shoe laces and left in a cell for twenty minutes. Then I was taken upstairs to a small bare room with barred windows, long table, six chairs, spitoon, wall clock, and girlie calendar. The thighs were the same, but this time a wind had lifted the skirt.

A gum-chewing patrolman guarded me for fifteen minutes and left when Kruslov, Hilver, a strange civilian, and the male stenographer came in in fast single file. There was just one empty chair left over.

"Well, damn it, where were you all night?" Kruslov asked.

"Under a lilac bush."

The back of his hand was like a pine board. It cut the inside of my mouth and rocked me so far over I nearly fell off the chair. Kruslov regarded me steadily. "That will set the tone here, Sewell. Where were you last night?"

"Under a specific lilac bush which I can show you on request. It is two hundred feet from my apartment. It is near the house where my secretary lives. This morning I sneaked into her room after she had gone to work. Then I decided to come in."

"To make a full confession?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell it in your own words."

"Sergeant Hilver and another officer woke me up Sunday morning. . . ."

"Start further back. Start with killing her."

"But I didn't kill her. I moved the body. I found it in my closet, so I moved it."

He moved like a bear. He lifted me out of the chair with one big hand on my throat, swung me around, and banged my back against the wall. My head hit hard, dazing me. Through the haze I heard his soft deep voice. "In your closet, just like that?" He let go of me. "Sit down. We'll start again. We've got the rest of today, all tonight, all tomorrow, all the time in the world, Sewell. We'll start again."

We started again. I told them about the red belt. I told them about the tarp in the birch tree. I told them every detail. But I hadn't killed her, and I told them that, too. They told me how I had killed her. They told me I was drunk. They told me they were all men of the world, that they'd give me every break.

It came in waves. We'd be all buddy-buddy for a while, and then Kruslov would start hitting me again. He concentrated on one side of my face. It got sore. I got sore. But it was helpless anger. They left me alone with the stranger. He had an oily manner. He gave me a cigarette, told me Kruslov was a good officer, a tireless officer. He told me I could save myself a lot of trouble. It told him to go to hell. Then he tried the Kruslov approach. It was a mistake. I hit him right between the eyes, hurting my hand, knocking him back across the table to fall between the chairs on the other side. The others came storming in. The oily one wanted me held while he worked me over. Kruslov ordered him out of the room. We started all over again.

I stuck to the truth. They began to work on me in shifts. They finally got me into a semi-hypnotic state. Their heads all looked as big as bushel baskets. I had trouble understanding the questions. Their voices seemed to start inside my head. My voice had deteriorated to a husky whisper. Somebody brought in the red belt and the tarp and glossy pictures of the body. I was in the bottom of a well with a big face staring down at me. I squatted down there, beyond their reach, no longer caring—but doggedly whispering the truth. I felt drunk.

Finally it all stopped. I sat in silence. I heard Kruslov yawn. He said, "I'm sick of his face. Let's take a break. Take him back down, Hilver."

They had to take me by Kruslov. I pulled my arm free and swung, a pathetic effort. He stepped back. I fell to my hands and knees. Hilver yanked me back up. At the cell door I asked him what time it was. He said it was three in the morning. The cell smelled like a flooded cellar.

In my special innocence I had thought police brutality a thing of newsstand legend. Oh, they might pound some humility into the street-corner arrogance of weasel-faced, ducktail haircut, pimpled little thieves, but they would not lay heavy hands on such as me. But they had.

Pride is seldom tested. You seldom have to lay manhood on the line. I was a lost child and the big boys had beaten me up in a schoolyard corner. Kruslov's hands had taken something out of me, but put something back.

I had spent too much of my life untouched by that sort of thing. Murder was no game, no joke. Strangely, the hours in that shabby room had brought me to the final and complete realization of Mary Olan's death. I had done some growing up since her death, most of it in that room with Kruslov.

Someone had killed her. Her life had stopped. And I had to know who had done it, or risk dying in his place.

I spent all day Thursday in the cell. They did not come for me again. They brought tasteless food at intervals. No one came near me. There was nothing to read, nothing to hear, little to see. It was a quiet place.

Kruslov came to see me at dusk. He was relaxed, almost amiable. He seemed puzzled by my bitterness toward him.

"I came to tell you that now you're here on a first-degree charge. The D. A. just approved the file for prosecution. So you're entitled to get hold of a lawyer. If I was in your spot, I'd want Jerry Hyers. He's tough and smart. You can phone him, or I'll do it for you. Don't look so suspicious. It's a good steer. I've got no reason to be sore at you. You're not in the killing business. You got mixed up with a bad woman. It could happen to anybody. We got enough so you might get off better with a full confession. Hyers can advise you on that. Maybe you held out and took a lot of grief last night for no good reason."

He was completely impersonal about it. A job, and he was finished with it, except for testifying later. He asked me if I wanted to call anybody else, and I thought and said No. I couldn't talk to Toni in my present mood. He left me a newspaper and went off to call Hyers.

The paper had printed one of the pictures of me taken right after Yeagger had hit me. It was on page one. I looked into the lens with sickly smile, a vision of guilt. The feature story tried me, convicted me, and executed me. They had an explanation of the car problem. When she had sobered up, she had

"Sorry, M'sieu—we don't have any 'Baked Subway Train'!"

driven me back to the club. We had headed for the Pryor farm in both cars. I had stopped her where her car was found, brought her back to my apartment, where I had killed her, then left the body, taken my car to the club, walked two miles back. It was fantastic, yet stated with such conviction it became plausible. There was talk of belt, of juice can and thread, and hints of further evidence. Police work was praised. They called me an "important executive" of C.P.P.

I spent my second bleak night in a cell. Willy Pryor came to visit me Friday morning. He had aged since the conference at his house. I had never seen him before in a business suit. He moved like an old man. His head trembled. It was an utterly weird conversation, starting with my telling him firmly I hadn't killed her. He ignored that.

"She was a wild, reckless girl," he said.

"I didn't kill her."

"Myrna and I tried to do our best for her. A good Christian home. We taught her right from wrong. We tried to tell ourselves she was just high spirited. But now that she's dead, I have to face the facts. She was promiscuous. She was evil."

"Mr. Pryor, I didn't kill her. I want you to know that."

He lifted his head and looked at me with the patriarchal sternness of the Old Testament. "She lived for lust, for the gratification of the itch of the flesh. You were one of those she used. She sinned with you, Mr. Sewell."

"In the vernacular, I never got beyond first base."

"Do you deny knowing her carnally?"

"I certainly do."

He stared at me for a long time, making me uncomfortable. The guard shifted from one foot to the other. "Her father was an evil man, Mr. Sewell. The daughter inherited his instincts. She sinned with many men. She was a bad example in my home, for my daughters. I pity her soul. Whoever killed her acted as the instrument of the vengeance of the Lord." He stood up and looked down at me, nostrils flaring. "God have mercy on you," he said.

"Now wait a minute."

"Be of good faith," he said.

I was still dazed by that interview when Jerome B. Hyers was let into my cell ten minutes later. He was purposeful. I think I finally convinced him I hadn't done it. We settled on a fee. I insisted he hire an investigator, and recommended Paul France.

He said I would soon be transferred to the new county jail and held there until trial in early December. No possibility of bail. He left after agreeing to get in touch with Miss MacRae and tell her I wanted to see her. He had been uninterested in my angry report about being slapped around.

At five-thirty they took me to a room where Toni was waiting. They left us alone. We kissed and she wept and we kissed again, and both tried to talk at once. She'd tried to see me before and they wouldn't let her, in spite of her persistence. She'd gotten clothing and toilet articles from my apartment through Mrs. Speers and left them at the desk for me. We told each other everything would work out. I told her how France had come to her room and found me, and told her about arranging through Hyers to hire him. She told me hesitantly, trying to smile bravely, that if I did have to go to prison for a little while, or even a long time, she would work to get me free and would wait until I was free. She said she would come to see me the next morning, Saturday morning. After her time was up and I was taken back, my cell seemed more cold, more bare, and more frightening after having a chance to hold my tall warm lovely girl in my arms.

I was released at ten-fifteen on Saturday morning. The things they had taken from me were given back to me. I had shaved that morning under supervision. Hyers waited impatiently while I put the laces back in my shoes. He took me across the street to a small restaurant for coffee. He said with indignation they would have let me stay there all weekend. Too damn much trouble to let me out. I demanded to know what exactly in the hell was going on.

"It's like this." he said, stirring his coffee, "they found Dodd Raymond early this morning. He'd parked his car on one of the farm roads of the Pryor farm, climbed on the roof of the car, tossed his tow rope over a limb, and tied it around his neck and swung off into space. Some kids found him. After the police cut him down, they found the Olan girl's purse on him, and the missing key to your apartment. His wife has admitted lying about his not going out after they got home from that party. Raymond was out until five. And the wife said she was certain Raymond had rented some kind of place where he could have been seeing the Olan girl. So you're in the clear. They've dropped charges. Turn this slip in at the police garage on Fourth Street, and they'll give you your car. My fee is three hundred. Mail a check to my office. You're damn lucky Raymond broke. Personally, I didn't think much of your chances. Got to run." He shook hands and bustled out.

I found the police garage and recovered my car. I drove to the apartment. Toni came running out of the door and stopped and stared at me. "What are you doing here?" We both said the same words at the same moment. She had heard nothing about Raymond. I answered her question first. We went in. She cried again, but these were different tears. Better type of tears. Then she answered my question.

"I live here," she said. "Mrs. Timberland made me leave. Mrs. Speers is absolutely wonderful. We thought it would be simpler if I just moved in until things were settled. I was just ready to come down and see you. I've got all this food I was going to bring and . . ."

Mrs. Speers knocked and came in, beaming. "I thought I'd give you a few minutes alone. I heard it on the radio. It's like I told those . . . uh . . . stupid flatfeet. You couldn't have killed that girl."

"I appreciate that," I said.

She said that if she found a body in her home, she would certainly get rid of it immediately. It was too nice a neighborhood, except for that Timberland biddy down the street. She and Toni had become great friends.

She said, "You know, I can't help but feel a little disappointed that they released you so quickly, Clinton. Isn't that dreadful of me? I've so enjoyed the excitement, and people staring at the house. Poor Mr. Raymond. Mary must have driven him insane. Her mother was such a lovely person. Her father was a rounder, though. You'll have to move to a hotel room until Toni can find a place, Clinton. Of course it would save her all that trouble if you two could get married right away." She waved a coy finger at us and backed out and closed the door.

This was a weekend for holiday. Toni was so happy she seemed to generate light. Her smile faded when I said I had to go see Nancy. She agreed and said she would wait for me there.

I was sombre by the time I turned into the Raymond drive. Mrs. Raymond's heavy old car was there, back from the lake. The muscular Irish nurse opened the door and told me Mrs. Raymond senior was resting, and took me to a small study to wait for Nancy. She spoke in a whisper.

Nancy appeared in five minutes. She wore black and moved like an automaton. She gave me a cold hand. "So good of you to stop by, Clint."

"Nancy, I'm sorry."

"Do sit down, won't you?"

"Is there anything I can do?"

"I'd thought of asking you to be a pall bearer, but under the circumstances Mother Raymond decided we shouldn't have any. The funeral will be at two on Monday at the Upmann Funeral Home."

I couldn't get beyond her formal glaze.

"Nancy!"

"I'm perfectly all right, Clint. I'm standing it very well. I made a formal identification of the body this morning at nine. They've released the body to the Upmann Funeral Home. The family burial plot is here in Warren, of course. Mother Raymond wants the Reverend Doctor Lamarr to give the service. I phoned him. He said he would make it quite short, and keep it in good taste. Mother Raymond has always been a good friend of the church. Of course the Pryors belong to the same. . . ."

I took her by the shoulders. "Nancy, remember me? I'm your friend, Clint."

Her face broke. She began to cry. She lay on the leather couch in the small gloomy study and cried herself to exhaustion while I sat by her and held her hand. It was a long time before she could talk again. In a voice that was hers, she said, "I didn't cry before. I guess I needed to." I didn't answer. I knew she would talk now. "I was going to go away, you know. I was going to leave him. He was in trouble and he didn't even tell me. I . . . I failed him somehow. He wanted more than . . . I could give him."

"He wouldn't find more with Mary Olan. He'd find a lot less."

"I told you how strangely he was acting. He wasn't sleeping hardly at all the last three nights. He didn't care about the plant any more. He was making his mind up about something. Yesterday he came home in the afternoon with his hands all dirty and didn't even notice it until I told him. He seemed almost . . . wildly excited. He looked at his hands and said, 'Dust of years gone by. Or call it gold dust.' Later he said, 'I've got it made, honey. C.P.P. can go to hell. From here on in we're really going to be in business.' He kept smiling to himself. He left after dinner. He didn't tell me where he was going. He made a phone call before he left. I didn't hear who he talked to or what he said. And I never saw him alive again. . . ."

For a time I had comforted her. Now she had gone away again. I held her hand for a time. I guess she was thinking of the good years. I don't think she noticed me leave.

A car had parked behind mine. I met Kruslov and Hilver as they walked toward the house. I stood in front of Kruslov and said, "Wouldn't an apology be in order, Captain?"

He stopped and glowered at me. "Apology. You want an apology. You move a body, mess up evidence, complicate my work. You hide when we want you. There's statutes to cover it I can use. Apology! Just get out of my way."

I got out of his way. He didn't look back, though Hilver did. I got into my car and drove away.

Later, after Toni and I had packed a lunch, evaded reporters, left some of my things in a hotel room and driven far into the country, we sat on a grassy bank and flipped crumbs to the river minnows. The sun was hot. When I lay back the roundness of her thigh under apricot slacks fitted the nape of my neck perfectly.

"Stop frowning," she said, her fingertips in my hair.

"I can't help it. It's too easy. Dodd was cold, Toni. He thought of all the angles. Could he kill? For gain, perhaps. Would he kill himself? Only if certain of being caught. But he wasn't. And there was no gain for him in Mary's death."

"It's all over, Clint. You're out of it. Just think of us."

But I couldn't. The package was too neatly wrapped and tied. Toni knew I couldn't drop it. She knew I would meddle. And in the end she sighed and gave up. As we were walking back to the car she stopped and took hold of my arm. Her eyes were dark and wide on mine.

"Be so very careful," she said. "So very, very careful, darling."

There are very few places where a man can dirty his hands with the dust of the past. After I left Toni back at the apartment, I went first to the Warren Public Library. I found, with the co-operation of a pretty little pixie of a librarian, that not only did one have to sign to examine old newspapers—and Dodd Raymond had not signed—but the old papers were on microfilm.

The second stop was the Warren Ledger Building, a tan oblong of stone and aluminum. I arrived a few minutes after five. A girl downstairs directed me to the second floor. The file of bound copies of the paper was next to the morgue. A round messy little man told me to help myself, remarking that most people went to the library and only the people on the paper used these files very much.

He left me in the small room. There were two sets of bound copies, one locked behind glass, the other set, covering one whole wall and part of another, looking much used. They were bound in dark red fabric, the dates stamped on the spine. They were certainly dusty enough. The three most recent volumes were quite clean of dust. I began to look at the older ones, feeling helpless about the task I had set myself. Then I saw one, an old one, wiped quite clean of dust. I looked at the others. It was the only clean one. With an inner tremble of anticipation, I lifted it out and carried it to the table. I began to turn the pages.

"I don't know *how* old I am—I can only count apples and oranges!"

The papers were yellowed, the corners brittle. The type face was more old-fashioned than in current editions. A half hour later, two-thirds of the way through the volume, I found what I had hoped to find. I read the story through subsequent editions up to a last little page-eight squib telling of the transfer of Mrs. Rolph Olan from a local hospital to a private mental institution.

It was not a pretty story. Mary Olan had come home from school at two-thirty. The little girl had run into the house. She had seen her father's car in the drive and was eager to see him. It was a Wednesday afternoon, day off for the cook and maid. Her mother stood on the bottom stair of the front staircase, a bloody kitchen knife in her hand. Her husband lay on the floor on his back in front of her, stabbed through the heart. Nadine Olan was in a state of shock, unable to answer questions.

The paper treated the whole thing as delicately as possible, though hinting most coyly that Rolph Olan had led an active extramarital career. Except for John Olan, the baby, asleep in his crib upstairs, the house was empty. Nobody was able to establish who had phoned Rolph at his office just before he had gone home. It was suspected that Nadine had called him home.

At first Nadine responded to treatment. She claimed she had been upstairs and heard her husband's voice speaking to someone and then heard a heavy fall. She had worried and gone down and instinctively pulled the knife from his chest. The next she knew, Mary was screaming.

After a few days of calmness, her mind had failed quickly. I wondered if it had failed when facing the insoluble problem of whether she had killed him. Before she gave a confession of sorts, an incoherent portion of which was published in the paper, police had looked for a man believed to have been seen riding home with Rolph Olan, and seen later crossing a back yard a block from the Olan home. Her confession spoke of angels of death and the vengeance of the Lord, of sin and retribution. It put an end to official speculation about some other person involved. During the days and nights following the murder, the accused's brother, Willis Pryor, spent countless hours by her bedside. He was tireless in proclaiming her innocence. He criticised the inertia of the police. After her collapse Willis Pryor had withdrawn from nearly all civic and business activities.

I went over it again. I didn't have much. Certainly less than Dodd Raymond had. He had known enough to kill him. But it was his town. He'd know more than was in the paper. And he could have learned more from Mary Olan.

All I had was a hunch. A hunch about the evil of righteousness.

I was poor company for Toni that night when I took her out to dinner. I believe she was half hurt, half amused by my distraction. To make up for it I phoned her from the hotel. I thought of her sitting in my dark apartment at my phone. We said the things one would expect to be said under such circumstances, very fine things indeed.

Two hours later a nightmare, fast as a spider, chased me down the empty streets of my dreams, chased me into wakefulness. I stood at the hotel window and smoked and thought and decided what I would do.

The Pryor farm was a showplace, with fat black cattle chomping lush green grass behind bone white fences. A bunch of horses ran just for the hell of it. I turned into the place, between the two big fieldstone pillars. The gravel road led to the tenant house where John Fidd lived. Beyond the tenant house on a hillside were the cottages where the Pryors stayed when they slept over at the farm. Barns and silos were clustered off to the left.

Mr. Fidd came out of the house and said that he was too busy to show me where Dodd Raymond had been found. He went back inside. Minutes later, as I stood around wondering what to do next, one of the Pryor girls came bouncing up in a jeep, turning between the pillars, coming from the direction of town. She wore a faded riding habit, and looked as brown and placid and uncomplicated as a koala bear.

I had to ask her which one she was, and she said she was Skeeter, the eldest. We talked about Mary's death, and Dodd Raymond, and she blushed when she said that she and her sisters had been almost sure I hadn't killed Mary. Fidd saddled a big rangy, wild-eyed stallion for her, and I followed along after her in the jeep, refusing a horse with thanks. She guided me to the road and the big tree where the kids had found Dodd hanging. She swung down and tied the horse to the fence and showed me the tree, the big limb, where Dodd's car had stood.

"I wonder why he killed her, Skeeter."

"I didn't know him very well. Just to say hello. Gee, everything seems so dull now without Mary. I miss her awfully. She was wonderful. We loved her. I don't know why he did such an awful thing. You did sort of an awful thing, too, coming up to the lake last Sunday—gosh, just a week ago today—after dumping Mary out in the woods like you did, then acting so calm."

"I was scared to death. It was a stupid thing to do. When I found her in my closet, I lost my head."

She weighed that carefully, then nodded. "I guess you could have been pretty scared. I can't believe she's dead. She was so alive."

I played my card cautiously. "Maybe a little bit too alive for her Uncle Willy."

She looked at me coldly, closing the family front door. "What gives you that idea?"

"I knew her pretty well, Skeeter. Well enough to talk to."

"Have you got a cigarette? I'm not supposed to smoke, so I don't dare carry any. The rest of the family is coming out for a picnic. I'm meeting them here."

I gave her a cigarette and lighted it. She leaned against the angular yellow fender of the jeep. She grinned at me. "Mary just about drove Daddy crazy. He's terribly strict with us. He tried to be the same way with Mary, but it didn't work. At Christmas time Daddy caught Jigger kissing a boy. Just kissing a boy! So she got six weeks of full restriction, no dates, no allowance, no movies, no television. Over a year ago, when he caught Dusty kissing a boy, he grabbed her so hard he hurt her arm so she couldn't use it for nearly a week. He felt sorry for that and she didn't get but two weeks full restriction. I guess I shouldn't have told you that. It doesn't seem loyal to Daddy. But he *is* so darn stuffy about things."

"Then Mary fought with your father?"

Skeeter frowned. "It wasn't fighting. He'd get so mad, he'd shake all over. And he wouldn't talk to her. When she would stay out all night it was the worst. She never seemed to get mad. She'd act as if she were laughing at him. When it got too bad, she'd go away on a trip, like to Spain this last time. Daddy didn't like that, either. There's some legal reason why we had to have her with us whenever she wanted to stay. The same with Johnny. But it used to seem to me she'd stay with us just to needle Daddy. She didn't have to. She had lots of money of her own."

"How would she needle him?"

"I could never figure exactly how. There was one time last month up here at the farm. It was a good hot sun, if you were out of the wind. Mary liked to be tan all over. Daddy would never let us sunbathe the way she did. She'd gone over near the woods. Jigger found Daddy in the upstairs window of the north cottage with binoculars looking toward the woods. Jigger guessed Daddy was trying to see if Mary was meeting anybody. So Jigger told Mary. That night at dinner Mary held her hands like field glasses and stared at Daddy then started to laugh. She laughed so hard she cried. Daddy left the table. Later I heard him

reading the Bible out loud. He does . . . used to do that a lot when Mary got him upset."

I had almost all of it, nearly everything I needed. I looked at the healthy snub-nosed girl and hoped she and her sisters wouldn't hate me too much. I hoped they'd find the strength they would need.

"Even so this must be hard on your father, losing his sister's daughter. I guess your father and his sister were close."

"They were a year apart. He was sick for a long time after she died. I was only a tiny baby then, younger than Johnny. Mother still talks about how sick Daddy was. I better give Simpy some more exercise. He's restless." She started to walk toward the horse.

I made it casual. I said, "I didn't see your mother at the lake last Sunday."

"Oh, she came up with us Saturday. Daddy doesn't like us to go up alone. Then he phoned very early Sunday, saying Mary hadn't gotten home. He said he was worried, so Nels drove mother back to town. Daddy stayed in town Saturday night."

"Nobody went up this weekend."

"No. I guess we won't use it much. It's practically closed."

"Was anybody out here Friday night?"

"John Fidd was here, and the hands, and Daddy was out here working around, but none of them saw Mr. Raymond. He must have driven in one of the back gates."

"Your father get home late from here?"

She frowned at me. "Not very, why? I really have to exercise Simpy."

She rode off, hooves drumming the May field. I looked at the tree. Dodd Raymond had hung there, night dew on his shoulders and his wavy hair, two hundred pounds at the end of a tow rope, until dawn came and all the birds woke up. I drove the jeep back the way I had come, following my tire tracks in the pasture grass.

Toni said it was none of my business, but you can't leave a thing alone when you're almost certain.

Uncle Willy and Aunt Myrna arrived nearly a full hour later in the car with the other two girls. The two girls and their mother headed up toward the cottage with the baskets of food. Myrna gave me a shy smile and a half wave. Willy strolled over to me. Skeeter came galloping down the slant of a hill toward the barns.

Willy had regained his strength and presence. He did not tremble. Boots gleamed black in the sun. He was a Hemingway fifty, taut, resilient, proud of his husky body. There was no word of gladness that I was out of jail. He glanced at his daughter on horseback and asked me quite coldly if there was anything he could do for me.

"Skeeter showed me the tree where they found Dodd."

"Did you arrange to meet her out here?"

"No. No. Just happened to run into her. Lovely girl. You have three lovely daughters, Mr. Pryor."

"Mr. Sewell, I have no desire to . . . play host to the companions of my late niece. It's over and I want my daughters to forget it as quickly as possible. The whole situation was sordid and unfortunate. Now, if you wouldn't mind, we're having a family picnic here today."

"Under the same tree Dodd hung on?"

That shocked him. He stared at me. His face grew dark. "What kind of a statement is that? Is it supposed to be humor?"

"I want to talk to you."

"And I would very much like to have you leave. Please get off my land. Get in your car and go away, Mr. Sewell."

"I came out to see you. I'm wondering if another man could take over that business opportunity Dodd was interested in, Mr. Pryor."

He stood there, the sun on his face, looking at me, fists on hips, brown arms flexed. I cannot say there was any physical change. I sensed a change that went on inside, a shifting, a re-evaluation, a new poising of forces. A man might sit at a poker table with that same immobility, studying a surprisingly large bet made on the other side of the table.

"I'm not sure I know what you're talking about."

"Dodd told me he was going to speak to you. He said you were going to finance him, that you were interested."

"Then he lied. I never heard any proposition from him."

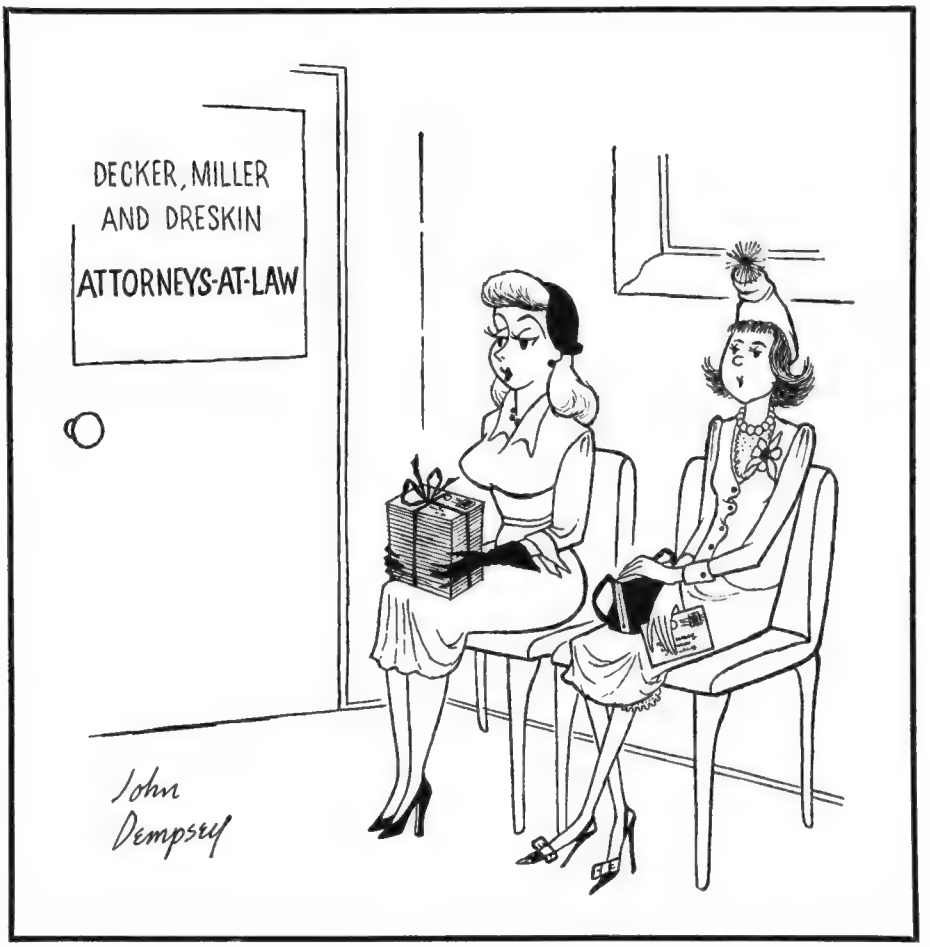
"He said you couldn't *help* but be interested, Mr. Pryor."

"I assume you're trying to be cryptic. You can leave now."

I had to keep going. I couldn't stop. "I don't imagine it was money that stopped you. I guess it was having someone know. Or maybe that distorted sense of ethics of yours that saw it as one way to get me out of jail. You would have let me be electrocuted for the crime of sleeping with Mary had I said I had done so. But not for a murder I didn't commit. Funny conscience you have, Mr. Pryor."

"You're talking nonsense. I'll throw you off my land."

"How did Mary look through the binoculars, Willy? Lush and desirable?



You know, that day she was sunbathing."

"Go away from here!"

"How does that conscience adjust to what happened to your sister? You killed the father, then watched the blood come out in the child, then killed the child, too. There'll be more to come. Somebody else will add it all up, too. Maybe your wife. Or one of your lovely daughters. There aren't any secrets, Willy. Not about murder. But it wasn't even a clean execution when you killed Mary. Because you wanted her."

Again the poker-table evaluation. I had made my large bet. I had turned over every one of my cards. The look of his shoulders changed, head lowering, bull hump of muscle swelling. He came at me with wild sudden fury. I had driven him too far. No more room in his brain for cold plans and projects. Nothing left but fury and despair and hatred for me. I had destroyed his world and must now be destroyed in turn.

A sledge fist numbed my left arm. I struck once before he wrapped those bearlike arms around me. I tripped and fell heavily, Pryor on top of me. You can't hope to survive that kind of fury, much less fight it off. He got a square knee into my stomach and his big hands closed my throat. The sun swam and darkened. I fought in a slipping, fading, faraway dream.

He was taken off me. I sat up, retching and coughing, while color came back into the pale negative world. I saw Pryor rush at Paul France in what must have been a second or third charge. France moved quickly and gracefully, stepping aside and hitting Pryor solidly over the ear with the barrel of a gun. Pryor's legs lasted for two more strides before he pitched forward onto his face. It all couldn't have lasted very long. The four Pryor females were running toward us, making shrill cries. John Fidd appeared with a shotgun. Fidd kept us backed against the car, hands raised. At last Pryor stirred and sat up. He frowned and touched his head over his ear with his fingertips. His wife and daughters helped him to his feet. He looked at me and he looked at Paul France.

"I think we'd better go downtown. Myrna, you stay here with the girls. Fidd, you get back to work."

Kruslov let me sit in on it. If he'd been himself, he would have said No. But he acted like a man who had been hit over the head. He kept staring at Pryor. It was Sunday and it took a little time to gather the official cast.

Willy sat with quiet dignity, dominating the small room where I had been beaten. He was a chairman of the board, waiting for latecomers with stolid patience. Blood had darkened a small swatch of that heavy white hair.

When Kruslov nodded, Willis Pryor spoke. "Shortly after her marriage, my sister confided in me, telling me that Rolph Olan was making her life a hell on earth. I spoke to Rolph many times. He ignored me. He seemed amused by me. His infidelities were notorious. It was no life for my sister. On the day of his death, I phoned him at his office. He reluctantly picked me up on the corner I mentioned, drove me to his home. Nadine was resting. We talked quietly. He said Nadine was as tasteless to him as weak tea. He said he would not spend his life chained to the living dead. He wanted a divorce. I knew what that would do to Nadine. I knew I had seen no one; no one had seen me. I went in the kitchen, saying I needed a drink of water. He was going to tell Nadine immediately. I came back with a kitchen knife. I caught up with him in the front hall. I struck him with the knife. He raised his hand to the hilt, tried to speak, and fell. I went out through the back of the house. I thought the police would suspect a prowler, or some business enemy, not Nadine.

"I stayed with her. When her mind started to go, I told her I had done it. I was too late. I could not reach her with my words. After they told me she was incurable, there seemed little point in confessing and being imprisoned, or electrocuted. I had an infant daughter, a wife who was pregnant. Basically, it was Rolph's evil actions which weakened Nadine's mind. Yet it took me a long time to regain my own physical and mental health."

He was silent for so long that Kruslov stirred restlessly. Pryor began again. "I became responsible for the child, Mary. For their infant, John. John has never been any problem. He is quiet and brilliant. Mary was a different problem. She was born with a knowledge of evil. I beat her often when she was a child. I could not conquer the evil in her. When she became of age and received her inheritance, I no longer had any hold over her. She hated me, believing that past punishments had not been well deserved. In her evil twisted way she decided to revenge herself by debauching me and my daughters.

"She told me of her physical affairs. She flaunted her body at me. She laughed at me and tried to make me desire her. She reviled her mother's memory by hinting that my relationship with my sister had been twisted and unnatural. I have knelt on sharp stones for hours at a time, praying for guidance. I began to desire her body, and I could not turn away from that evil longing."

The cadence of his voice had changed. The clipped incisiveness had deepened and slowed to an almost Biblical rhythm. I sensed the tautening interest in the room, our nerves being pulled thin and raw.

"When she was away, I would begin to heal myself, but on her return I would turn again to paths of error. She taunted me with the affair she was having with Dodd Raymond, a married man, son of old friends. She told me the vile details of her affair with young Yeagger. She spoke of a place in the city where she went with Raymond, some rented place. I saw that she would continue to spread her kind of evil if permitted to live. I told her her father had been evil and had died. Perhaps she read something in my voice, in my expression and began to guess what had happened. Once I had decided it was time she also should die, I felt cleansed and healed.

"A week ago yesterday, with my family away, I followed her car from the Locust Ridge Club, thinking she was with Raymond and they would go to the rented place she mentioned. When they turned into a drive, I went around the block and then turned in to be certain it was she. She was kissing the man I thought was Raymond. I drove home and waited for her. She came much sooner than I expected. I did not care to speak to her again. I had taken a sock from my room and filled it with coarse dirt from the border of the path. When she walked by me in the night, I struck her head with all my strength and caught her as she fell. I put her back in her car. I found a key in her purse. Raymond had sinned also. I waited until he would be asleep. I waited a long time. I drove back and arrived at his house at four. I had struck her again to be certain of her. I

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unlocked the apartment and went in and stood over the man I thought was Raymond. It was dark. I could see his head on the pillow. I struck him twice with the sock filled with dirt. His breathing changed and that was all. I placed Mary in the closet. By a match flame I found a belt hanging there. I fastened it closely around her throat, tightened it a bit. I knelt, holding her hands, while she died. She moved strongly once, at the very end.

"I left her there. I had to dispose of her car. I left it at Highland, on an abandoned farm, walked to my farm and drove to my home in one of the two jeeps we keep there or at my house. No close track is kept of them. Before I left the farm, I hid her purse and the key out there in a secret place. Early in the morning I phoned my wife at the lake and asked her to return. We phoned Mr. Regal.

"Later I found out, of course, that I had struck Mr. Sewell, not Mr. Raymond. It astonished me that the body was not found at once. I guessed that Mr. Sewell had managed to dispose of it. I visited Mr. Sewell in his cell. He said he had no carnal knowledge of my niece. She had returned home very quickly that night. I believed him. I was afraid of the innocent being punished, as in the case of my sister. I had executed the vengeance of the Lord on Mary Olan, but it was not in my province to inflict punishment on the innocent.

"When Raymond phoned, saying he wished to speak to me, I wondered if he had guessed. I had him meet me at the farm, at one of the back gates, Friday night. He was cautious. I learned that Mary had told him she had begun to believe I had killed her father, had driven her mother insane. She had told him of my . . . weakness and my desire for her. He had a business venture in mind. He said it was not blackmail, because he was capable, and it would return a profit. He said he had enough to consider talking to the police, at least enough so they would reopen the investigation. He had a gun with him. He showed it to me. He slipped it back into his pocket and at that moment I hit him with a sock filled with dirt.

"He was heavy, but I am quite strong. There was enough light to see quite well. I took off my shoes when I stood on top of his car. I had recovered the purse and key, and I put them in his pocket. When the rope was firm, I held him up and knotted it around his throat. I used a flashlight to locate the proper limb. He swung out on the rope and, I believe, died quite quickly without regaining consciousness. I slept well that night, feeling that everything was solved. The guilty were punished and Sewell would be freed.

"When Sewell spoke to me, my anger turned me blind. I knew that in quite another sense . . . it was all over. I had saved him and this was the way he would repay me."

Pryor stood up. We all looked at him. He turned to Kruslov. "I have explained everything. I would like to go home now. They will worry about me. I would appreciate it if this is given no publicity."

I swear Kruslov looked shaken enough to almost say Yes. He stammered a bit and said, "Oh, no, Mr. Pryor. You can't go home." Pryor glared at him.

"Formalities," Kruslov said weakly.

"Then let us get them over with as quickly as possible, Captain. I am anxious to get back to my family."

The Kruslov brain began to click. He got up and half bowed and said, "This way, please, Mr. Pryor."

As they went out the door together, we heard Mr. Pryor say, "Remember now, no publicity. And I'd like to see Sutton and Regal as soon as possible. Get them both over here, please."

"Right this way, please," Kruslov said.

Those of us left in the room went out quietly, not speaking, not looking directly at each other, as though we shared some nameless awful guilt. We'd seen the shining structures fall, the streets decay, the walls crumble. It is not a good thing to watch. I saw young John Olan in the main corridor when I left. He gave me an absent smile and looked back at his pocket chess set, studying it coldly, intently. I walked to my car through the late afternoon sunshine of Sunday. A thunder front was rolling up the sky and the sun was beginning to be misted, and the city was full of an orange light, lambent and ominous.

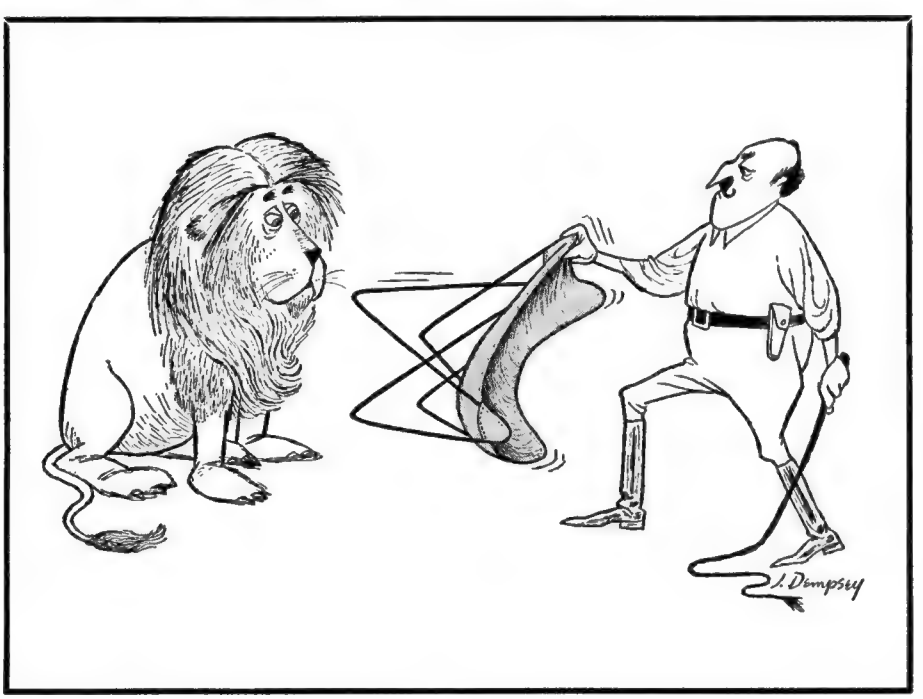
I missed Dodd's funeral. They grabbed the New York end of the string fastened to the ring in my nose and yanked. I caught Flight 818 on Monday at one-twenty, and flew off while Toni drove my car back to the plant.

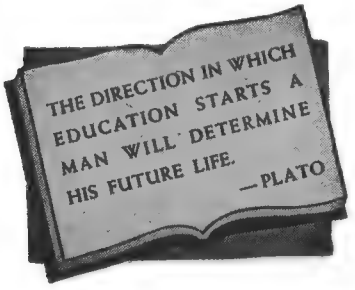
It was a close thing. I had given them cause to doubt my sterling qualities. I had been mixed up in a messy situation. Homer Stace, Executive Vice President in Charge of Production, Member of the Board, and Very Rough Citizen bullied me in private until I lost my head, told him what he could do with the job and the entire production facilities, told him I was about to get married, and tried to walk out of his office. I didn't make it. Homer had been needling me for a purpose. That evening I had celebration drinks and dinner with Tory Wylan and his brood, and he drove me over to the airport.

My girl was waiting for me. A new fat job, Dodd's old job, was waiting. I was awake when the wheels went down and we went into our landing pattern over the Warren airport. I looked at the lights down there, and wondered if Toni was behind one of them. It should all have been unadulterated glee, anticipation, excitement. It was mostly that. But there was more than that. We would have clouds. They wouldn't go away for a long time. Mary and Dodd. Nancy and the Pryor girls. Myrna and a crazed woman in a private sanitarium. Lives had ended. Mine was beginning. With Toni.

The plane landed and five minutes later I was dialing my apartment number.

THE END





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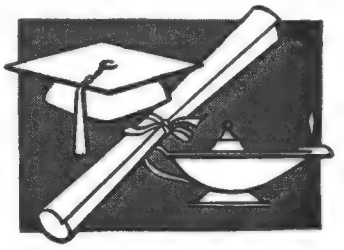

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My Patient Just Died

Here are the pro's and con's of one of the most vital questions now being debated in the medical profession. Where does a doctor's responsibility end and a patient's begin?

BY AMBROSE B. KARTER, M. D.,
AS TOLD TO RICHARD L. FREY

I am about to sign the death certificate of Donald Hammer. My name will appear at the bottom as the doctor attending him. But, ever since they called me to try to save him, I have been asking myself whether my name should not be written on another line—the line that is captioned, "Cause of death."

Something that went wrong while I was taking care of him? No, that was just the trouble. Nobody was taking care of him—least of all Don himself. But somebody should have, and my conscience is charging: "Who else but *you*?"

He Wasn't Really My Patient

You might say that Donald Hammer wasn't my patient—wasn't really any doctor's patient. Oh, I had a card for him in my file. But in the seven years I had taken care of his family, his card had just two entries on it. Some shots when he went abroad, and an X ray and strap-up of his ankle when he limped in one day after falling off a stepladder. Then, last May, he came into my office looking worried. He was spouting symptoms.

(continued)

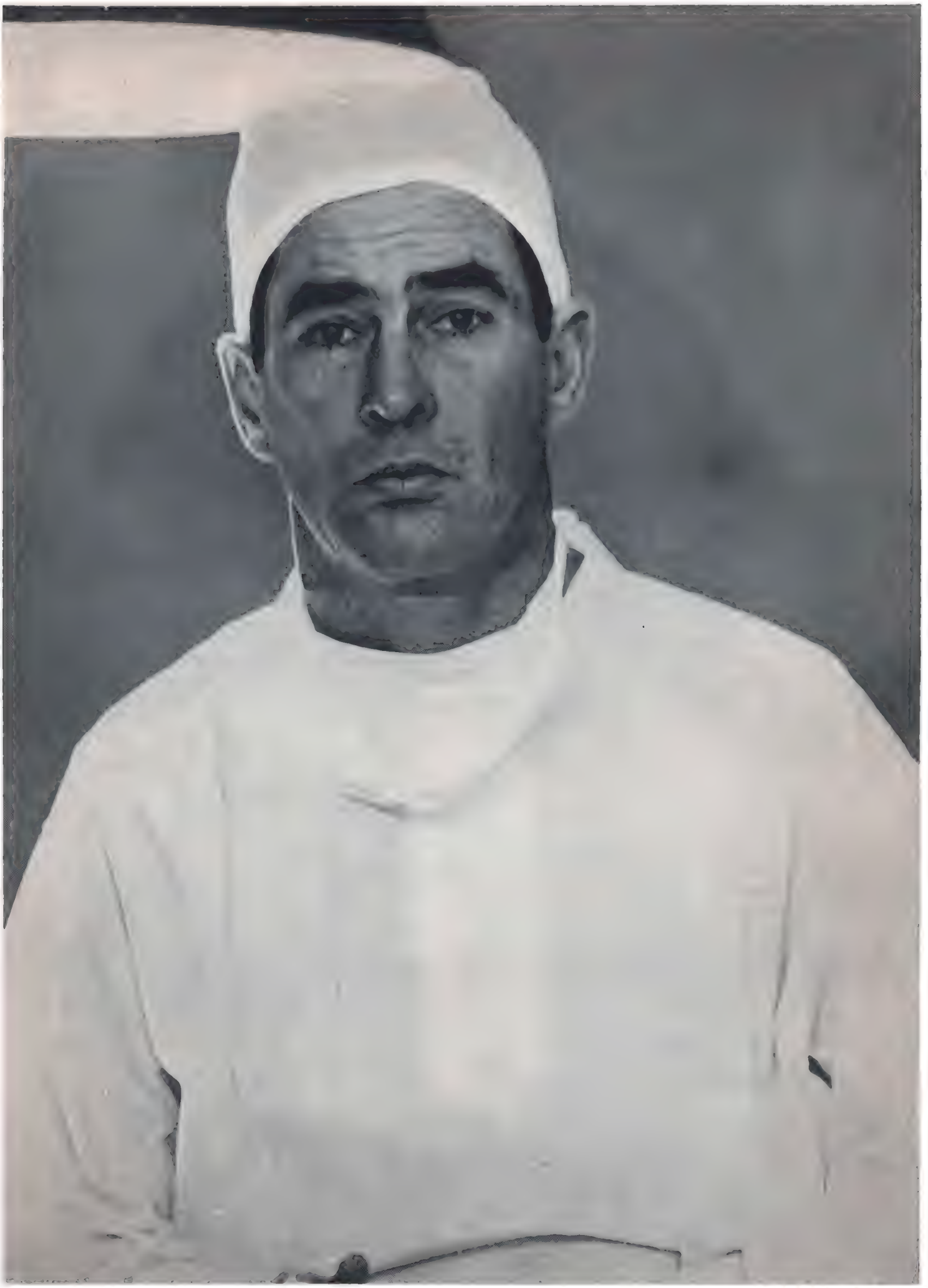


Photo by James Abbe, Jr.

"I need something to pep me up, Doctor," he said. "Been feeling a little heavy and tired lately. And I get a kind of stuffed feeling of indigestion once in a while after meals. Need to take off a few pounds, I guess. But right now I've got a business trip coming up and I have to be on the ball. Got any new wonder drug that combines bicarbonate of soda with a supply of new energy?"

"Who has been taking care of you, Mr. Hammer?" I asked him.

He looked blank. Then he said, "You mean who's my doctor? Why, you are, I guess."

It was news to me, but he sure needed a doctor. His weight was way over two hundred and his blood pressure made my gauge shoot up like a geyser. Just hoisting himself onto my examining table made him puff and pant, and I was pretty sure that his "indigestion" wasn't coming from what he ate. True, my stethoscope heard no sounds of heart trouble, but I told him I wanted to take an electrocardiograph.

"When I come back, Doc," he promised. "Just fix me up for my trip."

That wasn't ideal, but he'd been getting along without medical advice for years. There was no urgent reason for me to insist that he postpone his trip. I read him the riot act about his weight and blood pressure, put him on a strict diet, and gave him some medication to make him feel better. I told Hammer, "I am prescribing only enough to take care of you while you are away. Remember, I want you to come in and see me as soon as you get back."

He didn't, of course. Last night, when I examined him, he looked as if he had tried to follow some of my advice. I'd guess that he had managed to take off twenty pounds. Maybe he'd brought his blood pressure down a few points, too. By the time I saw him, it was too late to measure.

Hilda Hammer will find it hard to take. Her husband had never hinted at trouble, never mentioned his visit to me. "Why didn't *you* warn me?" she will ask bitterly.

And I will be able to answer only, "I told him to come back."

He Was an Ostrich

Was that enough? What right have I to say that I expected him to be sensible, to behave like an adult, to come and be checked as I asked him to? Donald Hammer was no different from a lot of other people I've treated. He was just the opposite of a hypochondriac—an ostrich. He just wanted something to get him past this trip, this month, this year. If anything was really wrong, he wasn't anxious to know it. Since he was feeling better, why see the doctor?

Technically—and it so appears on the death certificate—Donald Hammer died of natural causes. Actually, I believe he died of neglect. His own, of course; but how much was mine?

Legally, none at all. The law requires far less of a doctor than most of us require of ourselves. We aren't, as some suppose, compelled to treat anybody and everybody who needs or thinks he needs a physician. We can (but seldom do) drive past the scene of an accident, or refuse to leave the office on a call, even if it's an emergency and no other doctor is available. We can refuse to treat a patient who comes or is brought to us.

But once we accept a case, we're bound to see that the patient can get the medical service he needs—and that goes whether he pays for it or not! A doctor can be sued—and soaked—because he didn't come back to see a bedridden patient, even though the patient did not ask him to return. The courts have held that in any case of serious illness, the doctor, not the patient, has to judge whether or not his services are still required. He cannot force treatment upon a sane adult, however. Having warned Donald Hammer, I had discharged my legal duty.

Doctors' Dilemma

Yet I think that most doctors feel as I do—that our moral responsibility goes further than that. We've allowed ourselves to be held back by concern that some patients, or perhaps some of our fellow-doctors, may think we're chasing fees.

There is no single solution to this problem. That was proved recently, when the doctors' magazine *Medical Economics* asked twelve hundred doctors, including both general practitioners and specialists, "Do you think it is a good idea to send reminder notices? Do you think it is ethical?"

Two out of three answered "Yes" to the first question. Yet only one doctor in three actually sent reminders to "some patients" and only one in ten routinely sent reminders to all.

When I raised this question with the Medical Society of the State of New York, the Committee on Questions of Ethics answered, in part: "A physician may ethically, and should, make a reasonable effort to follow up a patient for the purpose of administering needed treatment. . . ."

I myself now believe that mere routine reminders to the patient are not enough. If the routine reminder gets no reply, that fact should be brought to the doctor's personal attention so that he can decide whether the case demands a more urgent follow-up. From now on, that's my system.

If any of my colleagues think that's unethical, or if some of my patients think it's fee-chasing, I can stand that better than I can stand the way I feel today about signing Donald Hammer's death certificate.

THE END

WHAT MEDICAL AUTHORITIES SAY ABOUT IT

THE MODERN VIEW of ethical follow-up, as expressed by the recent statement of the Committee on Questions of Ethics of the Medical Society of the State of New York, makes it clear that a physician today is free to act in good conscience to save lives without fear of losing face. No code of medical ethics was ever meant to curtail a doctor's efforts to fulfill his responsibility to his patient.

DAN MELLEN, M.D., President, Medical Society of the State of New York

TO PROTECT THE PUBLIC from unethical practitioners, the *Principles of Medical Ethics* of the American Medical Association strictly forbids advertising or solicitation of patients in any way. In a local situation involving the sending of routine follow-up notices by a physician, it is the responsibility of the local medical society to decide whether such notices can be construed as advertising or solicitation.

HOMER PEARSON, M.D., Chairman, Judicial Council, American Medical Association

A FOLLOW-UP on patients who have known diseases of a possible progressive nature is a part of good medical care and it is a practice that has long been followed in the profession.

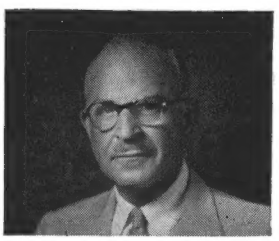
Although ideally each person should have a family doctor to whom he can look for advice and guidance, actually he often goes to a number of physicians for different types of medical service. Thus few doctors can, at any one time, be sure that their patients are not also patients of other physicians, and they are therefore hesitant to make a vigorous follow-up.

WALTER B. MARTIN, M.D., President, American Medical Association

MOST SURGEONS, including the surgical specialists, see patients who are referred to them for surgical treatment by general practitioners, internists, or other physicians who do no surgery. The surgeon, therefore, is not as a rule concerned with routine health maintenance examinations.

He is, however, vitally concerned with follow-up examinations at regular intervals after operation. In cancer and in certain other diseases the future well-being of the patient may depend upon his post-operative supervision.

I. S. RAVDIN, M.D., F.A.C.S., Chairman, Board of Regents, American College of Surgeons



OUR CONCERN is to save more lives by detecting cancer in its early, eradicable stages. The effective way to do this is by periodic check-up. That makes the family doctor the spearhead in the battle; the success of his efforts to bring patients back to be checked can mean the difference between life and death.

NATHANIEL ROBIN, M.D., Chairman, Professional Advisory Committee, Nassau County (N.Y.) Cancer Committee (Division of the American Cancer Society)

THE LINE OF DIVISION of responsibility in the matter of follow-up of patients seems to me to be rather difficult to draw. Certainly the physician should have reasonable concern for the health of his patient and should make a conscientious effort to see that proper medical care is not neglected. On the other hand, an effort for follow-up on the part of the physician should not give the patient license to place the entire responsibility for his health on the shoulders of his busy doctor.

THOMAS H. McGAVACK, M.D., Professor of Clinical Medicine, New York Medical College

The Last Word

DIRTY-BIRD GOBEL

Chicago, Illinois: Congratulate your Associate Editor, Harriet La Barre ["What Goes On at Cosmopolitan," February] for finding out what George Gobel plans to use after his "I'll be a dirty bird" wears out. ["Well, I'll be a filthy flamingo."] I laughed harder at that one than I do at his TV punch lines.
—EDWARD ARLEN

Newark, New Jersey: I have listened and looked at this dead-pan character and

George Gobel

haven't so much as smiled. As far as I'm concerned, Gobel isn't a dirty bird—he's a dead pigeon. —ROSE STERN

BORSCHT BONER

Brooklyn, New York: Mr. Erik Blegvad, who did the charming illustrations for Mr. Kobler's "On the Borscht Circuit," [February] chose an unfortunate assortment of foods for the drawing of luncheon at the Concord [page 49]. The lobster and roast pig shown are specifically forbidden under the kashruth laws. However, thanks anyway for the delightful story. —VIVIAN SAFOWITZ

COSMOPOLITAN ***tenders a gastronomical apology. There was so much food on that table we were overwhelmed.***
—The Editors

"VIOLENT SATURDAY"

Spokane, Washington: I don't usually take time to write fan letters, but your suspense novel "Violent Saturday" [February] really deserves one. The author's description of Boyd's reaction to Emily's death was unbelievably real. I know because I felt the same way when someone close to me was killed suddenly. I'm very anxious to see this story made into a movie. —LAURENE MARTIN

WHISTLES FOR WHITCOMB

Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania: Three cheers! Jon Whitcomb is back on your cover. Ever since you stopped using his covers and switched to photographs something has been lacking. Keep him on the cover now that you have him there.
—AGNES H. BALL

AMISH BUNDLING

Wheaton, Illinois: When reading "The Plain People" I came upon a reference to bundling [February, page 29]. I am curious to know what is meant by this.
—JOAN PERELL

***Webster's New International Dictionary* gives this definition of the verb *bundle*: "To occupy the same bed without undressing;—said of a man and woman, especially during courtship." According to social historians, the custom began because frugal pioneer Americans banked their home fires early, and a swain and his sweetheart, if they wanted to see each other, had to bundle or freeze. In those days a bundling board was placed down the middle of the bed. The Amish have abandoned this precaution.**
—The Editors

AMAZING DR. CURETON

Boston, Mass.: It is difficult to believe that "the amazing Dr. Cureton" expects people to take his exercise routine seriously. Is good health in middle age limited to people who have three hours a day to spend in exercise, plus an available swimming pool, outdoor track and gymnasium? Dr. Cureton is certainly a remarkable man, but I think he has been carried away by his own specialty, and refuses to admit there are other, equally valid roads to health. Particularly good nutrition.
—CHARLES KAICH

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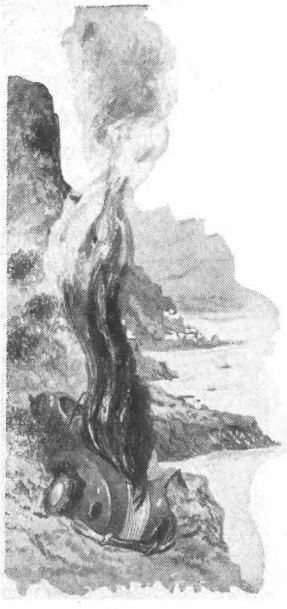
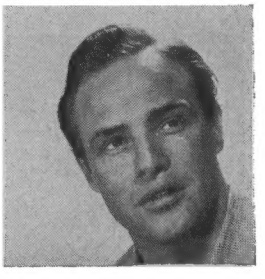


Looking into May



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